THE CALIFORNIAN.

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ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Pause if the adverse phrase
Too careless from your lips
Unpitying slips,
Whene 'er you are prompted to dispraise
Man's dreams in poem or painting wrought,
Music or marble. Ask your thought
If power and purpose may not here
Inseparably bide,
Yet to your cursory heed appear
Valueless because dim—descried.
From charms of sky, field, brook,
Coldly one oft will turn,
While some more fortunate look,
Gifted with keener pupil, suppler lid,
Magic may then discern
And treasure. To the Egyptian, drowsy-eyed,
Half its gray grandeur may perforce be hid,
Even as the pages of an unread book,
By his familiar yet proud pyramid.

Ye that being human therefore should be kind,
Bear well in mind
That he who strives to trim art's holy flame,
Finds in the applausive glance
Given him sincerely, zest for larger aim,—
For loftier effort finds rare sustenance.
Spleen on conspicuous faults forbear to wreak,
Nor merely carp and cavil at what is weak
In his creation. Better gaze askance
At flaws, remembering how rich help is lent
By even a whispered word,
Heard faintly, and yet when heard
Dear as choice balms to limbs fatigue hath spent,
A boon and benediction sweetly blent,
Live with the elixir of encouragement.

AMONG THE FERNS.

THE LAND OF THE MAORIS.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

NEW ZEALAND is popularly supposed to be a group of comparatively unimportant islands, lying close off the coast of Australia, and subject to what is vaguely termed "the Australian Government." As a matter of fact it is about equal in area to the British Islands, is distant some 1,200 miles from the neighboring continent, is an independent, self-governing colony, and possesses more beautiful and varied scenery than any other single country of the world except the United States. The colony consists of two large islands and a third small one, called Stewart Island to the south. The two large islands are properly called the North Island and the Middle Island; but in ordinary language the Middle Island is termed the South Island. As the South Island is nearer to the Antarctic Circle than the North Island, it has, especially in its southermost part a cold climate. The North Island has a warm enough climate to cause the oleander and camelia to bloom luxuriantly, and in its northernmost part the orange grows well.

The tourist from the United States usually obtains his first view of New Zealand at Auckland, the chief port of the colony, and the principal city of the North Island. Auckland stands on the Hauraki Gulf, and has an average temperature about the same as that of the Riviera. The district surrounding the present city was one of the earliest settlements of whites, and is well-known to those interested in the history of missionary enterprise as having been the scene of the labors of Bishops Selwyn and Patterson. Auckland occupies a most valuable commercial position, for it is in direct communication by lines of steamers with San Francisco, Sydney, Melbourne, the Fiji Islands, Samoa,

Europe, and and the United States. The harbor, according to the opinion of Sir William Jervois, an old engineer officer highly esteemed as an authority on military defenses, and formerly Governor of the colony, can very easily be rendered secure against attack. The city stands upon an isthmus about seven miles wide, which separates the Hauraki Gulf from the Manukau harbor. The Auckland, or Waitemata harbor is on the Hauraki Gulf, and is one of the safest havens in the world. There are from seven to nine fathoms of water close in shore. There would also be a harbor on the western side of the isthmus, were it not that the Manukan Heads have a bar between them which prevents ships of any considerable tonnage from passing.

A MAORIS CHIEF.

Auckland possesses two docks, of which one is small, for vessels drawing up to twelve feet of water, while the other, not long since completed, is intended to accommodate ships of war and steamers of the largest size. The latter dock cost more than half a million of dollars, and is the fourth largest in the world. The entrance to the harbor from the sea between North Head and the volcanic island of Rangitoto is about two miles wide. Rangitoto is a very curious island with three conical peaks, and it presents just the same appearance from every point of view. The sides are covered with the roughest slag and scoria, and in places a stunted brush grows. In summer this sometimes takes fire and burns for several days. The whole Auckland district shows the plainest trace of violent volcanic action, and from the top of Mt. Eden, to which we shall have occasion to refer again, more than twenty cones of extinct volcanoes can be seen. The sidewalk outside the business streets

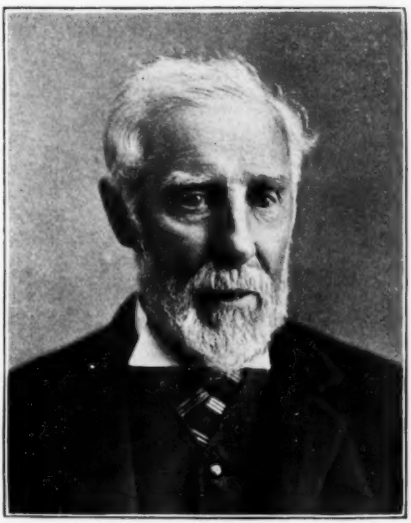
of the town are made of volcanic scoria, which is most destructive to the shoes of pedestrians. The roadways are also mended with it, and are the hardest to drive over I have ever seen. Blocks of volcanic slag are also used for walling gardens and fields. On one side of each volcanic cone is an ugly gash, where the heart of the crater, black and scarred, is seen. This marks the passage through which the stream of boiling lava poured when the mountain was active.

The whole district was originally densely populated by Maoris (pronounced Mow-ries) traces of whose fortified enclosures, or "paho," are to be seen in many spots. In passing between Rangitoto and North Head we see the wharves of the city crowded with shipping, the villa-adorned slopes of the suburbs of Ponsonby and Par-

IN THE KAURI FOREST.

nell, and the commercial houses and stores on the flat below. Much of the level ground upon which the warehouses stand has been reclaimed during recent years.

The city has a very well-endowed Harbor Trust, the income available to which is about $2,500,000 per annum, and with this money extensive reclamation has been carried out, and a handsome Harbor Trust office built. The principal wharf is a direct continuation of the chief street of the city, Queen street, and as a consequence, is a very favorite resort of idlers, who come to watch the incoming or outgoing steamers and their passengers. On leaving the wharf we at once come upon the railway station, a commodious brick building, very conveniently situated with respect to the wharves and warehouses.



SIR GEORGE GREY.

Originally the buildings in Queen Street were of wood, but wooden structures are rapidly disappearing, city ordinance forbidding their erection within certain limits. Yet several somewhat ramshackle wooden stores and verandas remain to show the old order of things. All the houses in the suburbs are wooden, and fires are exceedingly frequent. But the precautions against fire are very well taken ; and as the water in the lower parts of the city has a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch, the chances of extinguishing a fire in that location are very good. In the suburbs a small wooden house once well alight can hardly be saved, as twenty minutes or half an hour reduce it to smoking ruins. In various convenient spots stand bell-towers from which the alarm is given, and at the time of our stay in Auckland such alarms were of frequent occurrence.

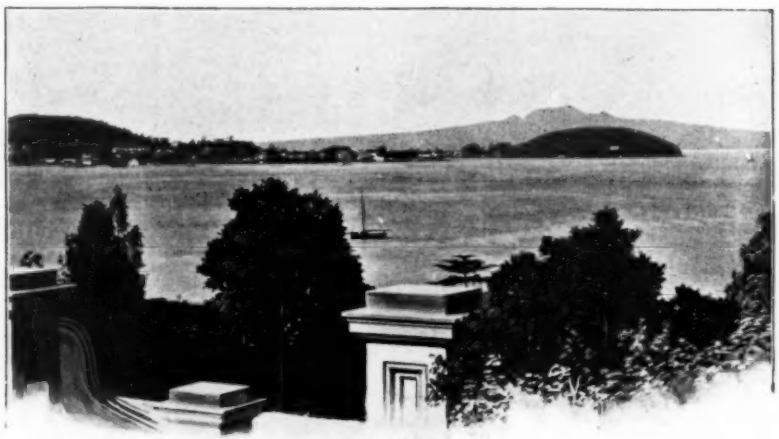
In Queen Street are several handsome bank buildings, many of which are of stone, while a fine brick and stone building through which passes an arcade, has been erected by the New Zealand Insurance Company. There are many hotels. The lower part of Queen Street, is almost the only level street in the city, and on every side from it rise more or less steep ascents. Above Queen Street to the left is a steep hill, which has been reserved as a public park. It is turfed, and has flower-beds and trees; and standing as it does on an eminence, affords a fine breezy place within a few yards of the busiest street of the town.

After the Custom House, the banks, the New Zealand Insurance Company's Building, and one or two exceptions to be noted later, Auckland has very little, architecturally speaking, to boast of. The finest building in the city is the Free Library and Art Gallery, and even of this the material which is concrete, is not satisfactory. The building was raised from money (upwards of $500,000) left by Mr. Costley, to build a library, and by Mr. McKelire to found an art gallery. The sum furnished by Mr. McKelire was $200,000. The building has wisely been made the central abiding place of the Public Library, the Art Gallery, the School of Design, the old Provincial Council Library, the library

of the Mechanics' Institute, and the Grey collection of old books and manuscripts.

Thus all the literary and artistic treasures and resources of the city are gathered together into one focus, instead of being frittered away in half-a dozen small institutions. The Grey collection was presented by Sir George Grey, K. C. B., a former Governor of New Zealand, and a great benefactor of the colony. It includes the manuscript from which was printed the first Bible in Germany in 1450 A. D. by Gutenberg; a copy of the Four Gospels of the tenth century A. D., and a splendid missal in vellum. There are also three books printed by Caxton and a Petrarch on vellum. The collection includes autograph letters from many great personages to Sir George Grey: from the Queen of England, the Prince Consort, Florence Nightingale, the travelers Moffat and Livingstone, Bishops Wateley and Colenso, the explorers Spoke and Sturt, and many others. There we find also curious gold ornaments from South Africa, Sir George having been Governor of Cape Colony many years ago. On leaving that colony, where he was much beloved, he gave a valuable collection of books and manuscripts to the people.

Nearly opposite to the Library and a little further on up a hilly, winding street we come to the Wellesley Primary School, the largest public school in the city, in which about one thousand pupils are educated. Attached to this is the training school for teachers in the primary school of the colony. At the head of Wellesley Street and on Symonds stands a large wooden building on a concrete foundation, and surmounted by a cupola. Tnis is the Auckland College and Grammar School for boys and also the Girls' High School. Originally the two schools occupied distinct buildings, but a shrinkage of income has induced the governing Board to amalgamate both institutions under one roof.



THE HARBOR OF AUCKLAND.

The Supreme Court Building, which stands on high ground overlooking the harbor, is a not unpleasing structure of brick and stone in the Elizabethan style. Opposite to it is a large wooden house surrounded by gardens, the old Government House, the residence of the Governor of the colony,

when Auckland was the Capital. Now the seat of government has been removed to Wellington, a town at the south of the island, and the Auckland Government House is occupied only when the Governor pays a visit to the city, and keeps alive the loyalty of the citizens by inviting them to a ball, a musical evening and a garden party.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

The great sight of Auckland is the view from the top of Mount Eden. The mountain is about 700 feet high, is distant some two miles from the wharf, and has a good carriage-road to its summit. On the way up, and near the top, the old crater is passed. This is a perfectly round bowl converging to a point, and has its steep sides lined with blocks and pieces of scoria. When the scoria decomposes, it forms a soil in which grass grows excellently, and Mount Eden is now beautifully carpeted with turf. It is proposed to utilize the crater as a reservoir for water. In various spots on the hill pines have been planted and thrive well. Arrived at the top we obtain a magnificent panoramic view, looking out upon the volcanic island of Rangitoto, the North Head, the wharves crowded with steamers and sailing craft, and perhaps on a *flowing* tide; on the other side we see the Manukan Harbor and Heads, and an *ebbing* tide, which leaves large, bare mud-flats, which would be somewhat dreary did they not glisten in the sun. At our feet and stretching away from the base of the hill are suburbs with neat white villas and gardens; clumps of pines and cedars are massed darkly against the lighter green of other trees and the grass. We see, too, the Domain, an attraction which we had well-nigh forgotten to mention. This consists of about 200 acres, and is set apart as a recreation ground. It is full of shady walks and fern-grown dells which suggest coolness and repose. In one part of it is a Botanical garden, and a small, very small, beginning of a Zoological garden. At the south-west end of the domain is the public cricket-ground which lies in a slight

EMMA, PRINCESS OF THE MAORIS.

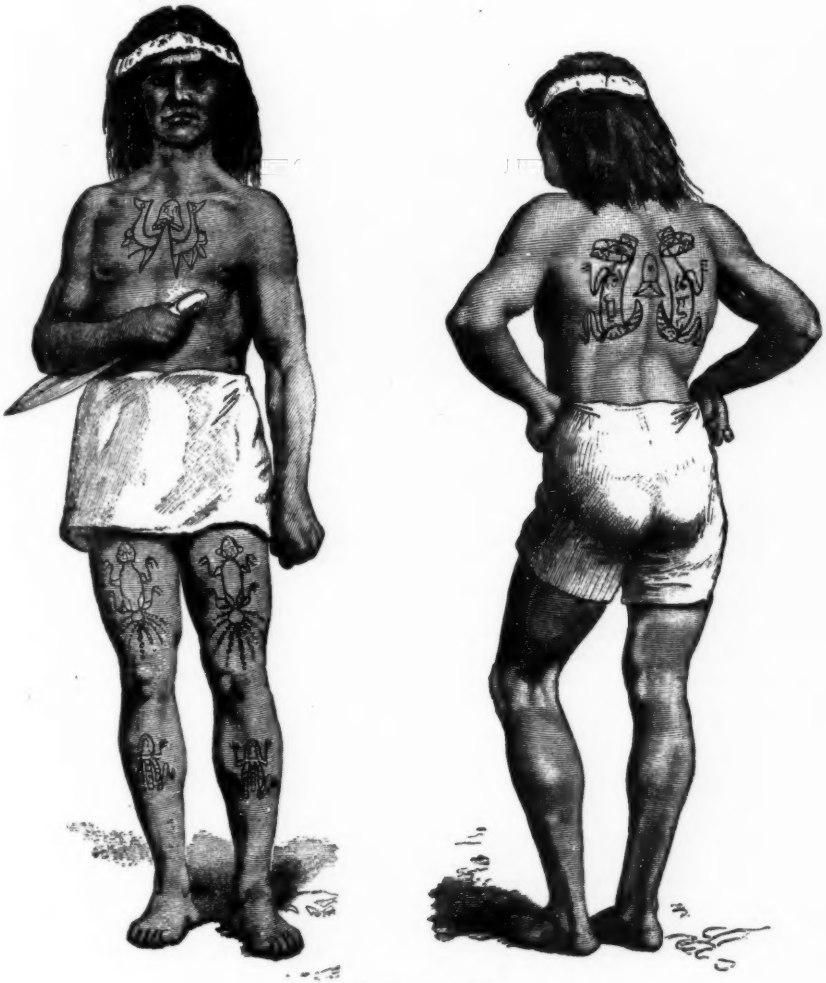
hollow, thus affording many convenient points of view for spectators. It is of such extent that a dozen cricket matches are sometimes played upon it at one time. It forms a very favorite resort of the young ladies of Auckland, who being, like the girls of this country, much less chaperoned than in England, muster in great force on pleasant summer afternoons, especially on Saturdays.

In various spots on Mount Eden we notice heaps of white glistening shells. These are pipi shells, the pipi being a shell-fish esteemed a great delicacy by the Maoris, when pork or "long pig" (human flesh) was not obtainable. A very curious thing about Mount Eden, to which the English historian and trader, Mr. J. A. Froude, draws attention, is that, though it was a strongly fortified position of the Maoris, yet there are no springs of water on the hill and all water must have been taken up from below. The outlines of the native fortifications are still plainly to be seen.

There is a very good club at Auckland, called the Northern Club, of which all the leading men in the North Island are members. The building which is quite near the old Government House and the Supreme Court is not attractive externally, but its interior arrangements are good. It has a very large and handsome dining-room, writing and reading-rooms, card-rooms and billiard rooms; also sleeping apartments for the use of members. It further commands on one side a very fine view of the harbor.

The chief trades of Auckland as distinguished from other towns, are the timber, the kauri-gum, and frozen meat industries. The Freezing Company has a large warehouse near the wharves, and export a great number of frozen sheep to Europe in the refrigerating chambers of the ocean steamers; it also cans meat. The kauri-

pine is a magnificent tree, of which there are vast forests in the Auckland District. It grows to a great height, and has a straight smooth stem. The



TATTOOING OF MAORIS.

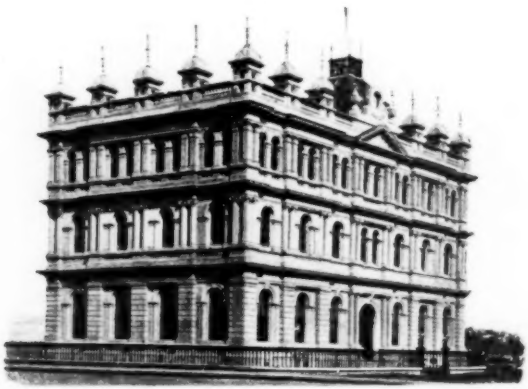
timber obtained from it is hard, fine-grained and does not split under the tool. According to Mr. Froude it takes 800 years to grow and is so recklessly cut down that in twenty years at the present rate of consumption, the supply is expected to be exhausted. The kauri-gum is a resinous exudation from the kauri pine and is found in the ground at no great depth in places where old kauri forests have been. It looks like a somewhat inferior clouded amber, and commands a price varying from fifteen to eighty

cents per pound, according to its quality. It is largely used in the manufacture of carriage varnish. In Auckland curios are carved out of it, and these are sold to those steamer-passengers who have but little artistic taste, and merely buy something to serve as a memento of their visit. More satisfactory souvenirs from an artistic point of view are ornaments made out of the greenstone from which the Maoris fashioned their war-clubs. But greenstone is becoming scarce.

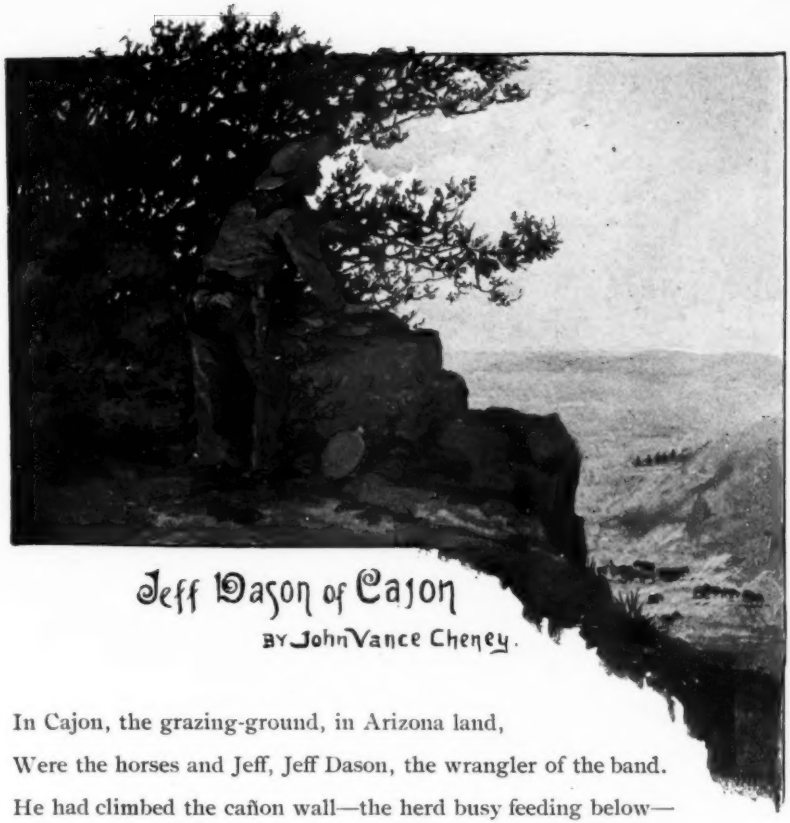
Many Aucklanders, especially during the summer, live across the bay on North Shore. On North Head is a fort armed with heavy guns on disappearing platforms. The fort is manned by a small force of artillerymen, and is in communication by signal with the forts on the opposite shore at Point Takapuna, Point Resolution, and the Bastion Rock. The North Head fort or Fort Cantlay, has a powerful electric search-light, which brilliantly illumines any part of the harbor or city upon which it is thrown.

A favorite excursion from Auckland is to the North Shore and Lake Takapuna. The lake is reached by a very dusty drive along a poor road, but it repays the discomfort experienced. It is nearly circular, and is the crater of an extinct volcano, huge blocks of igneous rocks and scoria on its shores sufficiently indicating its origin. The water is very clear and of great depth. On its surface are a few tame swans, and around it a luxuriant growth of ferns and moss, the bright green of which is lighted up by the crimson of the splendid blossoms of the "pohutau-kaua," the New Zealand Christmas flowering bush. Pines are planted here, as on Mount Eden, and grow vigorously; as also do the furze-bushes, or "winns," the brilliant golden-yellow, and the sweet scent of the flowers of which delight the senses of the traveler. But furze threatens to become a great nuisance in the colony, for once fairly established it can scarcely be eradicated.

New Zealand is particularly interesting as being the home of the Maoris, the aboriginal inhabitants, who are rapidly decreasing. In 1878 there were about 43,000. They are a Polynesian race, and probably migrated from the Navigators' Islands. They are divided into tribes which have their priests and chiefs, and all land was formerly held by tribal tenure. In 1840 there was an assemblage of chiefs at the Bay of Islands when the treaty of Waitangi was signed, acknowledging submission to the Queen of England, and to-day natives and whites are co-operating for the general good of the community.



HARBOR TRUST OFFICE.



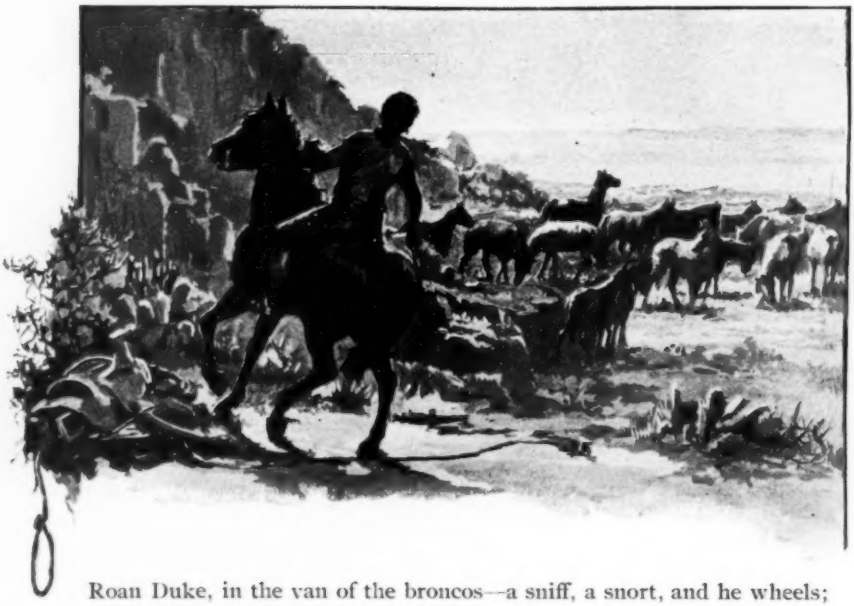
Jeff Dason of Cajon

BY John Vance Cheney.

In Cajon, the grazing-ground, in Arizona land,
Were the horses and Jeff, Jeff Dason, the wrangler of the band.
He had climbed the cañon wall—the herd busy feeding below—
When his drifting eye caught a sight such as only Border Boys know.

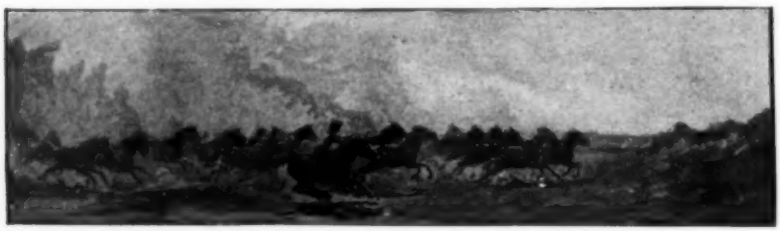
Up there, keeping cool in the cedars, the thoughts took fire in his brain,
Broke ablaze at a breath of "Hell-patch," the endless alkali plain;
Two miles out into the desert, a little to west of south,
Five mounted Apaches were steering straight for the cañon's mouth.

Jeff's legs, well bowed by the saddle, had not quite the turn for a leap,
But he made it, he got to the bottom, and slipt in under the steep,
Just where he had tied the great gelding, the pride of his wrangler's heart,
His rangy, raw-boned glory, game old Bonaparte.



Roan Duke, in the van of the broncos—a sniff, a snort, and he wheels;
See! he'll be off in a twinkle, the herd, too, hard at his heels.
The wrangler has stript; an extra strap on old Bony, not one;
A spring, and the two are ready. Roan Duke—the stampede is begun.

Thro' sage and mesquite and seepage, the roan leads dead to south,
Swish! the herd, like a whirlwind, whisk from the cañon's mouth;
The red wolves jump from their hiding, rush with a yell toward the prey,
Ha, Bony has been with the devils of " Hell-patch " before to-day.



Spur, Jeff, and hold him steady! he'll do it, he'll turn the tide!
Head 'em off, set 'em once toward the rancho, swing to th' other side!
Dig him, and ply the shooter!—Bony, it's Jeff and you.
They are tangled—they waver—they turn; a lunge—they have broken through!

Safe? Apaches have arrows; hark! there's death in that yell.
Old Bony, lay flat your ears; every nose, now, straight for "cross L."—
The biting dust of the desert, it rolls up white and high,
Jeff, did he stop two arrows? Well, there's no time to die.

The white dust rolls and rolls; the wolves, the red wolves—are they gone?
The white clouds roll and roll, and the herd goes flying on.
The minutes were never so long, and never so long the mile:
"The damned Apache arrows!" 'tis muttered with a smile.

Way for the caballada! once more for old "Cross L"!
"A little farther"—still mutt'ring—"perhaps"—he cannot tell.
Roan Duke will make it, and Bugle, and Pink, and Silver-heels;
But Bony, too, stopt an arrow. Is't he, or his rider, reels?

Ay, which? for, with head well up, he has got to the gate and—through!
Bony, the cheering! it's little red-headed Jeff and you.—
Roan Duke and the herd may hear, but old Bony—not a sound;
Deaf he lies as the wrangler, dead ere he struck the ground.

DEER HOUND.

DEER HUNTING IN THE SIERRAS.

BY W. T. JORDAN.

FOR pleasant, easy and successful hunting and fishing the mountains of California are unsurpassed. During the warm season you can make your camp by a lake or a stream, either of which abound in fish and are within easy reach of game. In many instances you can stop at a mineral spring, or a cluster of them, affording different kinds of water, both warm and cold, put up at a good hotel, rent a cottage, or pitch your tents, and still be convenient to fair hunting and fishing. Either in the Sierra or Coast Range mountains you can sleep on the ground from one to four months without any fear of taking cold or of being drenched with rain. In the Sierra Range there is more large game to be found, such as the grizzly and the mule-eared deer, and the trout are some larger. There are no grizzlies in the Coast Range and no elk anywhere in the State, except perhaps in Humboldt County. All things considered, I prefer the Coast Range to the Sierra Mountains for a summer outing. My objective point has been on the head waters of Elk River, in Glenn County, about twenty miles northwest of Snow Mountain, about three miles in an air-line from the Black Buttes of Mendocino County, and located on the top of the Brusly Mountain range, six thousand feet in altitude.

We start from Dixon, Solano County, twenty-one miles from Sacramento, and in the center of one of the finest wheat-growing sections in the world. It is one hundred and seventy-five miles to the camp, and if we go by wagon we will be on the road five days. The road is good and mostly level till we start up the mountain, and then we have twenty-five miles of steep climbing. Or we can go to Willows on the cars, take the branch road that runs out to Fruito and be within forty miles of the camp. From this point we can take the stage to Elk Creek, six miles away, and meet the stage which takes us to Alder Springs, only twelve miles from camp. But this twelve miles is the most difficult part of the road, and the first time it is traveled you will be likely to conclude that it is forty, since you climb over two thousand feet in going the distance, and most of this is made in going

IN THE HEART OF THE DEER COUNTRY.

a few miles. But once in camp a more delightful place for spending the warm months, and for hunting and fishing will not be sought for. True, good fishing cannot be found nearer than six miles of the camp, but you are nearly equidistant between the Grindstone and Eel rivers, both of which abound in trout. Deer are very numerous and easily hunted. The mountain being almost level for miles around the camp, one can ride all day without getting off his mule. And what makes the hunting so pleasant is the fact that the country is open, there being little underbrush to prevent one from seeing game. There are a few black bear in the vicinity, some wild cats, mountain lions, a few grouse, mountain quail, and occasionally a marten. The pine squirrels are plentiful on the top of the mountain, while down among the oaks and near the streams the gray squirrels are found in great numbers.

A few years ago Mr. J. S. Garnett, for whom the camp is named, purchased from the government eight hundred acres of land lying along the top of Brusly Mountains. Since then he has been yearly improving the place until now he has three cabins and a stable. He has enclosed with barbed wire nearly a hundred acres on which there are mineral springs of as good water as ever came from the earth, and enough grass to feed a large number of horses during the summer.

For equipment I prefer a thirty-eight Martin rifle, twenty-six inch barrel, and of about seven pounds and

A TROPHY.

a half weight with the magazine full. This will balance well on the saddle, and one can walk all day without becoming tired of its weight. Then, too, it will kill a deer 400 yards away, and it can be used on smaller game. For a grizzly, a larger gun would be needed. But you may never get a chance at a grizzly. For a shotgun I prefer a twelve-gage choke bore, though I own a ten-gage Parker. A true sportsman will not use a shotgun on deer, except it be when the game is scarce, and the thickness of the underbrush precludes the use of the rifle. Even then he will not enjoy it.

A properly trained dog is almost indispensable for successful hunting. Mr. J. R. Garnett's half hound and half shepherd dog is by far the best dog for still-hunting I have ever seen. He will not leave you more than thirty yards while hunting, and most of the time is at your heels. If there is a deer within a hundred yards he is very apt to wind it, and will let you know by sniffing in its direction and whining. If asked which, in my opinion, is the best fly for trout fishing, I should say that I have found the gray and brown hackle to be so superior to all other kinds that I use them almost exclusively.

When I first visited Camp Garnett it was known as Bedford's Camp. A tall, busy Kentuckian by the name of Bedford had been ranging his cattle there for more than twenty years. He had built a cabin and a stable near one of the springs, and here he would spend half the year alone with his cattle. Many are the tales he could tell of the grizzly, the panther and the deer. He had been living in the valley on Stony Creek for more than thirty years, during which time he had never been to San Francisco.

At the time of my first visit we could drive no nearer than six miles of the camp. From this point we had to pack our camping outfit on mules. Since then a road has been made all the way and you can drive to the door of the cabins.

We reached camp at two o'clock in the afternoon. There were five in the party, one of whom was an old hunter and well acquainted with the mountains. As we were pitching camp, one of the group remarked, "Well, I have been out hunting many times, but have never yet seen a deer brought into camp."

"You won't be able to say that much longer," replied the old hunter.

At four o'clock he and I shouldered our rifles and started out. I had been doing my best all the way up to make a friend of Towser and had succeeded, so when I took my gun he was at my heels. When we had gone a short distance, I proposed to my companion that we separate and come together at camp. I could not have pleased him better. Looking off to the north I discovered a point where several little streams seemed to come together, about a mile away. Following the ridge down which I had started, I soon came to a bluff from which the ridge sloped rapidly toward the conjunction of the streams. Just as I sat down upon a log to rest, my eye caught a glimpse of a small deer lying at the root of a large fir tree. It was chewing its cud and shaking the flies

THE CAMPERS.

CAMP GARNETT.

from its ears, and unconscious of danger. It was about a hundred and fifty yards away, and a hundred feet below me. I had never shot the rifle I carried, and remembering that there was a man in camp who had never seen a deer brought in, I determined not to take any chances. Knowing that the chief danger lay in overshooting it, I aimed at the point just where the point of the shoulder touched the ground and pulled the trigger. The ball struck where I aimed. The deer sprang upon its hind feet with its shoulder still resting on the ground. The second shot took effect in the neck. As it fell, another deer of the same size jumped out from behind the tree and stood in full view. The ball went through its shoulders. It fell, but recovered itself again and offered me as fair a mark as before, A second shot and it disappeared. Just then, a three-point buck sprang up from a log about thirty feet this side of the others, and, lifting his antlers into the air, stood a perfect picture and a perfect mark as well. Zip! I heard the ball strike him as plainly as if he had been a log. Over he tumbled, but recovering himself, went plunging down the mountain with Towser close in pursuit. Only a few hundred yards and he was brought to bay. Going down to where I had shot the two small ones, I found that neither of them was dead, but were standing together, reeling and staggering, and bleeding.

Thinking to put them out of their misery I fired at the head of one and missed it. The next time I hit it in the same place where I missed before. In fact I did this more than twice or three times. The truth is, I could n't hit its head at all, and it was not thirty yards away. I didn't have the "buck ague," but something was the matter. All this time Towser was baying the big buck almost in sight of me, but he now left him and came to my assistance. When he got to me one of the deer was dead, and he very kindly caught the other for me. When the fusilade was over I counted my shells and found that I had shot seventeen times, and lost the big buck. That was very poor shooting, I confess, but it was

the first time I had ever fired a rifle at deer, and I did not expect to find the deer in droves. But the man in camp saw a deer brought in, and all of us had venison for supper.

One morning at breakfast, when our meat was nearly out, the old hunter said, "Boys, let's kill a big buck to-day." "Good," responded two voices at once. In a few minutes three of us were in the saddle. Riding down Hayses Bridge to Rocky Basin, about two miles away, we hitched our mules and separated, the old hunter going off to the left and Theo and I to the right. After being gone for several hours, during which time Theo killed a rattlesnake and I missed a deer through the woods, we came out on the trail a mile below our mules, and started back to where we had left them. When we reached the Basin the old hunter was there waiting for us. "Did you hear me shooting?" he said. "No," we replied. "What did you shoot at?" I shot at a big buck, and crippled him bad. If Towser will trail him I think we can get

DINNER.

him; and it will pay us if we can, for he is a good one. I have been here waiting for you two hours."

"Towser will trail him," said I. Down on the south side of the mountain, among the rocks and scrub oak, we went. It was now twelve o'clock in the latter part of August. The sun came down upon the rocks with sickening heat. There was very little air, and no water except in a gulch many hundreds of feet below us. The trail was soon found. Instead of making for the water, as a deer when wounded usually does, it started for the top of the mountain. I soon discovered that it was wounded in the fleshy part of the left hind leg, since there was s little blood wherever the foot of that leg touched the ground. The blood was dry, and the sun was so hot that Towser became almost exhausted, and could not trail it. So I took the trail myself, with Towser at my heels and the old hunter puffing and blowing behind, while Theo made for the top of the mountain. Pretty soon the old hunter gave out, and said, "Go on, boys, get him if you can. I'll rest awhile, and go back to the mules." When I reached the top, there was so much pine straw that it was impossible to tell which way the buck had turned.

A pleasant breeze was blowing and I sat down to rest and cool off. Theo came up and joined me. In a few minutes Towser, being considerably rested, began sniffing around on the ground. He found the trail and started off on a slow walk. About one hundred yards away was a fallen tree top and he went directly towards it. When he reached it, he bounded into it with a yelp. Out came a four-point buck, breaking the dead limbs and hurling himself down the mountain with a crash at every jump. Bang! bang! roared our Winchesters as Towser and the buck disappeared down the mountain with Theo following at full speed. A chase of half a mile, and he came to bay. I listened to hear Theo's gun. Bang! and the sound reverberated through the hills. Away they go. He had missed. Only a few hundred yards and Towser bays again.

I couldn't stand still any longer. I had to see the fun; and if ever my legs carried me in a hurry, then was the time. I arrived in sight just as Theo's bullet brought the monster to the ground. Leaving me to dress him, Theo started after the old hunter and the mules. At four o'clock we rode into camp, having been gone since early in the morning. But we got the big buck and enjoyed our supper.

As we were sitting around the camp fire in the evening the old hunter said, "Parson, if you follow a sinner as you did that old buck I don't want you to git after me."

THE AUTHOR'S RETURN.

A MEXICAN CACTUS.

A PRICKLY FAMILY.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL ORCUTT.

IN the old days of the Mission when the good Fathers were engaged in converting the Indians, there was often danger of attack, and it is said that Father Peyri, of San Luis Rey planted agaves as boundary lines or fences, and that Father Salvadeo of San Gabriel, hedged in the Mission with the large-leaved cactus known as tuna. Parts of the old fence can still be seen near San Gabriel, rising to a height of ten or twelve feet, and that it was intended as a defense there can be but little doubt. The spined leaves form a perfect defence against a foe armed with bow and arrows, and the defenders of the faith probably found but little difficulty in protecting the Mission aided by their dusky converts and the spines of the tuna.

Cacti are mostly leafless plants, peculiar to America. Many species of yuccas and agaves are popularly but very erroneously called cacti; as are also several African plants, such as aloes, and stapelias, Several species of cacti have become thoroughly at home in the southern countries of Europe, where they were early introduced. Opuntias thrive as if natives of the soil, and in volcanic districts have not only proved useful for the fruit, to-day abundant in the Spanish and Italian markets, but have greatly advanced horticulture in those districts by preparing the previously barren soil for more valuable crops.

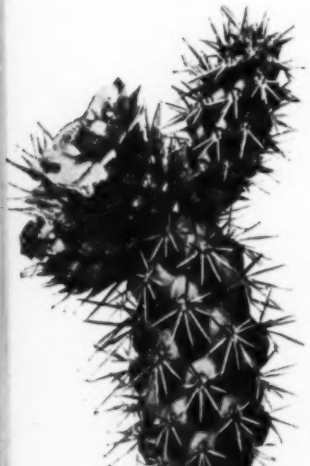
These same Opuntias were also prominent in the early history of California, having been widely planted by the founders of the chain of Missions. The luscious fruit which it yielded in the greatest abundance added materially to the food resources. At some of the Missions in Baja California the dried trunks and branches of this and other cacti furnished the larger share of the valuable fuel.

The fruit of these Opuntias, thus introduced into California by the early missionaries, is utilized in the preparation of delicious jellies; the juice may be expressed and converted into wine, vinegar, or molasses as the

housewife needs; the succulent green stems may be fed to stock, first burning off the spines; or these same fleshy stems may be sliced up and preserved in sugar and eaten as a confectionery.

There are several species of these introduced prickly-pears or tunas, notably the tuna proper, with a delicious green-colored fruit, the Indian fig, which bears a purplish-red fruit, and the tuna-manse, with a mottled orange-colored fruit of rather insipid flavor. These are all natives of Mexico, where hundreds of other varieties occur, and where they are cultivated for the fruit as apples are in New England. In Sicily the fruit forms an important article of diet for three months out of every year, and among the numerous varieties produced by cultivation is reported a seedless variety.

California is also rich in native species of Opuntia. The genus Opuntia is a large one, and may readily be separated into two sections; the one section comprising the prickly-pears or tunas, (see frontispiece), with flattened joints (Platopuntia); the other with cylindrical, more or less tuberculated, jointed stems (Cylindropuntia), among which the cholla is a familiar object in Southern California.



OPUNTIA PROLIFERA.

Of the first group, the commoner species is Opuntia Engelmanni, which produces a beautiful crimson fruit, of a pleasant tart flavor, that makes most excellent jellies. This cactus extends as far east as Texas, and numerous variations from the type occur.

Opuntia chlorotica is a tree-like flat-jointed species, with slender yellow spines, the pale green orbicula joints giving it a pretty appearance. Opuntia augustata is often prostrate in habit, producing a small fruit, and is recorded from the Cajon Pass and from Arizona. Opuntia Mohavensis is a fourth variety that has been described, of which fruit and flowers are both unknown.

Who has traversed either the San Gorgonio Pass or the Cajon Pass, out the San Bernardino Valley, during the month of April, without observing the large and beautiful magenta-colored flowers of Opuntia basilaris? The plant is broad-jointed, spineless, but the areolæ supplied instead with an abundance of short brown bristles of which the stranger needs beware—for the plant, like the most of its order, resents too great familiarity. The joints branch out only from near the base, so that the plant is seldom over a foot high, but often spreading for three or four feet, and when covered with the large brilliant flowers is indeed a beautiful object. This species, like most Opuntias, is easily grown and soon repays any one for the little attention it requires.

Opuntia rutila is a prostrate desert species, producing a dry spring fruit. It also occurs in Utah and other portions of the West. The so-called cholla is one of the most characteristic features in the native vegetation of Southern California. No one knows how many species there are, and no one seems to greatly care.

PFEIFFERA CEREIFORM.

The most abun-

dant cholla around San Diego is Opuntia prolifera, and Cholla Valley received its name from the dense thickets of this arborescent species which were impassable to man or beast. It is a large densely-branched shrub, three to six feet high, bearing flowers of a pretty pomegranate-purple color, which are followed by a fleshy, usually seedless fruit, from which other flowers open in their turn —hence its specified name. Other species occur in Arizona and eastward and southward, bearing red flowers and fleshy (but not edible) fruit.

Opuntia serpentina is a low, slender, prostrate succulent plant, bearing yellow flowers, the dry fruit filled at maturity with large yellowish seeds. This is common near the sea-coast; while another similar species, longer-jointed and more erect in habit, occurs in the foothills and mountains, to which Dr. Engelmann proposed the name Opuntia Bernardino, I believe, but a description has never been published.

On the Colorado Desert occurs a multitude of beautiful cacti; and two members of this genus particularly are worthy of notice. The one is best known as the desert cholla (Opuntia Bigelovii), and is covered densely with millions of spines of a bright straw color—and oh! so sharp! I transplanted a few to my garden once, and one morning my attention was called to a poor gopher, which had been led to investigate too closely and had become securely fastened between two plants. He fought well for his life, using his teeth, but the merciless spines held him fast and his mouth was filled with the shining spears.

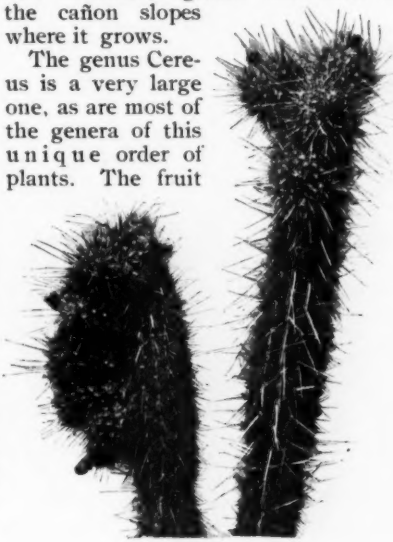
The young, tender joints of this cactus are easily detached and are then called cholla-balls. It is proverbial among those who are familiar with this plant that if you simply "point your finger at it," it will jump at you, and if the tenacious, cruelly beautiful spines once take hold there is no letting go! The spines on the trunks of old plants take on a dirty dark-brown color, in strong contrast with the bright yellowish-straw color of the younger branches and stems.

The other Opuntia is also an arborescent species, much and densely branched, the slender, long, straight joints armed with a multitude of shining gray spines. The pale greenish-yellow flowers are not conspicuous. At a little distance it has a close resemblance to a diminutive, but very symmetrical, erect-growing tree, and from this habit of growth is very noticeable.

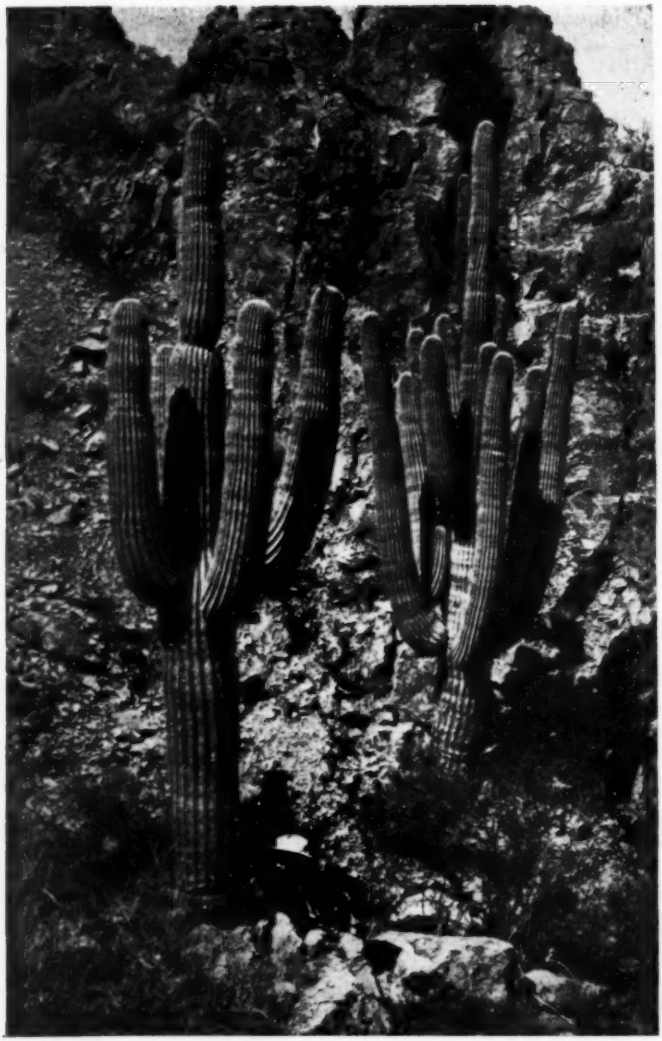
A still more conspicuous denizen of the Colorado Desert is the giant cactus (Cereus giganteus) specimens of which grow from fifteen to over sixteen feet in height. It is a prominent feature in the desert landscapes of Arizona, and also occurs, it is said, west of the Colorado River, in the northeastern portions of San Diego County. The flowers are creamy white, while the large, oval fruit is edible and much sought for by the Indians of Arizona.

A very similar giant cactus (Cereus Pringlei) occurs in Baja California and Sonora, standing out sharp and clear like sentinels, against the sides of the cañon slopes where it grows.

The genus Cereus is a very large one, as are most of the genera of this unique order of plants. The fruit



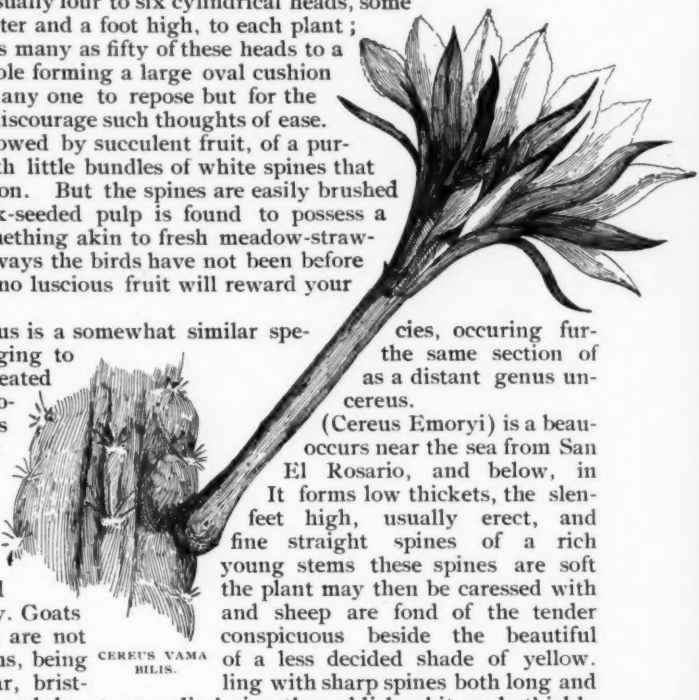
CEREUS EUSERGI.



THE GIANT CACTUS, ARIZONA.

of many species is edible, and in some attain a very large size, and are often eaten by the Indians.

Cereus Engelmanni, the cushion-cactus of the desert and mountainous regions of California and Arizona, is characteristic by its cespitose habit, and the clean, shining white or rich brown spines which render the plant itself beautiful even when not half hidden by the broad, shining magenta blossoms with bright apple-green stigmata, which entice the bees away from neighboring flowers. There are usually four to six cylindrical heads, some three inches in diameter and a foot high, to each plant; but I have counted as many as fifty of these heads to a single plant—the whole forming a large oval cushion which might tempt any one to repose but for the sharp bayonets that discourage such thoughts of ease. The flowers are followed by succulent fruit, of a purplish tint, armed with little bundles of white spines that point in every direction. But the spines are easily brushed aside, and the black-seeded pulp is found to possess a delightful flavor, something akin to fresh meadow-strawberries, providing always the birds have not been before you, for in that case no luscious fruit will reward your search.



CEREUS VAMABILIS.

Cereus enneacanthus is a somewhat similar species, occuring further east, but belonging to the same section of the genus, by some treated as a distant genus under the name Echinocereus.

The Velvet cactus (Cereus Emoryi) is a beautiful species which occurs near the sea from San Diego southward to El Rosario, and below, in Lower California. It forms low thickets, the slender stems two to four feet high, usually erect, and densely covered with fine straight spines of a rich straw-yellow. On young stems these spines are soft and almost silky, and the plant may then be caressed with comparative impunity. Goats and sheep are fond of the tender stems. The flowers are not conspicuous beside the beautiful symmetry of the stems, being of a less decided shade of yellow. The fruit is globular, bristling with sharp spines both long and short, and when matured, burst open, disclosing the reddish-white pulp thickly studded with large black seeds. The fruit is edible, but inconsiderable in quantity and quality produced; but the seeds doubtless, with the seeds of various other Cerei, formed a no small part of the food available to the Indians of Baja California in the early missionary days. Occasionally the slender round stems of this beautiful plant flatten out into a shape like the stems of a prickly-pear, and these fastigited species are in great demand among cacti fanciers. These monstrosities doubtless occur more or less frequently in every species, for I have observed them in other species of Cerei (notably C. gummosus), in species of Opuntia, and in a number of instances in the genus Echinocactus. Dealers in cacti also catalogue *monstruosa* varieties of many species, either produced accidentally by nature, or perhaps in some cases formed by art.

Cereus flagelliformis, the whip cactus, or rat-tail cactus, is a slender Peruvian species, now familiar in cultivation, and often used for grafting into other varieties of cacti. The prostrate, cord-like stems may thus be utilized for hanging-baskets, or in many curious devices, enlivened by the very handsome red or pinkish flowers.

APACHE BOY AND CACTUS.

Cereus Peruvianus is another giant columnar species from South America, which soon attains to a height of twenty feet under favorable conditions. Fasciated or contorted species are comparatively frequent in this species.

Cereus triangularis, distinguished by its triangular stems, is remarkable for its bright scarlet fruit, of the size of a goose egg, with the flavor of a strawberry, and hence often called the strawberry-pear. It is of a climbing habit, and one specimen at Ventura, California, is quite famous, having climbed over a porch to the roof of the house, making a beautiful appearance when in bloom, since the flowers measure a foot or more across, and are scarcely less handsome than the flowers of Cereus grandiflorus, the night-blooming cereus.

There are quite a number of night-blooming cacti, but the one of greatest prominence is Cereus grandiflorus, with slender, climbing stems which seek any convenient support. The pure-white flowers emit a powerful vanilla-like fragrance, and are produced profusely from the roundish stems. The stems are armed with fascicles of short, inoffensive spines.

Of other night-blooming cacti, a red-flowered one from Mexico is noteworthy, but is comparatively rare in collections as yet. Cereus Mac Donaldiæ is one of the finest of night-bloomers, of a creamy whiteness, and rather larger than the flowers of C. grandiflorus.

Passing to another genus, Phyllocactus, we find other profuse night-blooming cacti, to which many of the so-called night-blooming cerei belong. Phyllocactus is easily distinguished from Cereus by the flat, spineless joints, some of them being known as "case-knife cacti." None of the cacti excel these in brilliance of flowers, the richest crimsons and scarlets and the most delicate tints of rose and blush occurring in the endless variety of forms. They are mostly day-bloomers,

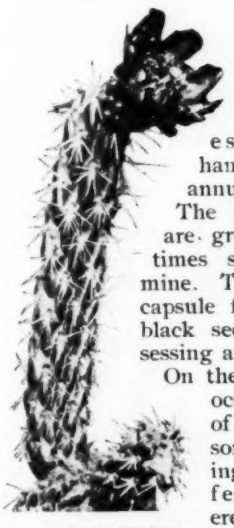
the flowers often lasting for long periods. Phyllocactus Ackermanni is one of the handsomest and best-known forms in cultivation, remarkable for the size and profusion of its rich crimson flowers.

Phyllocactus latifrons—the Queen cactus—has become a general favorite with thousands, being a very strong-growing plant, and producing its well-known flowers in profusion. As none of the Phyllocacti are Californian by nativity, a genus abundantly represented in California will now be brought to the reader's notice.

Echinocactus is popularly dubbed the Hedgehog cactus, while the several species peculiar to the southwestern portions of the United States are respectively known by such names as the bisnigre, "nigger-head," barrel-cactus, Turk's-head, or by some other suggestive appellation.

The genus is the largest in the family, usually of a thick, globose or cylindrical shape, armed with strong spines. Some are small, but many attain to large size, single plants of E. Visnaga of New Mexico, sometimes weighing a ton.

Near the sea-coast at San Diego occurs the modest Turk's-cap (E. viridescens) a globular or depressed plant some six inches high, with handsome, stout, annulated spines. The flowers and fruit are greenish, or sometimes stained with carmine. The fruit is a pulpy capsule filled with coarse black seed, the pulp possessing a pleasant acidity.

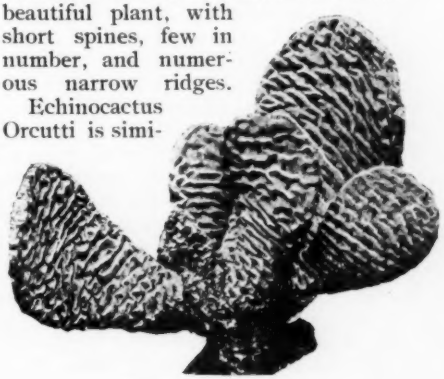


OPUNTIA SERPENTINA.

On the Colorado Desert occurs other forms of Echinocactus, some of them attaining a height of ten feet, cylindrical, erect columns, a foot and a half or two feet in diameter, crowned in springtime with a circle of lemon yellow flowers. Some individuals possess beautiful spines of ivory whiteness, especially when young, which intertwine and form a lovely, lace-like structure around the plant. Others have bright-red or crimson-colored spines, sometimes curved and bent like a fish-hook, giving them the appropriate name of fish-hook cacti. Still others have silvery-gray spines, delicate and refined in color.

When a plant dies, it often decays, and leaves behind it the beautiful network or skeleton of spines, which retain the form of the living plant and form striking objects for any parlor cabinet. In the dry air of the desert they retain perfectly their bright colors or the purity of the ivory white as may be the individual case. These natives of the Colorado Desert have been described under several names, E. cylindraceus and E. Le Contei being the two most abundant forms, but both are merely varieties of E. Wislizeni, originally discovered in Texas or New Mexico. E. Texensis is much like our E. viridescens, in general appearance, and is a common species in Texas and Northern Mexico. E. Simpsoni is a curious species found in Colorado and Utah, which more nearly resembles a Mamillaria than the other Echinocacti, being quite small and cespitose in habit. E. multicostatus is another more odd than beautiful plant, with short spines, few in number, and numerous narrow ridges.

Echinocactus Orcutti is simi-



OPUNTIA BASILARIS.

lar to D. viridescens, but larger, columnar, with reddish-veined flowers. It often forms clusters of fifteen or twenty heads from one root, making a large, irregularly oval mass, much like E. polycephalus—another desert species. E. Orcutti occurs in Baja California within fifty miles of San Diego.

For delicacy of design and perfect symmetry the Mamillarias are unequaled in the vegetable kingdom. A volume may well be written on the exquisite arrangement of the spines, which occurs in the different species, and on the forms and beauties of the plants themselves.

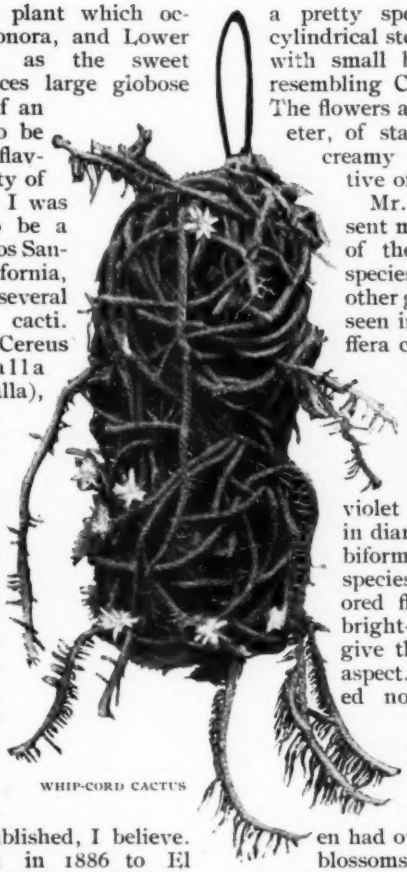
Mamillaria Goodrichii is abundant from San Diego, southward, near the coast or on the confines of the Colorado Desert. It is oval to sub-cylindrical in shape, the tubercles of the plant crowned with ten to fifteen whitish spines which radiate around a strong deep-brown spine, strongly hooked at the end, which is sometimes kept in company by one or two straight brownish spines. The flower is an inch across in which green and white prettily blend. The flower disappears and a year later where it was, there suddenly appears a greenish, club-shaped berry, at the same season that new flowers are produced. These berries, at maturity, are a bright scarlet, and add greatly to the beauty of the little plant, as if it were decked with drops of coral. These berries are edible, possessing the delicious flavor of wild wood-strawberries, and remain on the plant for a long period. Sometimes a dozen of the cylindrical heads are produced from one root, forming an impregnable fortress armed on every side with the long hooked spines, which readily engage any passing object. M. Grahamii is similar in general appearance, smaller, and the spines of a more ivory whiteness, forming a perfect gem for the parlor. Mamillaria phellospenna is one of the rare and beautiful cacti of the desert region of San Diego County, where I have found it blooming in May. The flower is over two inches long and an inch and a half across, the thirty or so white petals tinged with purplish-rose pink, the ten or twelve outer sepals with a dull, brownish mid-vein. This is locally known as the Hep-pi-talla, the scarlet fruit edible as in others of the genus. The plants easily decay, and several which I transplanted I thus lost; but in decaying some of the tubercles became detached and promptly struck root, showing clearly one of the means which nature has adopted for the perpetuation of the species. Most Mamillarias and Echinocacti may be propagated in this way, cuttings taking root readily in moist sand.

ECHMOPSIS OXYGONA.

M. Arizonica is slightly similar, larger and more globose, which also occurs in the Colorado Desert region and in Arizona.

M. deserti though, is the gem of these Californians, and was found by the Parish brothers on the Mohave Desert, some years ago, and not since recollected to my knowledge. It has no rigid central spines, but a network of radiating spines which form a close and beautiful protection to the plant. It is easily handled without gloves, as the spines cling so close to the plant or curve inward as to prevent injury to the hands. In the same desert regions occurs Echinocactus polycephalus ,which forms clusters of twenty or thirty cylindrical or globose heads covered with stout grayish spines. The flowers are yellow, and enveloped in a dense mass of white wool. Cereus Thurbeii

is a large-growing plant which occurs in Arizona, Sonora, and Lower California, known as the sweet pitalla, and produces large globose fruits of the size of an orange, and said to be of a most delicious flavor. In 1882, a party of botanists, of which I was so fortunate as to be a member, visited Todos Santos Bay, Lower California, where we found several new species of cacti. Among them were Cereus gummosus or pitalla agria (sour pitalla), which, when growing, looks much like a load of cord-wood flung promiscuously over the ground. The fruit is the size of an egg and as delicious as strawberries. The dried stems of this form a gummy substance useful in caulking boats, or for similar purposes, hence the specific name which it received at the hands of Dr. George Engelmann. The species is still unpublished, I believe.



WHIP-CORD CACTUS

On a trip taken in 1886 to El Rosario Mission, in Lower California, I found the Carden (Cereus Pringlei), a giant cactus already mentioned, the garambulla or old-man cactus (Pilocereus sargentianus) and Cereus cochal—all new species. Echinocactus emoryi, with dull reddish flowers, was also abundant, in aspect much like the desert species. Hariota (Rhipsalis) is a genus related to the Opuntias, known as the mistletoe cactus. The Hariotas have slender, leafless stems, the most of the species but little resembling other well-known cacti. H. sarmentacea, here illustrated from a photograph sent me by Mr. Justus Corderoy, of England, is a pretty species with slender cylindrical stems densely covered with small black spines, much resembling Cereus flagelliformis. The flowers are an inch in diameter, of star-like form, and a creamy white. It is a native of Brazil.

Mr. Corderoy has also sent me five photographs of the three following species, typical of three other genera of cacti rarely seen in cultivation: Pleiffera cereiforme is a Mexican plant with angular stems and white or rose-tinted flowers. The globular semi-transparent fruit is of a violet color, half an inch in diameter. Disisocactus biformis is a Honduras species with pale rose-colored flowers, followed by bright-red fruits, which give the plant a pleasing aspect. It is usually treated now as a species of Phyllocactus instead of the type of a genus. The individual illustrated at the time it was taken had over ninety buds and blossoms.

The hatchet-cactus (Pelecyphora aselliformis concolor) is a rare plant of great botanical interest, closely related to Mamillaria. At the apex of the flattened tubercles in the place of spines, as in Mamillaria, are two rows of flat horny scales which overlap like the tiles of a roof.

The Anhaloniums are also closely related to the Mamillarias. A. Engelmanni, the "Living Rock" of florists' catalogues, is the type of the genus. The plant is spineless and of curious aspect, well illustrated herewith.

Among the oddest of all cacti is the Pilocereus, popularly known as the

old-man cactus. Pilocereus Sargenttianus is a new species recently described by the writer, from San Quintin Bay, Lower California, where it attains a height of fifteen feet. The upper portions of the "fertile" stems are covered with flexuous gray spines, which give an aged aspect to the plant. Pilocereus senilis, now quite common in collections, sometimes attains a height of twenty feet, the crown covered with flowing locks of flexuous spines, which makes its name of the old-man cactus singularly appropriate. P. Hoppenstedti, P. Brünnowii, and P. Houletti are other Mexican species of peculiar aspect, all still comparatively rarely seen in collections.

A thousand pages would not begin to exhaust this enteresting subject. There are some twelve hundred described species of cacti, and new ones are being constantly discovered, even within our own borders. They are comparatively easy of cultivation, and yet each group of cacti thrive best under some individual treatment. The ornamental uses to which they may be put are endless. Either for bedding plants or for hanging-baskets some members of this great family may be found available, while by grafting one species upon another the most wonderful results may be attained. Thus the decumbent whip-cord cactus may be grafted on a climbing Epiphyllum, and the two caused to mingle their bright-colored flowers against the side of the house,

The cactus is the one plant which can be successfully grown in conjunction with hens. The hens usually leave them alone. For California gardens they are nearly all excellent, thriving best when given the least attention, and requiring no irrigation. The fruit may be made into jellies, the flowers into perfume, the spines into toothpicks or fish-hooks, the stems fed to the cows, and the woody fibre converted into fuel. Some of the Echinocacti when sliced and preserved like citrons make most excellent sweetmeats; in Mexico this is often done.

A CACTUS BLOSSOM.

There is something peculiarly weird about cacti and they seem adapted to their surroundings. As a rule, they frequent desert places—rearing their strange shapes where almost no animal life exists. The tall cacti shown in the accompanying engraving, are the sentinels of the desert, and thrive in a burning heat that is deadly to every other form of vegetation. The visitor to Arizona or California is attracted by these giants, and often at night or as evening approaches, they present a weird and mystical appearance rising out of a lifeless plain. Curiously enough, this apparently inhospitable cactus forms the home of several birds. One species often becomes decayed where a branch breaks off, and the hollow interior is laid open; into this a bird makes its way, and the hollow is soon lined with bits of grass, feathers and other material, in which the eggs are in time deposited and a family of young birds reared, protected by a most remarkable defense of spines and needles.

A DESERT SENTINEL.

Many of the cacti afford similar protection to birds. In Southern California, especially in the San Gabriel Valley, a little bird makes a bag-like nest among the leaves or branches of a cactus. The opening is concealed, and approached by a small platform, while the interior is lined with the softest grasses and down from seeds. There the young family is safe from hawks and other enemies.

Many of the cacti have a great indirect economic value; thus the cochineal insect is matured in a species of Opuntia. In some localities vast plantations of this cactus are kept up for the sole purpose of rearing this insect for the trade, and are known as nopaleries. In one over fifty thousand plants can be seen covered with the richly-hued insect known to science as Coccus cacti. The planters place the female insect on the cactus in August, and four months later the first crop of cochineal is collected and is followed by several more during the year. The insect is a native of Mexico or the country contiguous to Southern California, but by far the greatest supply comes from the Canary Islands and New Granada. For centuries the trade has been a valuable one—70,000 insects are required to weigh a pound, and in 1869, the exports from the Canaries amounted to six million pounds — more individuals than the mind can grasp, and valued at nearly five million dollars. So it will be seen that the cactus, while offensive in its appearance, has a decided value, other than appealing to the eye as a part of the weird ornamentation of the desert places of the world.

Lento con molto espressione.
Sweet - est friend, why gaze on me with
Su - ser Freund, da blick - st, mich

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.*

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

PRECIOUS one, thou watchest
Me in half surprise;
Canst not understand it,
With thy tearful eyes:
Let these pearly dew-drops,
This unwonted sight,
Tremble thus and glisten
On my lashes bright.
Oh, how throbs my bosom!
Oh, how full of zeal!
Could I but in language
To thee all I feel!
Come and hide thy face, love,
Here upon my breast,
While I whisper to thee
Joys that make me blest.
Led by certain tokens,
Mother did I see,
And the dear, good mother
Told me all—to be.

Showed me how, most likely
That the day was near,
When we for a cradle
Must provide, my dear.
Know'st thou now the tear-drops,
That so freely fall? [drops,
Shalt thou not behold them,
Thou, my love, my all?
On my heart here pillowed,
Stay and feel its beat,
That I close and closer
May thee press and greet.
Here, close by the bedside,
Is the cradle's place,
Where 't will bide in silence
Dreams of coming grace.
Soon will dawn the morrow,
When the dream will wake,
And therefrom thine image
Two glad hearts will make.

*Translated from the German in the original metres by Frank V. McDonald.

Allegretto.
Here, sweet-est babe, re - pose on my breast,
An mei-nen Her zen, an mei-ner Brust,

On my heart nestling, close to my breast,
Thou, precious darling, slumber and rest.

Oh, bliss is in loving, and loving is bliss!
I've said it, and ne'er will change from this.

O'erhappy I my lot did vow,
But find I am o'erhappy now.

A mother's love she truest knows
Whose child to her subsistence owes.

For mothers only know
How hearts with love and joy can glow.

I pity man,—he has no part
In joys that thrill a mother's heart.

Thou lookest and smilest prettily now,
Thou lovely, lovely angel, thou!

On my heart nestling, close to my breast,
Thou, precious darling, slumber and rest!

Adagio.
Now hath this heart first felt a bit - ter wound. But oh how
Nun hast du mir den er - sten Schmerz ge - than, der a - ber

Now hast thou dealt me my first grievous blow;
And it struck deep.
Thou sleep'st, thou hard, unfeeling man, so low
Thou deathful sleep.

Thy lonely one looks out upon her way,
The blank world o'er.
Both loved I have and lived,—alas, to-day
I live no more.

Around my indrawn life the veil bind fast,
And all enshrine.
There have I thee, and all my joyous past,
Thou world of mine.

"I WAS ONCE AS THOU ART, YOUNG AND FRESH AND FAIR."

DREAM of those far days, when
Life was always bright,
Daughter of my daughter,
Child of my delight,
Take, before the pall-cloth
Shrouds this weary form,
Take into the new life
Blessings true and warm.
Feeble is my frame now,
Silvered is my hair ;
I was once as thou art,
Young and fresh and fair ;
Loved, just as thou lov' st now,
Was, as thou art, bride.
Thou, too, shalt grow old, dear,
Gray and bent beside.
But let time in flying
Wander ne'er so fleet ;
Only keep thou firm thy
Bosom's safe retreat.

As I once have spoken,
I'll ne'er change from this,—
Bliss alone is love, and
Love alone is bliss.
When my belovèd
In the grave did lay,
Love I still kept burning,
Hidden deep away.
Though my heart was broken,
Courage stood me nigh ;
And of age the ashes
Let the glow not die.
Take, before the pall-cloth
Shrouds this weary form,
Take into the fresh life
Blessings true and warm.
Must thy heart break one day,
Turn from earth above,
From the joy of loving
To the grief of love.

MAXIMILIAN IN MEXICO.

BY ELODIE HOGAN.

SPAIN acknowledged independence of Mexico in 1821. During the succeeding forty-five years, the country saw a confusion of empires, republics, dictatorships and military usurpations. In 1861 the Liberals under Juarez triumphed and began reforming things. Toward the end of the year, France, Spain and Great Britain entered into a convention by which each agreed to contribute a naval and military force to compel Mexico to fulfill her treaty stipulations concerning the losses suffered by certain French, Spanish and British subjects during the unsettled state of Mexico. The convention distinctly disavowed any desire to acquire territory, or to interfere with the right of the Mexican people to choose their own form of government.

The Mexican Government having acceded to the demands of the allies the British and Spanish commanders withdrew from the expedition, leaving in Mexico the French troops under Gen. Lorencz.

Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, conceived at this time the Utopian plan of a magnificent fusion of the Latin races, with an imperial stronghold in Mexico. At his express command the French Generals Forey and Lorencz were ordered to fight Juarez and his Provisional Government. After some inconsiderable fighting, Pueblo was captured on the 17th of May, 1863, by the French, who immediately pushed on to capture the City of Mexico, from which Juarez and his government fled on the 31st of May. On the 9th of June, Forey entered the Capital and assumed the government of the country. He formed a Provisional Government consisting of two hundred and fifty prominent men called the Council of Notables, who in the name of the people were to choose a form of government. By a unanimous vote on the 12th of July, 1863, this Council declared in favor of abolishing the Republican form of government and of establishing an empire. At the suggestion of Napoleon, they named as Emperor, Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria.

Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph was born at Schonbrunn, Austria, July 6, 1832. He was the son of Francis Charles Joseph, Archduke of Austria, and Sophie Dorothea, daughter of Maximilian I, King of Bavaria, and was the younger brother of Francis Joseph, present Emperor of Austria. He received his education in Vienna. Amid a corrupt and disordered court he was remarkable for his quiet and studious habits. In 1859 he married Maria Carlotta, daughter of Leopold I, King of Belgium, and sister to the present King. After his marriage he spent his time with Carlotta in his castle of Miramar on the Adriatic Sea. He was the very man needed by Napoleon to further his plan. He was young, handsome, rich, with a rare fascination of manner, a poet, a dreamer, an artist and an enthusiast, besides being the scion of one of the greatest imperial families of Europe. When the crown was first offered to him, Maximilian refused it. Napoleon, Eugenie, King Leopold and others with influence begged him to accept it. On the 3rd of October a deputation from Mexico waited on him at Miramar to request his formal assumption of the Imperial office. He still refused to consent until he could be satisfied that he was really called to the position by the voice of the

Mexican people. The Mexican delegation returned to Mexico with the ostensible purpose of procuring a popular vote in favor of the proposed empire. The disturbed condition of Mexico made it impossible to obtain a popular vote. So Maximilian consented on the 10th of April, 1864. Preparations for his departure began immediately. Three vessels of the Austrian navy carried Maximilian, Carlotta, and their suite from Trieste. On the 28th of May they arrived at Vera Cruz. On June 12th, they made their formal entry into the City of Mexico, and were crowned Emperor and Empress of Mexico.

Maximilian's first official act was the granting of amnesty to all political offenders. He tried to maintain a conciliatory policy, and to establish a Constitutional government. At first the general current of intelligence was favorable to the new Empire, although the Republicans under Juarez maintained a series of isolated encounters with the Imperial troops. On Oct. 2, 1865, the Imperialists drove Juarez from Chihuahua, thus depriving the Liberals of their last stronghold, and reducing them to a roving condition. The next day Maximilian made the fatal mistake of his life when he issued his "Black Decree." He proclaimed the departure of Juarez and declared the Liberal cause utterly lost, asserting that "the struggle in future will be between honest men and bands of criminals and bandits." Then followed the orders to shoot within twenty-four hours of his capture any rebel caught in arms. The letter of this ferocious law was followed with only too great a readiness.

The opening of 1866 found all of Mexico in a most deplorable condition. A semblance of order and established government could only be found where the authority of Maximilian was upheld by an imposing military force. The organized armies of the Republic had long ceased to exist. Scattered bands of guerrillas and irregular soldiers kept the northern and southern parts of the country in continual disorder. Rapine, murder and horrible outrages occured every day. The Imperialists held the central portion of the country. But they were kept in continual alarm and apprehension by a restless, unscrupulous, vindictive foe which hung upon their northern and southern flanks. The financial condition of the Imperial government was deplorable and daily it was becoming worse. Then came the disastrous rumors that the United States were forcing Napoleon to withdraw his troops. The correspondence between Washington and Paris was completed in April and by that time Napoleon had pledged himself to remove his troops in three detachments, in such a manner that Mexico should be free of foreign soldiery by November, 1667.

In September, 1866, the Empress Carlotta left Mexico to implore Napoleon to retain the troops. Failing with him she hastened to Pope Pius IX to beg him to throw his influence in favor of Maximilian and his tottering throne. He was helpless and could do nothing. The United States had tied up Francis Joseph by informing him that they could not countenance the presence of Austrian soldiery in Mexico. At the discovery of the hopelessness of her mission the Empress became insane.

Deserted by Napoleon, dropped by the Pope, hated by all native parties, surrounded by men ot whose honesty and fidelity he had small proof, grieving for the misfortune of his wife, Maximilian was on the point of giving up his fight, and on October 2nd he left the Capital on his way to embark for Europe from Vera Cruz. Bazain, the general of the French forces, for fear of the safety of his troops, prevented his departure and demanded a formal abdication on Mexican soil. Maximilian returned as far as Orizaba where he yielded to the entreaties of the leaders of the Conservatives and determined to make one more effort to save his

shaken Empire. He attempted to reorganize the Imperial army in order to fill the place of the French troops. Generals Miramon, Mejia, and Marquez were each given a division. On the 6th of March 1867, the French evacuated the City of Mexico and by the 12th of April the last French soldier had sailed from Vera Cruz. Maximilian took charge of the three divisions of his army. Marquez was to hold the Capital. Maximilian was to remain with Miramon and Mejia who were already advancing to Queretaro (110 miles northwest of the Capital) to meet the forces of Juarez who were swiftly coming from the north to occupy the places evacuated by the French. Miramon, Mejia and Maximilian were driven inside of Queretaro. The siege lasted until the 15th of April when the garrison surrendered. The two generals and the Emperor were tried by court-martial and were sentenced to be shot.

In spite of all the efforts to save him, Maximilian was shot inside the city walls at 7 o'clock on the morning of June 19th, 1867.

The whole history of Maximilian rings like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. With the soul of a dreamer, the heart of a gentleman, the ideals of a reformer, a lover of poetry, music, and the face of the great outside world, we can only wonder what curséd spite, what fatal crook in his nature led him from his sea-washed gardens upon the Adriatic to embark upon so perilous an enterprise as the unfurling of an Imperial flag just within the shadow of the great Republic. A strain of fatal inconsistency an unsteadiness of will neutralized the splendid qualities of his head and his heart. Facing the consequences of his errors, believing still in his dreams, his fate was the only outcome of his enterprise. And, for the most part, men have been content to "crown with the halo of martyrdom the divine doom of him who taketh the sword."

THE LAST OF THE BUFFALOES.

BY ARTHUR C. GRISSOM.

Dark sea of forms on the eternal plain,
  Swaying and tossing like the waves in spasm,
  Sweeping resistless by plateau and chasm—
A living, breathing, riotous hurricane!
Whence comes it?—But the wayward winds have proofs!
  Whence goes it? Ask the trembling stars on high!
  The crouching Indian lets his arrow fly
'Mid thundrous falling of a myriad hoofs! . . .

Encompassed by white wolves on every side,
  (He that was last to fall in the mad chase),
With piteous wounds athwart his hardened hide,
  And bullets hailing death into his face,—
'Twas thus the mighty western monarch died—
  Last haughty scion of a noble race!

A LETTER OF THE EX-EMPRESS CARLOTTA

TO THE

DUCHESS OF AOSTA, QUEEN-ELECT OF SPAIN.

MY DAUGHTER: — Permit me to call you daughter, now that I am a widow; now that my sorrows give me the right to employ with you the sacred name of mother.

I saw you in Italy when you were very beautiful, very young, and very happy. I, too, was young and happy, although not beautiful like you. I saw you again when you were most happy and I most unfortunate.

I write you to-day to announce that a time may come when we shall both be unfortunate. I also was a queen, and, Maria Victoria, I, too, smiled, and deceived.

You are aware that my mind is unhinged, and God loves you so dearly that he sends me this lucid spell that I may tell you the truth now, while so many ambitious, flattering, unworthy men, so many lying mouths, and idiotic tongues, so many cankered hearts will tell you falsehoods. I have been a queen, duchess of Aosta. I am acquainted with that office. Do you understand me? Yes, you do. Now you have only to be sure that your womanly heart does not delude you. I am Carlotta, the antique empress of Mexico, the consort of Maximilian. Do you understand me? Yes, you do understand. Now you have only to be sure your womanly heart does not deceive you. I am in haste to communicate my fears to you, for I know not what length of time my dementia will leave me free. Who could have told us what has come to pass, when we met for the first time in the groves of Italy, of Tivoli? Do you remember those pleasant evenings?

Alas, Maria Victoria! listen carefully to what my misfortune points out to you. See the advantage that is yours in learning what an unhappy wife tells you, who is insane through grief. A deputation went to Vienna to offer the crown of Mexico to my husband. I speak of a committee. Maximilian called me and said: "Carlotta, they offer me the empire of a famous people in America. What do you think about it?" I bowed my head, thoughtfully. Maximilian asked me again. "What do you think of it?" I continued to reflect without responding. My husband made a movement as if to leave the room. I comprehended that he was about to reject the empire which had just been

offered him, and I know not what inward fire was burning at my vitals.

"Wait!" I said, and Maximilian returned smiling. What did that smile mean? Alas, Maria Victoria! My husband knew what a woman would do where a diadem is concerned. I do not wish to pretend to, or deceive you. The splendor of that coronet dazzled me. I imagined the glitter of its jewels: its pearls, its sapphires, and brilliants. I gazed upon a people who knelt about me, who kissed my feet, who thronged to look upon me, who kept awake to bless me, and who shouted with joy. Tremendous illusion! Horrible flattery! Read on, my friend, and you will see what that flattery cost me. I answered my husband: "Listen, Maximilian; I do not say no, but neither do I say yes." He understood the significance of those words. Now I must confess that I made no mistake. Maximilian saw the import of my reply, and a voice burned in his eyes which I could not then explain. Time explained it afterwards. Maria be very careful of yourself, of your son, and your Amandeo. Ambition kindles a diabolical flame in the eyes of men, and converts an angel into a devil. The man who desires to become a king, becomes a fiend. Maximilian's eyes lighted up in such a way that I felt terrified. He was a demon at that moment. "The deputies will come at three," he said. "You will listen to them; be ready." My husband comprehended that I had listened to myself —to woman's pride, and that there would be no necessity to listen to anybody else. If he had understood that I had listened to my vanity, it is quite probable that Carlotta would not have seen the deputation. God deliver you from a man who desires to be a king! A wild beast is more reasonable.

"The deputies will come at three." I was ready at two. One year after another deputation had to be met at one. I was ready at four. I had already learned how to be an empress. I say again I was ready at two. Do you hear, Maria? I waited impatiently. I suspected the committee had repented. Glancing at my court-dress, Maximilian said; "How handsome the Empress of Mexico is!" This sapient gallantary of my husband saddened me, for I imagined the deputation was en route for America.

Three servants precipitately announced the "Mexican most serene deputation," and I felt a thrill of pleasure. "I am an empress already!" I exclaimed in my heart. "I am already an august imperial majesty." Oh, sad illusions! Oh, black vanities! Oh, terrible spectres of conscience! How much you cost me! Dear as you were to my heart, how dearly I paid for you! Read on, Maria Victoria, read on.

The deputation knelt and kissed my hand. It was the same as I desired. It was precisely as I had dreamed.

They declared presently, that heaven had destined us to save a celebrated people that lived in the depths of the most disastrous anarchy. They affirmed that Mexico saw in us tutelary angels. Maximilian looked at me as if saying: "You see now what they assure us; what must we do?" I nodded my head as if to say—"It is true."

The deputies spoke of the fertility of the soil, the wealth of fruits, the mildness of the seasons, of the gorgeousness of the landscape, where Nature is all one smile. Maximilian looked at me as if to say: "Do you not see?" I glanced toward him as though saying: "It is true."

The deputation spoke extendedly on the magnificent views of Orizaba, of the transparency of the atmosphere, the extent of the horizon, the blueness of the skies, the sunrises and sunsets, of the birds, etc. I thought I saw the fiery-colored auroras, the pale tint of the clouds at the disappearance of the sun in the west. I imagined the sweet mystery of those western skies which presented themselves to my fancy like evening prayer. I imagined

I heard the melody of those birds, inhaled the perfume of those flowers, the murmuring of those rivers, the sighing of the wind through the silent density of the woods and forests.

Finally, Maria, I imagined myself the Imperial Majesty of Mexico, goddess of America, in the most flowery, the gayest sphere in the smiles of God. Maximilian turned toward me as if to repeat: "Do you see now?" I looked at him as if responding with: "It is true."

My husband and I were left alone.

"How did the deputies appear to you?" he asked. I replied that I was greatly pleased with them.

"They are perfect gentlemen, and are exceedingly courteous. They kissed your hand on entering and leaving. They are known as belonging to the highest class of people."

"Yes, yes," I answered, "they must belong to the genteel class."

Read on, Duchess of Aosta, queen-elect of a famous people, and you will see what came to put a stop to so much complacency, so much poetry. A thousand times alas! Those men, the deputies from Mexico, mocked us with a thousand lies, and we said proudly:

"They are known to belong to the highest class." If we had told the stern truth, the honest truth—if those beggars had been loyal persons, we should have said with repugnance: "They are known as plebian folk."

We embark, the steamer pursues its course, the land of Europe disappears from our sight. There remain the ashes of our parents, and brothers and sisters. Memories of our native country linger there. We disowned the country that saw our birth, fascinated with the unknown glories of our foreign country. I have said *unknown glories*. They were not unknown glories, Maria Henrietta, they were, alas! criminal glories.

As the coasts of Germany disappeared, I felt compunction in my heart, and there the fever began, which later, troubled my mind. There the delirium commenced which consumes my strength; this dreadful consumption that devours my life. There are two kinds of fever, Maria Victoria, that of the body and that of the mind. That of the body kills, that of the mind crazes. Take great care of your husband, and of yourself!

Near nightfall the same day on which we started out, I descried a whitish speck at the horizon. This yellowish-white speck seemed to move as if it were red mist. I approached my husband and asked: "What is that white, moving point that is seen in the distance?"

"They are seashores."

"What shores?"

"Shores of the Adriatic."

"Farewell, Baltic coasts!" I cried to my conscience. "Farewell, sands of my country! When I return to you some day, you will see me clothed in mourning."

"What is the matter?" asked Maximilian.

"Nothing," I responded. I also lied, I also deceived him. They all lied to him, his wife likewise. Oh, my husband! Unfortunate man! Adored spirit of my life, pardon me! Do you wonder, Maria Victoria, that I should have lost my reason? Read on!

We were twenty-three days on the journey. You do not know what it is to live twenty-three days between sky and water, between day and night, between sun and stars—while a crown is awaiting you on land.

I was so jealous of my diadem, so enamored of my imperial majesty, that each wave seemed to me a rock on which the ship would be dashed to pieces.

Maximilian gave me a look that asked: "Shall we arrive, Carlotta?"

I answered with my eyes: "We shall arrive, Maximilian." Alas, my friend! Why was not the sea charitable to us? Why did it not open its mysterious bosom to the vessel that conveyed us?

* * * * * *

We arrive at Mexico. What a

multitude! How many huzzas! What loads of flowers on the road, and in the streets! How many anthems! What great illuminations! What joy! What love! Neverless—be horrified, Maria Victoria!—Mexico hated us. We were received like tutelary angels, like heavenly spirits, like two demigods, but Mexico abhorred us.

If you leave Italy some day, if the splendor of a crown blinds your eyes and heart, do not trust the numbers that may obstruct your path. Believe not in the eyes of those who rush forward to gaze upon you. People look at kings and emperors as we look at a theatrical spectacle, as at a young bull race, or a zoological collection. People see kings like criminals under sentence of death. Do not trust either, in the smiles of those whom the world calls great, and if you knew, Maria Henrietta, how little they are! If you saw them in their national size—if you saw them shorn of their pomp; if you saw them as I have seen them! Crocodiles and those men are alike in that they both seek a captive to rend to pieces with their teeth. The crocodile weeps to allure; man smiles to betray. The courtier smiles, the crocodile weeps; but crocodile and courtier weep and smile to allure and devour. I shall never forget that a magnate of Mexico crawled at our feet, and kissed the ground we trod upon. That one was the first to betray us: that one was the first who duped my husband. That one was the first to conspire against him, until he saw him shot. Shot, Maria! Do you hear? My husband was shot! Do you hear it, Henrietta? ,He was shot on foreign soil. Have you heard distinctly? On foreign soil! He who flatters us most, is the first to deceive us. He who kisses our hands the most, is the first to betray us. He who grovels most is the first to deliver us over. I say it to you: I know it. Do not doubt it. Alas for you if you doubt. Maria, I saw you at Frascati, I saw you at Tivoli, when you were very young, beautiful and happy. For your happiness, for your beauty and your youth, do not forget the words of a faithful friend who cannot deceive you, for she is very unfortunate—the most unfortunate that was ever born of women. I loved a man more than my life, and they assassinated him. The people did not assassinate him; Mexico did not assassinate him. Those men who came to seek us, who kissed our hands, who crawled at our feet—those murdered him. Maria take great care of your husband, your son and yourself Have you any acquaintance with him whom some call the Duke of Aosta? Take care, my daughter! Do you see those who call him, who bow their heads, and kneel to him? Well, those very ones will shoot him. I tell you I know it, Maria. Do not doubt it.

The decorations, the anthems, the illuminations, the triumphal arches, the shouts, the flowers are gone by. News of war comes, and my husband regards me with an incomprehensible air. There are mysteries in the depths of the earth, as are the volcanoes in the depths of the crater, as there are certain troubles in the depths of the soul. My husband preceived some tremendous secret. He gazed at me without a word. What would he have to say to me if that secret were not a death sentence? The Emperor called a personage of the government, and went into an apartment by themselves. I concealed myself among the curtains of a door, and heard something they were talking about. Finally my husband said to the personage of that country: "Well, but how many will it be necessary to shoot?"

"Eight, or nine thousand will suffice," answered a tremulous voice. Nine thousand creatures were to be sacrificed, and they actually were. The government personage disappeared, and the Emperor remained alone. I went to him.

"What were you conferring upon?"

"Nothing."

I looked at him fixedly for some

time. Maximilion bowed his head, and riveted his gaze on the floor. Do you wonder my friend, that this unhappy woman should have become insane?

Oh, Henrietta! Rather than dwell in certain palaces, seek to live in a gypsy's cave, in a shepherd's hovel, in a fisherman's hut. In the hut, hovel, or cave, you may believe in God; you may believe in Providence in this world. You may love a man, a father, a son; you may love in a Moorish dungeon—may believe: In certain palaces there is no room for anything else but to suspect, hate, and curse.

The deputies told us that Mexico was involved in the most disastrous anarchy. It was false, Henrietta: the anarchy existed in the deputation, and in the men who sent it to destroy us. Anarchy was in some roving politicians, beggars yesterday, hungry always, pretending to familiarity with persons of importance, and to domineer without knowing how to act in either capacity. The disorder existed in them ; in gluttony, in dissolute conduct, robbery, bankruptcy, apostacy, shameful actions, scoffing at every moral idea; at all modest feeling. Alas, Maria Victoria! You do not know what has followed.

The deputies came in large ships, gave great banquets, twenty-five dollars being assigned daily, to each one for his meals. They brought besides, five thousand dollars in small gold pieces, to feed the poor of another country, making themselves opulent and great. Then, while all this was passing, important communities in Mexico were scourged by yellow fever, and misery. Preceptors of the youth died of starvation, and soldiers harassed the villagers to compel them to pay the taxes. Had you forgotten it? The cavalry invaded the towns, already impoverished to the last degree, grasping men with such rude violence as to tear pieces of flesh out of their arms, even, and driving them lacerated and in tears, at the sword's point, as in barbarian times, as in Montezuma's times. There was the anarchy in whose black depths Mexico withered in agony.

Oh, evil ones! Why did we believe in you? Why did we trust you instead of handing you over to justice as the first bandits of America? Ah, if it should happen again! My dear friend; if my body were dissected at this moment, my heart and every vital organ, would be found completely dried up. How I have wept! How I have suffered! Maria, Maria! learn of me! Close your eyes, shut your ears to the falsehoods of those Carnival gentlemen.

Maximilian retired to his couch, but did not sleep. I also found it impossible, and seated in an arm-chair, reclined my head on the pillows. Hardly had I closed my eyes when my spirit became a prey to a nightmare which, against my will, I record. How grateful you ought to be to me for this sacrifice of my conscience, Maria Victoria! I am tearing open my wounds; I am rending my soul. In the delirium of that nightmare I thought I heard many discharges of fire-arms amongst the lamentations and groans of the nine thousand sacrificed creatures. I thought I saw numerous squadrons that speed over the quivering members of those unburied bodies crushing in the faces with their horses' hoofs. I seemed to see masses of bleeding flesh—wolves and tigers glutting themselves in great pools—not of water. I seemed to see the shining eyes of wild beasts that turned their heads this side and that side to guard against their being surprised as their teeth tore the flesh, and cracked the bones of their victims. I heard the cracking of those bones as did Phœdre de Racine; I saw blood drip from those hairs pulled out by the roots even as the blood dropped from Hector's beard in the frightful dream of the ever-green oak. Maximilian felt my anguish and heard my sighs; he called me repeatedly but was unable to wrest me from that

agony. Then he arose, shook me with some violence, almost with frenzy, and I was brought out of that dream. It was not a dream, Maria Victoria; it was a world of strange and horrible monsters. Who had died in that hour?

Oh, *Dios mio!* How much sorrow Thou wouldst have delivered me from! "What is the matter?" my husband asked.

"Do you ask that?" I responded.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"What ails you, Carlotta?"

"Nothing, Maximilian."

"Tell me what is the matter with you, though the heavens fall and the earth sink."

"You wish me to tell you?"

"Yes."

"I have seen lights in the air; I know not what phantom draws me by my garments. I have seen a shape which forms three headless bodies, and I know them: the Emperor Maximilian, and the Generals Miramon and Mejia. You are my only, only love in this world, the friend of all my life. I see you lost. Do not say no! You are lost."

"I know it already."

"Save yourself and me, Maximilian; let us go away from here."

"I cannot."

"Yon are not an Emperor."

"What am I then?"

"There was a faction of evil-doers here, without a leader, and they brought you. You are not the Emperor of Mexico: you are the captain of a gang of murderers and thieves. You are the captain; I am the captain's wife, and that cannot be. If you obstinately persist in sacrificing yourself with the nine thousand beings, as you have to, I will not countenance such an act by my presence. I will dress in mourning, and return to Europe. I leave you my soul, although my body departs."

"Do you tell me you are going away?"

"Yes, I will go; I want to try if it is possible to love a man."

"Carlotta, you do not love me now as you loved me before."

"I love yon more, but I am afraid. I love my husband, but I fear the tyrant of an innocent people."

"I, a tyrant?"

"Yes."

"You are going to Europe?"

"Yes."

Maximilian became cold, motionless, mute as a stone. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and burst into a fit of weeping.

Daughter of my soul, do you wonder that this unhappy woman should have gone mad?

* * * * * *

The time arrived to set out. What a difference between the reception and departure! Nobody spoke to me about the wealth, the fruits, the fertility of the soil, the mildness of the climate, the murmuring of the fountains, the perfume of the flowers, the song of birds, or the views of Orizaba. No deputation called. A contemporaneous journal published the following:

"The Mexican Emperor's consort returns to Europe."

"At the moment of departure I asked my husband:

"Are you going to remain?"

"It is my fate," he replied.

"Then," I continued, "in Europe I shall receive a letter from you, couched in similar terms to this:

"You divined it, Carlotta; the ray of light that enters my abode is the last sunlight I shall see. I am in chapel, kneeling before the figure of Jesus. Within an hour, I shall be on the road to torture, between the priest and executioner."

I cannot tell you what passed in my heart on separating from Maximilian. I knew the departure was forever, and he was the only love I had, that I have, or ever will have. Would to God I had never loved! The ship started. The whistling of the wind through the pipes seemed to me like the sounds of a battle. Cursed be war! Accursed those ambitious ones

who provoke it! The continual dashing of the waves sounded in my ears like the boiling of blood. The noise of the engine like strokes of battle axes, the thunder of cannons or of guns. The steam pipes loomed up before me like executioners. On the twenty-first day out at sea, I went up on deck. My vision extended far out over the ocean, and everywhere met with Maximilian's countenance. At sunset I perceived a white, moving spot in the distance. "What is that spot that is discerned at the horizon, commander?" I asked the steamer captain.

"The Baltic shores, madam."

"Baltic shores! Sands of my country!" I exclaimed within myself. "Here you have me according to my promise. I return to you clothed in mourning. I arrived at Paris; I hastened to the Tuilleries, and cried out to the first palace attendant:

"Inform the Emperor that Maximilian's widow desires to speak to him."

Alas, Maria! Napoleon received me like a wooden man, like a granite statue, like an iron machine. But I descried a cross, at its foot wept a woman—more than a woman, a mother. I kept that great hope; I worshipped that sublime religious faith; I blessed the anguish of Calvary. I longed to receive consolation from Jesus and Mary. I flew to Rome; I went to the Vatican; I pressed my lips to the feet of his Holiness. While thus prostrate I beheld anew lights in the air. I saw the shadow which shaped itself into the three headless bodies. I saw two crossed hands—hands from which blood was streaming as from the hairs of those victims; hands that were bound to the gallows—hands that spoke and said: "We are Morti and Tognetti."

I had no hopes now; my faith was extinguished. I remembered a man and lost my reason. They conducted me to Vienna, but there is much shouting of the multitude therefore I came to this castle. Here I am in the country, living in silence, with solitude, and an adored memory. Here they brought me a casket containing the remains of the man I loved. I opened it one day without the cognizance of any one. My husband's right hand was closed as though it were of bronze. My hands opened his, and encountered a paper which read:

"Carlotta, you divined it. The light which penetrates my dwelling will be the last sun I shall ever see. I am in chapel kneeling before a Nazarene. Within some hours I shall go to the sacrifice between the priest and the execution. You are not to blame. Be comforted, pardon me; salute my family, and my country. Farewell Carlotta; the judgment of God awaits me. Now that I have lived ill, I wish to die well. My last sigh shall be for you. Who would have believed this, my love?"

Do you marvel, my dear friend, that this poor woman should have lost her reason?

I gaze in the mirror very often, and exclaim:

"I am not what I was. I am not Carlotta; I am not a woman; I have no life; I have no soul. I did have a soul but they robbed me of it. Bring it back to me, thieves!

Napoleon III. exalted, destroyed me. Napoleon III. fallen, will destroy you.

Maria, everything ended. Kiss your son, Amadeo. I must now finish this letter. Farewell, Maria Victoria. I grieve that my mind becomes disordered; that my soul again wanders about in the unfathomable depths of madness. Again I behold lights in the air; the phantom shapes of headless bodies, the two crossed hands. I hear the cracking of bones; I see the countless wild beasts satiating their thirst in pools of blood. As soon as I seem a goddess, so soon do I seem a monster of the Inferno.

Oh, daughter of my heart! Do not go out of Turin. Do not go away from Florence, nor from Rome. Do

not leave your own country. See how they deceive you even as they deceived me; see how they betray you even as they betrayed me. * Behold, the moment will come when your hope will not conceive any other than the humble fortune of dying insane. Maria, Maria! Care well for your husband, your son, and yourself. I have given you the greatest proof of friendship that born woman may give, relating histories, sorrows, and mysteries that none knows more than

Your unfortunate , and loyal friend,

Carlotta,

Ex-Empress of Mexico.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

CONDITIONS CONDUCIVE TO PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

MAN is endowed with the germs of intellectual and moral growth, and civilization results from their development. No study is more interesting and profitable than that of the conditions under which human progress takes place or is arrested. Leisure from manual toil is essential to the successful development of the intellectual and moral faculties. There must be time for observation of the phenomena of nature in their various phases, and for inquiry and thought touching the laws that govern them. These mental operations cannot be carried on with effect when the body is worn and enervated by continual physical labor. In order, therefore, that this leisure may be had the conditions must be such that a sufficiency of food and reasonable comforts of life can be acquired without overwork. This is not only philosophical, but it is proved by the world's experience. The process of civilization began not on the sterile plains, nor in the rugged mountains, but where the soil was fertile, and the climate promoted an abundant growth of food products without exhaustion of the physical powers. Nor did civilization germinate in a country of exclusive pastoral pursuits, and when it has been transplanted there it has not proceeded to the highest development. It has never flourished exuberantly where the climate requires the consumption of quantities of carbonaceous food in order to maintain bodily warmth, nor where the waste of tissue from heat makes the consumption of liberal quantities of nitrogeneous food necessary. Extremes of heat and cold are both enervating to body and mind, and in such climates longevity is not a distinguishing characteristic of the people. The physical conditions which affect the germination and progress of civilization are soil, climate and the aspects of nature.

It has not been precisely determined whether civilization began in Egypt, India or Persia. It is certain that the start was made where agriculture was a leading pursuit of the people, and agriculture was first resorted to in a dry country and where irrigation was necessary to produce food crops. It was introduced afterward into localities where rains supplied moisture. The best authorities assert that plant-

*The greater part of this, and foregoing prophecy of Carlotta, was verified in, or about the year 1873 when Amadeo was compelled to abdicate the Spanish throne. As is well known, Gen. Prim was mainly instrumental in crowning Amadeo King of Spain, and although his enemies acknowledged his superior virtues, and noble qualities, they were opposed to his reigning over them because he was an Italian. Gen. Prim's influence being so great, however, all of their efforts to dethrone Amadeo failed successively until they combined to assassinate him, which was accomplished by five men one night, as he was in his private carriage.—TRANSLATOR.

ing began in Egypt and afterward was adopted in other fertile districts of Asia. In the earliest period of which we have any knowledge the arts were considerably developed in Egypt and some of the sciences were understood. In India the people had knowledge of methods for producing for human necessities and comforts, and social institutions were advanced as compared with those of surrounding peoples. Both Egypt and India were celebrated for food production. Persia was early distinguished for strong men and for knowledge of the arts of warfare. It is supposed that the Aryans originated in the neighborhood of Mount Caucasus, and spread from there into India and later into Europe. Climate in Persia is promotive of health and strength, and the country is productive. Climate in Egypt and India is classed as warm, but it is not so immoderate as to produce serious enervation of the physical or mental powers. That the Egyptians and Indus did not continue to advance, but have apparently retrogressed is alleged to be due not to climate but to other influences. It has been a query of philosophic minds why as conditions as to soil and climate remain as they were there has not been progress in civilization, and why instead of being engulfed in ignorance and superstition the Egyptians and Indus have not kept their place in the front of human advancement. The Aryans in India soon came to a standstill, but westward they developed the civilization that exists in Western Europe. The causes of this difference have been studied by historians, philosophers and scientists and it is accounted for in part at least as a result of natural conditions other than soil and climate.

It is held that to produce the best and highest civilization the faculties of reason, imagination and taste must be harmoniously and co-ordinately developed. In a plain and uninteresting country the reason is liable to be developed out of proportion to that of the imagination and æsthetics, that in a country of flowers and exquisite scenery there is liable to be an undue growth of the taste, and that where the aspects of nature are terrible there is a tendency to an abnormal development of the imagination, which smothers the other faculties and produces credulity and superstition. It is argued that in India the huge mountains, tremendous torrents, dreadful hurricanes, ponderous and ferocious animals, and monstrous and poisonous reptiles, are phenomena, that among a people not advanced in knowledge of the laws of nature, are regarded as supernatural, and manifestations of the wrath of the gods, and in whose presence man seems small and helpless. As in the early stages of development the reason became atrophied, the Indus fell into the most groveling superstition and became victims of the most crushing tyranny. Similar phenomena exist in other fertile portions of Asia, and this and the further fact that much of it is sterile are assigned as reasons why civilization has not progressed in that continent. It is a known fact also that superstition is contagious. Unless the Egyptians and Indus have been emasculated of the civilizable quality through centuries of superstition and oppression there is no reason, now that the laws of nature are understood, and can be taught to them, why they may not be started in a new career of advancement, for natural conditions favorable to progress still exist.

In Europe conditions in some respects are more and in others less favorable than in Asia. The climate is better and the aspects of nature are not as terrible. There is more beauty of scenery and the surroundings tend to a co-equal development of the faculties of reason, imagination and taste. Europe is not as productive as many parts of Asia and cannot sustain so dense a population on the products of the soil. Though there has been and still is superstition it was to no small

extent borrowed from the East. It is a fact that civilization has increased as population has emigrated for permanent residence from the rising toward the setting sun. The elements of enterprise and courage are developed by emigration as well also as the disposition to inquire and investigate. Though superstition remains longest with an immobile population, still a migrating and roaming people have never been noted for knowledge, or progress in civilization. The Norse were a strong people, were adventurous, enterprising and courageous, but they made no advancement in civilization till they colonized the productive and populous districts of Europe and settled down to regularity of life. Civilization has progressed most rapidly where there is a numerous population and peaceful occupations are most widely diversified, and such a condition cannot well exist except in a country were food productions are abundant or are easily obtained.

Superstitious people are facile subjects of oppression, and where superstition generally prevails goverment is invariably tyrannous. None has been more so than that in India, for the masses have been consigned to depresing toil, and deprived of all but a pittance of food and comforts of life. Governments in Europe have been far better, but for many centuries they were all barriers to progress. Great minds now and then even during the middle ages, broke through the trammels of ignorance and superstition, yet their discoveries in science and their social and economic doctrines but slowly elevated the masses because knowledge was not generally diffused. A nation cannot be said to be civilized because it has a few learned and enlightened men. There must be wide diffusion of knowledge and it will not take place unless there is leisure on the part of the masses for observation and thought. The status of a nation in regard to civilization may be gauged by the condition of the laboring classes. History of all countries ancient or modern proves, where other conditions are equal, that that nation is least civilized which least requites the labor that produces food, clothing, implements of industry, and constructs houses and useful public works. Where knowledge is generally diffused reforms in government and social institutions originate not with rulers but with the people themselves.

The proposition that civilization progresses more rapidly in a productive country has sometimes been combatted. There are some countries where heat and moisture are so great that vegetation grows so rapidly and in such rankness as almost to defy human effort to control or subject it. This occurs where rain and heat are excessive and never where irrigation is necessary, and more labor is required in the former than in the latter to produce equivalent results. It is true that when wealth comes easily there is a tendency to luxurious life which is obstructive to growth of civilization. The estimation in which achievement is held has something to do with progress. Where public sentiment is so vitiated that wealth is regarded more highly than learning, where the people bow down more to a Crœsus than to a savant, there will be less ambition to gain knowledge. It is rare that an opulent man becomes a litterateur, scientist, economist or publicist. Such cases have occurred, but more frequently in a country where knowledge holds a higher place in public esteem than riches. Those who believe that hard conditions best promote progress because they compel men to work, take New England as an example. In the main, and comparatively, New England cannot be said to be a productive country, but it must be remembered that civilization did not originate there. The first emigrants from Europe were in their day among the most advanced people of the world, and they were reinforced by the immigration of a similar class for a century and a half. The population of New England are entitled

to great credit, that they have not only preserved but improved on the civilization they inherited from their immigrant ancestors. It has often been said that it is a good country to emigrate from, and the New England people have recognized its truth, for they have colonized many portions of the nation. They have not lived on what New England produces from the soil; they have drawn from the most productive sections of the nation. If they had been confined to the resources of their own section it is not probable that they would have advanced as they have, for they could not have acquired the general competence which has given them leisure from toil and time for the development of that knowledge for which they are distinguished. In but little of this country are soil and climate such as to forbid the growth of civilization, and hence no potential facts can be adduced to disprove the proposition that productiveness of soil is a condition essential to the germination of growth of civilization.

It is an historical fact that the most rapid strides in the attainment of knowledge have not been made in countries sparsely inhabited, but in those where population has been numerous, and where occupations have been diversified. That it is so is philosophical, because these conditions stimulate activity and afford opportunities for collision of mind, and provided that climatic conditions are favorable to health and longevity, a great food-producing country is best able to sustain a dense population. There is more rapid progress in a salubrious climate than in one where disease is engendered and where the people are necessarily short-lived. There is undoubtedly, something in race, and so far the Caucasian has outstripped all others in the race of civilization; and the Anglo-Saxon branch, if achievements in science, art, literature, government and commerce are taken into consideration, has excelled all other classes. In the United States there are few localities where there are positive hindrances from natural conditions to the progress of civilization, but some sections are more favorable than others. As people have advanced, government has become less obstructive to progress and more liberal and democratic. This is apparent in this country both as to the general and local governments.

Among the sections most highly favored by nature is Southern California; first in its geographical location, for it lies almost exactly midway between the equator and Arctic circle and but a little south of the center line of the temperate zone; and secondly, physical conditions so modify the temperature that there is neither extreme heat nor cold. On the north a mountain range protects it from the frosts of winter, and the winds during that season bring to it the warmth of the torrid zone, for they blow with considerable regularity from the south or southerly direction. In the summer the trade winds blow regularly from the northwest, bringing with them the cooling atmosphere of the northern seas. The country is open to the sea, which gives free play to the breezes both in summer and winter. The salubrity of the climate is phenomenal; animals are strong and enduring; the natives are healthy, and the section is a sanitarium for invalids from other parts of the nation who generally improve or recover their health. It is a country where one can live out of doors for three hundred and fifty days of the year. Health and longevity are characteristic of the people. The soil is immensely fertile and produces in abundance and variety, including all the cereals except rice, all the vegetables known to temperate latitudes, raisins, wine and table grapes, the berries, all the fruits of the temperate and some of the tropical latitude, olives, walnuts and almonds. Two crops of vegetables are produced in the year. The rains are in the winter season, and in the

summer water for irrigation is plentiful. In no country in the world can so much be produced whether in quantity or value by the same labor as in Southern California. Soil and climate are elements that in the highest degree contribute to the progress of civilization.

The scenery is such as to promote a healthful growth of the imagination, and the flowers, shrubs, and picturesque vales that of æsthetics, and there is every surrounding that furnishes aliment for the reasoning powers. The rewards to labor stimulate exertion. No where can people find so much leisure from manual toil, so much time for acquiring knowledge after gaining a comfortable sustenance. No country is able to sustain a denser population. Productions are so abundant and various that large sections are destined to become horticultural cities with most of the advantages of veritable cities, and without the disadvantages. Such a condition exists to a considerable extent already, though Southern California is comparatively a new country. Social intercourse can thus be free and frequent, and every educational and religious advantage can be provided without burdensome expense and enjoyed without inconvenience. Nature has done its part with a profuse hand, and it only remains for man to supplement its work. There is at present a great lack of population to make the country what it should be. Production from the soil is not a tithe of what it may be, and there has not been nor is there now that development of manufacturing industries which is necessary to the highest prosperity. Raw materials are not altogether wanting and markets for manufactures are constantly increasing. Extensive regions are natural trade districts for Southern California cities. Transportation facilities are fairly ample for present wants and no doubt they will be extended as they are required by increased productions. Charges are high, but they are destined to be reduced as traffic is enlarged, and in obedience to popular demands. Large land holdings have been and are obstacles to settlement and development, but they must be subdivided as population increases. Such holdings are in conflict with the genius of our institutions and with public opinion. Southern California is just passing out of the period of colonization and into that of organization. The spirit of speculation is fast disappearing and the era of rational development has commenced in earnest. Immigration is now of the classes who wish to become permanent residents, rather than speculators.

The political institutions of the United States are favorable to the progress of civilization. There is no law or religious creed that forbids doubt or inquiry or the investigation of any subject. The laws of California and the sentiment of the people favor schools and churches, both of which are liberally patronized. Perhaps no part of the nation is better supplied with facilities for acquiring a common school education. High schools, academies, colleges and universities abound and are well patronized. Public improvements are carried on with a liberal hand. The present population is a good one to build on. Mainly it is composed of immigrants from all parts of the nation and the best countries of Europe. They are not scum and riffraff, but industrious, orderly, intelligent. Southern California borders on the occidental sea, and as civilization has grown in the onward march of population westward, it will have attained its highest development here as soon as the elements which contribute to it have their natural and full effect. These elements exist in soil, climate, scenery, political, religious and educational institutions and in the character of the present and prospective population. That consumation will be realized when the material resources of the country are adequately developed, and

the desire to amass inordinate wealth does not interfere with the attainment of that which constitutes the highest achievement of man.

As men emigrate to new countries to improve their material condition it is quite natural that the first and main effort should be to advertise so as to induce immigration of those whose ambition is to acquire fortunes. The people of Southern California have not been negligent in this respect, its climate has been proclaimed as superb, its scenery magnificent, and its productions enriching. These facts have been spread abroad diligently and with possible exaggeration, but the important fact that conditions are highly favorable to progress of civilization has rarely if ever found place in any publication. The course pursued has had its effect upon the more sordid, but it has had no influence with the class who have higher objects in life than the accumulation of superfluous riches. Men who labor to promote the growth of civilization want to know merely that without severe struggle they can acquire comfortable sustenance and that the elements of nature and the population are highly conducive to human advancement. The great body of people in all civilized countries are more attracted by these higher considerations than through their cupidity. To let the world know that here is where leisure can be had for observation and thought where social intercourse is instructive and elevating, and moral and mental stagnation are discouraged, and there need not be want, if reasonable industry is practiced, will do more to induce immigration than florid statements as to how great riches can be acquired, and it will bring the class whose moral and intellectual attainments will give to the country its greatest prosperity and highest character.

LA MARIPOSA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

Child of the summer winds, bright butterfly,
Drowning thyself in perfumed waves of light,
Poising one moment on the airy height
Of frond-like tendrils, then to flutter by.

Seeking on restless and bespangled wings
The mingled sweetness of a thousand flowers,
Yielding unto those transitory things
The fragrant essence of thy life's short hours.

Pursue in happiness thy dainty way,
Fleeting though it may be—how canst thou feel
Thou fickle, truant creature what each day
For me of gloom and sadness may conceal?

Alas! that I, like thee, could but forbear
To fix my flight beyond the passing hour,
For in the earth's wide garden blooms no flower
Worth even a season's tenderness or care.

SENATOR JACK.

BY GENEVIEVE GREEN.

DEMOCRATIC nomination had always been equivalent to an election in that district of Northern California. The population being composed almost exclusively of Missourians, with a sprinkling here and there of Kentuckians from the backwoods of the good old State, Democracy was naturally orthodoxy and Republicanism heterodoxy in the most sacrilegious degree. The few unorthordox who were politically so unblest as to live there, had long since buried all that lurking ambition that haunts at times the soul of every American citizen, and had even ceased to envy the purple and fine linen of the county clerk and the manifested importance of the town constable. A Republican convention was only a form that was loyally gone through with whenever the occasion required, after which the candidates retired to their respective places of business, without any of the bother, labor and expense that usually harrows the ambitious soul of an office-seeker.

And yet Jack Worthington, the son of old Rufus Worthington, who had been known for years to hate a rebel and a Democrat worse than he hated Lucifer, was running for State Senator on the Republican ticket, and actually had the audacity to think he had a chance of election. His apparent hopefulness made his candidacy absurd—it became a real good joke that recalled many funny episodes in old Rufus's career, but occasioned no really serious comment.

It was a hot afternoon when a crowd of the local politicians happened around at the corner grocery. The watermelons piled up on the sidewalk were baking in the glaring sun and everything in sight seemed to sizzle. There was just a little patch of shade where the politicians had made themselves comfortable, occupying not only the boxes and barrels, but even the edge of the water-trough that had been put in front of the grocery-store for the accommodation of country customers with teams.

Seth Turner, the recognized leader of Democratic politics, was dangling his legs from the sugar barrel and punctuating his august opinions on the political outbreak with frequent bites into a juicy pear.

"Yes, sir! the nerve of that thar chap is simply overpowerin'," he was saying in a tone of deep disgust. "Why, he ain't nothin' but a dude—one of them college chaps, you know, with a head full of Latin and that thar stuff, and not enough common sense to plant potatoes."

"Wall, I aint never seen the chap mysel," drawled old Silas Jenkins from the edge of the water-trough, "but I've hearn it said as he was a right smart dresser, a-wearin' stiff shirts every day and a-shavin' four times a week. I reckon though he won't be quite so spry after the election. I wonder what that old dad of his'n thinks about Jeff Davis these days," old Silas continued, with a sudden burst of laughter. "I'll never forgit as long as I live the day that Billy Applegate tanned that old man's hide for 'im! It was one time about sech a day as this that me and Billy stepped into John Higgin's saloon to git a drink. Wall, old Worthington was there, and he was a-rippin' and a-snortin' around about some men what had quit his plowin' jest when he needed 'em most and we heard 'im

say somethin' to John about 'em bein' nothin' but Democrats, nohow. I looked at Billy and Billy looked at me, but we didn't say nothin' till he got to tellin' that old yarn about Jeff Davis' dressin' up in women's clothes to keep from gittin' caught. When he got to tellin' that I saw Billy's eyes flash fire, and all on a sudden he jumped up and said, 'That's a blasted lie and you know it!' 'It taint no lie,' says old Worthington, 'it's right down in real genuwine history!' Then before he could say another word Billy had him layin' on the floor almost as dead as a mackeral."

The boxes and barrels quaked under the unanimous burst of laughter that the story of old Worthington's misfortune produced.

"I reckon he aint had much to say about Jeff sence that time," put in a tall, lanky individual who was just hanging up the dipper after a long drink of water from the pump.

"No, I reckon not," retorted old Silas. "He found out that day that he can't talk too promiscuous in this here neighborhood."

"Yes, and that kid of his'n 'll have to be learned the same lesson," said Seth Turner, as he helped himself to the dried apples that stood in the sack near by. "I'm thinkin' we'll have to show 'im that he can't be too fresh around sech folks as us."

One story led up to another till tales at old Worthington's expense grew numerous. Besides things of a political nature that made him universally unpopular, he had always been recognized as the gigantic silurian of the county. He was by far the largest land-owner in that part of the country, and no price had ever been suggested that would buy an acre of it from him.

And this was the state of affairs that Jack, with a certain polite egotism, actually expected to overcome. His confidence was doubly egotistical when the fact was taken into consideration that he knew absolutely nothing about the people of his county. His father with the determination that uneducated men frequently have to bestow on their children the advantages of which they themselves have been deprived, sent him off to school at a very early age. There he always evinced a natural brightness and aptitude, but was never noted for industry or application. He finally graduated at the age of twenty-three from one of the leading colleges of the East, and then he went abroad, and spent five years among the attractions of the Old World. He had come back bronzed and handsome, educated quite beyond the comprehension of the folks at home, and with a well-developed dread of a routine farm life. As to how he would occupy his time, now that his travels were over, he had no idea in the world. Learning a profession would require some years of study and labor, and Jack was not looking for any kind of hard work.

It was while debating the question of how to dispose of himself that he thought of acquiring political distinction, and the idea pleased him exactly. The opposing majority, with which he would have to contend, and the prejudice which he knew existed against his family name, were obstacles which pleased him somewhat, but did not utterly discourage him. Ever since his childhood days Jack had been possessed of certain magnetic qualities which had drawn around him friends and satellites wherever he had been. A consciousness of his power to please had given him an abundant supply of self-confidence, and it did not seem so utterly improbable to him that a fight for State Senator would terminate in victory. He had really never taken sufficient interest in public affairs to have any deeply-rooted political principles. It would have been just as gratifying to him to be elected on a Democratic ticket as on a Republican, and the thought had actually suggested itself of branching off from the politics of his ancestors and joining the party that was so largely in the majority in his district. But that was a thought which his good sense forbade him to entertain for a moment. His father

was a member of the G. A. R., and as partisan a Republican as ever lived. To him Democracy and rebellion were synonomous, and Jack felt sure that forsaking the "grand old party" would be sufficient justification for his father to disown him. As the old man's "sack" was quite essential to his comfort in life, that thought was abandoned, and Jack became a full-fledged candidate for State Senator on the regular Republican ticket.

Realizing that his success was entirely dependent on his personal popularity, he planned his campaign on the old time, but still effective principle of kissing every body's baby and of being indiscriminately affable. For the purpose of establishing a sociable relationship between himself and his desired constituents, he looked forward to the picnics, barbecues and dances that disturbed at intervals the chronic monotony of the place and which were sure to be attended by the entire population within a radius of twenty miles.

It was Fourth of July night on which he chose to make his social debut. The occasion was a grand ball to be given in Smith's warehouse, the most spacious and accommodating salon in that part of the country, and a building that served for every purpose, from a Fourth of July celebration to a Methodist revival. It had once been decorated on some occasion of extraordinary importance with the inevitable streamers of red, white and blue calico. The streamers had never been taken down but still floated from the rafters in rather a faded and dilapidated condition, yet glorious withal and like the warehouse itself suitable for every possible occasion. It had been whispered around that Jack would attend the ball, and in spite of the prejudice that existed among the masculine part of the population, against "the chap what thought he'd come home and run things ginerally," there was quite a little flutter of excitement among the various coquettes, and many an extra touch was added to an already finished toilet that was for Jack's benefit alone.

The musicians had taken their stand and were "tuning up" preparatory to the first quadrille when Jack walked down the length of the ball-room in company with Billy Applegate, from whose lapel hung a gorgeous red badge bestowing on him the authority of floor-manager. Billy was not insensible to his importance by any means, nor to the duties which his dignified position required of him. Naturally, since the Jeff Davis affair there had not been any great exchange of courtesies between himself and the Worthington family, but he was too much of a society diplomat to let a political difference interfere with the discharge of his social duties, and had pleasantly offered to introduce Jack to the young ladies and do all he could to help him have a "right smart" time.

"I'll introduce you to Mirandy Simpson for this here dance," Billy said, as he steered him toward a bevy of beauties. "I don't reckon as she has a partner—she don't usually have one."

Not chagrined in the least with the prospect of having a recognized wall-flower for a partner, Jack found himself bowing before a most uninteresting young damsel who was radiant in a blue tarlatan dress and a profusion of artificial flowers. There was a modest looking little creature with big brown eyes and a glorious mass of auburn hair, sitting on one side of Miss Simpson, that threw the blonde charms of that young lady entirely in the shade and intensified her usually faded appearance. "Well, I'll keep my eye on *her*," Jack said to himself as he looked again from the simpering Miss Simpson to the brown-eyed girl. "She's a stunner for this region."

He had hardly time to exchange a few conventionalities with Miss "Mirandy" when a call of "Git yo' partners" proceeded from behind the home-made organ, and instantly a stampede resulted. An emphatic pull

from Miss Simpson saved him from being lost in the shuffle, and guided by her example and that of every one else, he crossed the room at the rate of twenty miles an hour and reached the location that his partner very evidently desired. He was trying to recover his breath previous to making himself conversationally agreeable when another call of "All ready—salute," plunged him without further warning into the mazes of the quadrille. That every one was bent upon getting as much dancing into as little time as possible was very evident, and Jack with a determination not to be outdone in the race, danced till the perspiration stood out in little beads on his forehead.

"Allemande left!" sang out the curly-headed organist, and as Jack turned to obey the call he found that it brought him in contact with none other than the hand of the dark-eyed girl. Dressed in a simple white costume, with her beautiful hair hanging in a long, heavy braid, she seemed among all the tawdry finery of the girls around her, like a delicate La France bud in a bouquet of cabbage roses. He wondered who she could be and was debating in his own mind the policy of putting the question direct to Miss Simpson when the information was volunteered.

"You know Seth Turner, don't you?" said Miss Simpson, when a breathing spell at last came.

"No, I haven't the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance," Jack replied, with his best effort at graciousness.

"Humph! I don't see as it's any honor to know Seth Turner," the young lady remarked, with a disdainful toss of her head—"though he thinks he's terrible smart—that's him over there with Susie McGill; they're engaged and every body's been wishin' for a year that they'd go ahead and get married."

So the dark-eyed and altogether interesting little creature had the very unromantic name of Susie McGill, and worse than all, was engaged to the big, burly individual at her side.

"Well, she's pretty, just the same," he thought, "but no doubt is as stupid as the rest of them." Then he lost interest in Susie for a minute and devoted himself more assiduously to Miss Simpson. He felt quite grateful to that young lady for having pointed out Seth Turner to him, who, as the "boss" of political affairs, was naturally the man that he was most desirous of cultivating. He wondered at the disdainful way in which Miss Simpson had referred to him and half guessed what was really the truth, that at one time she had made a desperate effort to ensnare the heart and hand of Seth, but without the success that Susie McGill's superior charms ensured.

Jack had worked hard through a number of dances, and the ball was fully half over, and yet no opportunity had presented itself of meeting Miss McGill. He finally found Billy Applegate and asked for an introduction when his request was received with an exclamation of astonishment. "I'll tell you right here for yer own good," said Billy as he slapped him on the back with increasing familiarity, "that thar girl's already spoke for, and you'd better be mighty keerful about how you go monkeyin' around *her!*" Then he haw-hawed his loudest and enjoyed the joke to its utmost, but finally brought about the desired introduction.

"Miss McGill, allow me to present Mr. Worthington," Billy said with his most profound bow and a ready assumption of his "society" manners. Jack likewise made his best bow and asked for the pleasure of a dance.

But Susie did not respond as eagerly as the other girls to whom he had shown the same attention. With a little blush that deepened the delicate pink of her cheeks, she answered in a tone of real solicitude, "You're tired dancin' I know, and I'd just as soon sit and talk."

"Just as you please," said Jack,

affably, seating himself in the vacant place beside her. "But what made you think I was tired dancing?"

"Oh, I just thought so," Susie answered, with true feminine logic. "I've been watchin' you for quite a little bit, and I don't believe you like to dance very well anyhow—that is *here*."

"What a queer little notion for you to get into your head," said Jack. "As a matter of fact, I am notoriously fond of dancing—but what made you put such an emphasis on *here?*"

"Because I think you're only dancin' to-night for votes."

This remark was certainly discouraging. Had he been applying himself with such energy and will only to be seen through by the most unsophisticated of maidens? He had worked hard to convey the impression that he was enjoying every minute of the time and as much in his element as Seth Turner or Billy Applegate. Only a few minutes before, he had been congratulating himself on gliding so beautifully into the good graces of every one, but now a simple remark of Susie McGill's made him feel that he had only been making a fool of himself.

"I'm not sayin' that I blame you, though," Susie continued rather apologetically. "Of course, people has to make votes, somehow, and I reckon you've made folks like you to-night what hated you before. Old man Simpson was so tickled cause you danced first with Mirandy that he said you was n't a bit like that old father of yours."

This was growing a little more encouraging. Jack realized full well the light in which his father was regarded and appreciated the compliment in being recognized as unlike his sire.

He was becoming immensely interested in Susie. To contradict her and try to make her believe that he had not been "dancing for votes" never entered his head. In her simple, unsophisticated way she seem to understand him, and he liked her for it and had no desire for the time being to have it otherwise

"Well, I'm glad you don't blame me, Miss McGill," he said in a tone of surprising humility. "But tell me, what would you do if you were in my place? Suppose for a minute that you were a candidate, how would you go about it to make a campaign if you were very anxious to win?"

"Well, I don't know as I would do any different from what you're doin'," Susie replied in her slow thoughtful way. Then in a tone that implied some doubt of the propriety of the remark she added: "I know what'll elect you sure."

"What?" inquired Jack with an eagerness of which he almost felt ashamed.

"Get Seth Turner to stand in with you," she answered.

"Yes, but that's easier talked about than done. Seth Turner is one of my most radical enemies and I can't conceive of any kind of force that would make him 'stand in' with me."

There was silence for a minute during which a dozen couples flew by them in the hippoty hop of an old fashioned polka, shaking the warehouse till its old floor quaked, and little showers of pent-up dust fell from the patriotic decorations.

"Maybe I can make him do it," she finally said, as a blush again suffused her cheeks.

To avail himself of her suggestion and say "But will you try?" with the blandishments of which Jack was master when he took the trouble to be so, under other circumstances would have been the natural thing for him to do, but with her he did nothing of the sort. She was such a serious, sincere little body and was already evincing such an unsolicited interest in him that he did not feel the necessity for any of his art. That there was any impropriety in the remark did not at the moment occur to him. Coming from her it seemed perfectly natural and part of her own unconventional little self, and yet it suggested a

thought that was startlingly consoling to the would-be senator.

"I guess she's not so much in love with that duffer after all," he thought, and then he wondered if Seth Turner had any idea of what a really classic face his lady love had, or whether he knew that her hair was the very color that had put Patti to some expense and hours of toil to acquire.

"I think we had better finish this dance, Miss McGill," he said, suddenly jumping up from his seat and changing the subject merely because he did not know how to continue it. "I imagine that you dance well."

As a matter of fact Susie danced like a sylph. She was naturally lithe and graceful, and her little form bent itself with Jack's until he could feel his heart begin to beat, and the music of the home-made organ developed into a rhapsody. There was a moment of half-blind intoxication—a staggering sensation of real actual pleasure—then the crash of the usual finale and Jack knew with regret that the dance was over.

He walked home slowly that night from the warehouse, and his reflections were not encouraging. He had gone there to win—instead of that he was afraid that he had lost a very important bit of himself. Past experiences should by this time have taught him that his occasional affections of the heart were only trifling disorders that were not likely to prove serious—but those eyes and that hair!

"What a lucky dog that hoosier politician is," he mentally commented as he thought of Susie's betrothed. Then some of the ridiculousness of the situation occured to him and he laughed aloud as he imagined himself a rival of Seth Turner's.

II

Susie McGill was the eldest of a family of eight. She was nineteen years of age and her brothers and sisters ranged at regular distances apart from sixteen down. Her mother was a pale, sickly woman, long since dragged down with her constantly increasing maternal cares, and absolutely unfit for any responsibility whatever. Of course, under the circumstances the whole burden fell on Susie.

It was hard enough to bear at any time, but her cares had been considerably increased during the last few years since her father met with an accident that practically rendered him useless in the support of his family. In an encounter with a runaway team his arm had been terribly mangled. Amputation became necessary and since thst time Dan McGill had been a burden to himself and every one else. To work the little farm for what it would yield which had been the daily bread of the McGills, now became impossible without assistance from other hands, for which he could hardly afford to pay. But paid it must be and on Susie's shoulders fell the responsibility of grinding out cash profits from butter and eggs and anything else that she could possibly render available for the market, to pay the hired man and keep up the interest on the mortage that hung with its weight of worry over the little McGill farm.

Dan McGill and his wife were not insensible to the burden that was spoiling the youth of their first-born, and had spent many an hour devising impossible remedies. It was particularly a source of annoyance to them since Seth Turner had asked earnestly for Susie's heart and hand. Seth had long been a favorite with both of them, and they were gratified and flattered with his preference for their daughter.

Nothing could have given them more real happiness than to put her hand in his and accord them the parental blessing, but the insurmountable obstacle was there. How were they to exist without Susie? Who was to look after the children and the chickens? Who would milk the cows and attend to the churning? In short,

there were dozens of problems associated with the bare thought of Susie's departure to which they could find no possible solution. The thought had occured to them that if Dan McGill could succeed in obtaining some easy position with a salary just large enough to pay the help, they might engage some one to do Susie's work and in that way get along as best they could. But the position was not forthcoming, and so they sat around and waited, Micawber-like, for something to turn up.

And Susie was strangely silent and heroicly patient through it all. She plodded along from day to day and gave no indication that a little soul within her was yearning for something better. None of the McGills had any suspicion that the butter they ate had been churned amid fantastic castles and glowing scenes of splendor. They did not know what dreams and longings and heartaches had accompanied the rolling of that pie-crust over which they smacked their lips with true epicurean relish. Even Seth the betrothed, had no insight into the actual nature of his fiancée. He assumed that she was placidly contented with the existing state of affairs, and that same assumption gave him no little worry. It would have been infinitely more gratifying to him if she had shown some little anxiety in regard to the date of their nuptials, and her indifference was something that he could not understand.

But then he did not pretend to understand her — there was something about her that he felt was above and beyond him—something vague and incomprehensible. In fact, all that he did know about her was that he loved her with all the ardor of his big, good-natured soul—he knew that she was more to him than any other woman in the world ever could be; he knew that he would have died for her. And Susie fully realized the length and breath of his devotion and tried with earnest perseverance to reciprocate his love. She was doing bravely, too, and her eyes had learned to light with genuine pleasure at his coming, when Jack Worthington appeared upon the scene to outbalance all of Seth's most heartfelt efforts.

It was a sleepless night that Susie passed after the party at the warehouse. She was restless and excited, and sleep would not come to soothe her. She lay for an hour or more staring at the moonlight on the wall that shone in bars through the wooden shutters. The bars made her think of jails and then she fell to wondering how many jails there were in the world and how many people there were in them. "Prisoners don't have such a hard time after all," she thought, "they only have to do the same thing over and over, every day, and that's what I have to do. Oh, if I was only good enough for *him*," she murmured. Then she shut her eyes and imagined herself back in the ball-room, going through that delicious dance again with Jack. She could hear the very tune that the musicians had played, and could feel his arm around her, pressing her against him. Her pillow was hot and the sheets were crinkled from restlessly tossing about when she thought of getting up at six o'clock in the morning to milk the cows; then she tried to coax her eyes to sleep. She remembered hearing some one say that a good remedy for wakefulness was to count a number of imaginary sheep jumping over a fence. Accordingly she conjured up a band that jumped in ones and twos and fives, but daylight came where the moonlight had been and the sheep were still jumping and she was still awake.

III.

The little town was ablaze with excitement. Bonfires were crackling in the middle of the streets, and the local brass band was rendering its choicest selections. The occasion was

a grand political rally, in that neighborhood a social event of great importance, in which not only the men but the women and children participated. The energetic campaign which Jack was persistently making in spite of the Democratic majority, had succeeded in awakening the enthusiasm of his party men, and they were stirring things up generally—"getting a move on," as the chairman of the county committee expressed it. "We aint been in it for so long that them Demercratic fellers thinks we don't know how to have a torchlight percession — but we'll learn 'em a thing to-night about paintin' the town," he chuckled that afternoon, as he put the finishing touches on the last transparency. Composing the poetry and painting the banners were the recognized duties of the chairman and secretary, and a whole day and a half had been spent in dutiful preparation, with the result that when the procession started on its glittering way, a dozen or more transparencies revealed the poetic and artistic genius of the local statesmen as they reflected in big black letters, verses like the following :

"He's the son of old Unk Rufus,
And Worthington's his name,
He's a great big, black Republican,
But he'll get there just the same."

Besides the torchlight procession the other attractions billed for the evening were speeches by the Republican candidate for Congress, who had been imported for the occasion, and a number of local orators, among them, of course, being Jack.

The population was out in force, regaled in all its Sunday finery. Every one came from far and near and helped to swell the throng, and differences in political creed were forgotten in the general hubbub and excitement. Susie was radiant in a brand-new muslin dress that she had taxed her strength to finish for the occasion. She had embellished it here and there with bows of ribbon and had donned her best new hat, trimmed with pink roses that Seth had always said made his mouth water whenever she put it on—she reminded him so much of peaches and cream. But it was not for Seth's gratification that the extra touches were added to her toilet on this particular evening. There was but one thought that absorbed her as she took the final glance at herself in the little old-fashioned mirror, and that was that maybe Jack would see her and approve of her appearance.

But it so happened that he missed her as he rode along in state with the other dignitaries, bowing to the right and to the left in response to occasional cheers. She was standing apart from the crowd, surrrounded as usual by her little flock of brothers and sisters, when his carriage passed by with him looking in the opposite direction. A big lump of disappointment arose in her throat and for a moment she felt that she could cry. She had been picturing to herself all day the look of pleased recognition that would come into his face when he saw her, and she could not control the quivering of her chin when it all happened the other way. With less amiability than the children had seen her display for many a day, she marched them off home and to bed in spite of their clamors to "see the speakin." Left to herself, however, after the rest of the family were lost in dreamland, she began to wish that she had remained to hear Jack's speech, and the temptation was strong within her to steal back alone and stand for a while within the sound of his voice. The meeting being held out of doors, as political rallies always were in that region, she could hear through the still country air occasional bursts of applause, and then at intervals the strains of the band playing "Hail to the Chief," or "Yankee Doodle." At last the temptation became too strong to resist and softly opening and closing the door so as not to disturb the sleeping McGills, she stole back to the scene of action and reached the meeting place just as the Congressional candidate had closed a

long-winded speech, and the chairman was introducing Mr. Worthington.

"I've hearn it frequently held up against this here candidate," the worthy chairman of the evening was saying, "that he's an educated chap what knows more larnin' than common sense and aint no fit representative for plain folks such as us. But ladies and gentlemen of this here meetin', I tell you I am convinced that Mr. Worthington's education aint hurt him one single bit, and that he is just as caperble of representin' this here great constituency as I am or as you are, Mr. Smith."

Here the speaker discontinued for a moment, and slowly filling a tumbler with water from the pitcher that stood on the table, drained it in little sips. It was his only chance to think up the rest of his speech, so he stretched the time as long as possible. Mr. Smith, the hoary-headed old rancher, who had been addressed by the chairman, nodded his head affirmatively when the comparison was made and approvingly bit off a generous hunk of tobacco. When the chairman had finished his introduction, which was unnecessarily lengthy, Jack arose and uttered the first sentence of his speech when he was unceremoniously cut off by the band playing "Hail to the Chief." It was the fourth time that it had been played during the evening, but the band's repertoire was not extensive, and the good folks of that region liked something "what made lots of noise." They were particular about the quantity, too, as well as the quality, and the band always had instructions not to miss an opportunity of rendering a a selection.

Jack's chance came at last and he acquitted himself with honor. A baby cried now and then in some of his most effective parts, but he persevered in his good nature and did not lose his patience once. There was a tremendous round of applause when his speech was ended, and it became very evident that he had made a decided hit. He had not tried to talk politics to his audience—he was shrewd enough to know that no amount of eloquence nor logic could convert that inborn Democracy, and he did not waste his time in trying it. His aim was to make a good personal impression, and his speech had been prepared with that end in view. He was happy in selecting the humorous style. Anecdotes and stories were told until everyone's sides were sore from laughing, and the meeting adjourned with the verdict pronounced that he was the best speaker they "had hearn in many a long day."

Susie had not missed a word. She was standing apart from the audience, under the shadow of a tree, and her eyes were bright with enthusiasm over Jack's success. She was growing desperately anxious for him to win, and it was only with an effort that she restrained herself from joining in the general applause. If she could only think of some excuse for asking Seth to work for him, she felt that the battle would be half won, for Seth had never refused her anything, and she knew that politically he could accomplish wonders when he set out to do so. Suddenly a thought occured to her that brought a smile to her lips and joy to her heart. "Yes, I believe it will work," she said to herself as she turned her back on the disbanding crowd and started out on her lonely way home.

She had not gone very far when Jack overtook her. He had seen the little figure under the tree, and the light from a Chinese lantern had enabled him to recognize her. He was surprised at seeing her alone, and yet it pleased him that she was evidently there to really listen to his speech and not on account of the general gayety that brought out every one else. That he was really interested in her he did not deny to himself. She was the choicest morsel of femininity that he had seen in that part of the country, and he could not help acknowledging that she had affected the sentimental part of his nature. But when he over-

took her that evening it was not entirely sentiment that prompted the action. Masculine selfishness had introduced a little bit of the practical and he was really anxious to find out whether her clever little brain had not devised some scheme by which the unsuspecting Seth could not be brought into line.

The night was a typical California one. There was only a piece of a moon in the sky but it saved the landscape from utter darkness and revealed the golden fields of ripened grain bending gently in the breeze. Susie was lost in a maze of dreams wherein Jack was the principal figure, when she heard his voice beside her saying, "Good evening, Miss McGill." A consciousness of her own thoughts made her perceptibly embarrassed, and it was with something like a shiver that she exclaimed, "Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Worthington!"

"Yes, it's only I," he answered. "I hope you will forgive me for intruding on your solitude, but don't you know I couldn't resist the temptation to overtake you when I saw that you were alone. I don't think I've ever seen you before when you were not guarded by Mr. Turner. By the way, where is the gentleman this evening? I can't imagine what his composition must be to let his sweetheart stroll home alone on such a night as this."

The words were said jestingly, and prompted by a good natured spirit of teasing, but Susie did not respond in a like vein. It annoyed her on every occasion to be considered the recognized property of Seth, and coming from Jack it piqued her more than ordinarily. She felt that he ought to understand the situation and not taunt her with a state of affairs that she would gladly have changed if she only could. But Susie rarely displayed either temper or pique. A martyr-like little way of swallowing her feelings was one of her peculiarities, and on this occasion she simply grew serious, and answered in the same quiet manner, "Seth's not here, to-night."

"He's off doing politics I suppose, in some part of the country," Jack rattled on, "fixing things up so that I can't possibly be elected. Susie, what do you think a fellow ought to do with a such an ungodly majority on the other side."

He had unconsciously called her Susie, and she was pleased rather than otherwise with his increasing familiarity. "I've been thinkin' about a scheme that I reckon 'll work with Seth," she said with a little animation, recovering somewhat from her seriousness.

"A scheme! Well let's hear it. I imagine you're a pretty good politician, Susie, and I'll have an extra bonfire built for your especial benefit if you help me to be elected."

Then she told him about her father who was waiting at home for a position, and how the wedding of herself and Seth had been indefinitely postponed on that account. In her own simple language she made him understand that Seth Turner would do nearly anything to hasten the day of his happiness, and at last the "scheme" was made clear to him. He was to promise the old man a position in exchange for Seth's influence—it was a very simple plan and he did not see why it could not be worked successfully. Whether he would be able to fulfill his part of the agreement did not enter his head. He knew that he could promise it, and that was all that was necessary until after the election. And Susie too, was thinking only of the promise, and not of the fulfillment on Jack's part. To hasten her nuptials with Seth was far from her desire, for prosy and distaseful though her life at home was to her, it was infinitely preferable to uniting herself with Seth now that Jack had come into her life. She had not dared put into a real thought the ghost of a longing that was haunting her soul that some day he himself might be the Prince Charming who would come to deliver her; but

even under the existing circumstances she felt that she at least had the right to make him the hero of her dreams and twine around him the garlands of her fancy, where as Seth's wife it would be a crime. In some indistinct way she expected to ward off the result when the time arrived, and yet she did realize that she was tampering with the heart of the man who loved her, and deliberately planning the grossest deception.

"Well, you are something of a schemer, are n't you," said Jack in his good natured way. "I had heard of you father's misfortune before, and if I had been anything like as good a politician as you are I would have thought of the plan myself. But hold on a minute, you are walking awfully fast, and I want to tell you how much I appreciate the interest you are taking in me."

They were nearing the little pointed house Susie called her home, and Jack was wishing that they had a few miles further to walk. He had been half in love with her before this evening when her disinterested solicitude for his welfare had really touched him. The spell of the night and delicious femininity were upon him. She looked tantalizingly pretty in the moonlight as the breeze blew her soft curly hair against her face, and then her dress was cut in a most aggravating V that revealed the dainty whiteness of her throat—altogether the situation was growing very dangerous for poor absent Seth.

Just then a dog from a neighboring farmhouse, whose mission in life was to bark at all the unfortunates who passed by after sunset, came bounding out on the road and refused to be quieted until soothed by Susie's gentle voice. The attack of the impudent brute, spoiling as it did all the harmony and romance of the moment made Jack lose his temper and he felt that if he had had a pistol there would have been one dog less in that neighborhood. "What an infernal little town this is," he exclaimed, after the dog had been persuaded to retire. "To think that a man can't walk along peacefully after dark without being torn to pieces by some sort of an everlasting brute—well, between you and me, Susie, it's the meanest place I ever struck and the time won't come any too soon for me to get out of it.

"What would you do if you had to live here always—as I will?" Susie asked, with just a little suggestion of reproach in her voice.

The tone was too much for him, and before he could realize what he was about, he had taken her in his arms and was saying as earnestly as he knew how, "No, you won't have to live here always, Susie, because I'm going to take you away myself, and make you my own little queen. You're too good and too beautiful for this place, sweetheart, and I'm going to take you where you'll be appreciated. Why with your eyes and your hair I'll make you a sensation, and you 'll be all my very own, won't you, pet?"

The words were said at last that filled Susie's soul with happiness. Her deliverance had come, and her heart was throbbing with a joy unspeakable. In a dazed, bewildered way she yielded to his caresses, for her eyes were blinded with ecstasy, and in her ears was ringing the music of her joy.

On her knees that night she thanked God for her happiness—and then she prayed for Seth and begged that his broken heart might be healed.

IV.

Jack Worthington had been born not only rich but lucky, and in this case his luck was verified again. In no other way in the world could the influence of Seth Turner have been obtained in his favor, but in the one way in which it was finally accomplished. Uncouth and illiterate though he was, Seth Turner was nevertheless a man of the broadest principles, and his honor he would not have sold for a mil-

lion. He would have knocked a man down who would have dared to try to negotiate for his vote or his influence, and yet he yielded to the persuasion of the girl he loved, and did not realize that the price he was taking to deliver his party was as truly a bribe as the thirty pieces of silver. The thought that Susie had planned the trade so as to bring about the happy day of their wedding, was the fond delusion that he was hugging to his soul. "Poor little sweetheart," he had said to himself, while his throat choked with joyful emotion, "she loves me after all. Well, it's a hard road she has to hoe, and it seems to me I'd be a great big brute not to keep her." It had occurred to him that the same trade might be made with the Democratic candidate, but after an interview with that individual the idea was abandoned. Democracy was too solid in that part of the country for a candidate to tie himself up with promises after the nomination had been made and Seth's hint of working for the other man was ridiculed. And so it happened that with ample funds from the Worthington wealth, he canvassed the country for Jack and won. The task was not as difficult as it might have been for some other Republican candidate, for Jack had succeeded in making himself particularly popular with the boys, so that they were frequently glad of an excuse to vote for him.

As Senator Worthington, Jack was the recipient of more attentions at the Capital City than was usually accorded to members of the Legislature. He was young, handsome and rich, three qualifications that, added to his Senatorship, made him the lion of that winter's season. In matters of legislation, however, he did not cut any special figure. Being an exceptionally good talker, he could, if he had taken the trouble, have been one of the leaders of the Senate, but it required some immediate necessity to overcome Jack's natural indolence, and just now he found it more to his satisfaction to take life easy, and let the other members wrestle for the honors.

Altogether he found being a Senator rather a comfortable way of spending a winter, and a slightly remunerative one as well. Although not naturally dishonest, Jack's principles were rather elastic—they were the popular kind that are regulated by respectability demands, and of course "respectability" only prohibits getting found out. The old man was generous with his now distinguished son, but his allowance was not unlimited, and as Jack's taste's were exorbitantly extravagant, he did not find himself sufficiently independent to make any special parade of his honesty. That he owed anything special to his constituency did not occur to him. His ante-election promises were like the funny stories with which he had delighted his audiences — simply the means to an end, to be forgotten when the purpose was accomplished. Even his promise to Seth, which had been the means of his election, met the same general fate. In the two months between the election and the session, he had had ample time to forget the obligation, and even if he had been so disposed, it is doubtful that his influence would have been sufficient to redeem the promise, as his inattention to his senatorial duties was most conspicuous.

And yet the McGills were waiting patiently at home for some word from Senator Worthington that would relieve them of their anxiety, and make the burden of life less hard to bear. They had no definite ideas about what they expected, nor of what kind of a position it was likely that Mr. McGill would be called upon to fill. All that they did know was that something had been promised, and in their eyes a State Senator was an all-powerful being, who had only to touch the button, as it were, for positions multifold to appear.

Only Susie did not display any special enthusiam over the prospective prosperity of her family. She who

ought to have been the most interested, who had planned the whole affair, and for whose sake the plan had been carried into effect, was strangely passive through all the excitement of anticipation that prevaded at times the McGill household. She seemed to live in another world, and poor Seth wondered if he would ever understand her. With her heart full of confidence and faith in Jack, Susie was simply awaiting the time when he would come to make her his little queen as he had told her on that memorable night. Oh, the happy remembrance of that happy night! It dispelled her lonesomeness and made solitude a joy. It filled her heart and prevaded her being till she became self-sufficient in her happiness and took no real part in the lives of others. There were times when her conscience smote her for her deception of poor big-hearted Seth — times when she would forget her dream long enough to pity him. Then it was that she would make matters worse by treating him with unusual tenderness and consideration. She could be so gentle when she tried, and big, burly Seth loved her more than ever in those tender little moods. They filled him full to overflowing with the one intense longing to make her his forever, and made him doubly impatient with the state of affairs that persistently kept them apart.

As the session drew near to a close and no news had come from Jack, Seth began to think that he had been made a fool of, and the more he thought about it the more convinced he became that such was the case. There was a certain stubborn vindictiveness about Seth that it was not wise for any man to arouse, and in this case he shut his teeth together and made up his mind that Jack Worthington would get the worst of it in case he had been trifling with Seth Turner. If it had been done in any other way but through his love for Susie, he felt that it would have been easier to forgive, but to utilize the sacred passion of his soul to make a fool of him called forth all the thoughts of vengeance within him. One day to Susie's horror he intimated his suspicions of Jack, and gave her to understand that in case the position was not forthcoming very soon he intended to go down to the capital and make it lively for that blasted dude. She knew full well that he meant what he said and her conception of how "lively" Seth would make it was very vivid. Accordingly the next day a little letter, carefully penned on the most elaborate note paper with red roses and cupids on the top of the sheet, found its way to Senator Worthington's desk. The letter read as follows:

DEAR JACK:—Seth is right mad at you because you have n't found a place for pa and says he is going to make it lively for you. I really believe that he means to hurt you, and write this to tell you that you had better go ahead and find something for pa. You need n't be afraid that I will marry Seth because I will die first. I love you more than ever, Jack, and do not feel hard because you have not written to me as you promised, because I know you must be awful busy. Your own loving

SUSIE.

There was a spirited debate going on in the Senate that afternoon, and the highly decorated chamber was crowded with visitors. Senator Worthington had been quite the main attraction in a bevy of stylishly arranged young ladies when he stepped to his desk for a moment to read his mail. There was a bill from the tailor who deemed it expedient to press his claims now that the session was nearly over; an urgent invitation from a local photographer to add his likeness to a collection of statesmen, and finally Susie's letter, It did not take him many minutes to peruse all three of the communications and each and all met the same fate. He scanned them indifferently—then crumpled them in his hand and threw them into the waste basket that stood beside his desk. Such was the effect of poor Susie's warning. And yet

Jack was not as heartless as his treatment of Susie would seem to imply. He was really what is known as good-hearted, and was noted for his generosity. He was compassionate with physical distress and would fling a quarter to every beggar that addressed him in the streets, but of the emotional suffering of which people are capable, he had no conception whatever. He would not deliberately have hurt Susie's feelings, or those of any one else, but he was cruelly thoughtless and forgetful, and in this case did not realize that what to him was the whiling away of an idle hour was to poor little Susie the passion of a lifetime. Under the influence of her personality he had meant all he had said to her, but in a week afterwards the occurance had escaped his mind entirely, and now that several months had elapsed since he had seen or heard of her it took her letter to remind him that she was in existence.

Seth was gradually becoming convinced that he had simply been duped —that Jack had no intention of redeeming his promise, and in his heart he swore to get even. No one but Susie knew of the fermentation that was going on within him. Thinking that her grievance against the Senator was equal to his own, he discussed the matter with her frequently, and entered into abusive tirades against the wily Jack. On these occasions Susie would sit mute and pale until she felt she could scream aloud with anguish. Her conscience was driving her mad for the part she was playing, and more than once it had been on the tip of her tongue to tell him the whole truth—that she did not and never would love him—that her whole heart was given to another, and that she had deliberately planned a scheme for his own deception. It would have been such a relief to have told him all, but she dreaded the effect it would have upon him, and mercy for the man whom she knew would have died for her kept her from making the confession.

It came at last, however, and Seth received the blow in a way that she was not prepared for. She had expected him to be harsh with her, to reproach her, and she had even thought that maybe he would curse her out of the bitterness of his wrath. All of this she was prepared to receive as a just punishment for what she had done, but she had not dreamed of that quiet submission with which he listened to the death knell of his hopes and happiness.

They were sitting in the little family parlor, the room that was always reserved on Sunday evening for Seth's and Susie's "courtin." She did not frequently permit him to demonstrate his affection by any of those tender familiarities that are usually considered the privilege of engaged couples, but to-night, in anticipation of the story she had determined to tell him, she felt sorry for him, and he had been holding her hand between his own rough palms, occasionally stroking it from the cuff of her dress to the end of her fingers. He still held it while she told him the story of her love for Jack, and worse than all, how she had used his own great love to accomplish Jack's election. The little clock on the mantel, that stood under a framed wreath of flowers made from the hair of some deceased relative, ticked its loudest as she finished the story, and for a moment it was the only sound that broke the stillness. Then he gently laid her hand aside and gulping down the lump that rose in his throat, said with something like a little laugh, "Well, you fooled me, didn't you, Sue?" If he had only reproached her, or called her names, or even used violence with her, Susie felt that she could have endured it, but he only sat there swallowing something in his throat and trying to hide the quivering of his chin till she felt that she could have died.

"Yes, I'll give you up to him, Sue," he finally said, with a big effort at resignation, and God knows I hope he'll love you as much as I do."

Then before she could realize it, he

had gone, and she was sitting alone on the old-fashioned mohair sofa, staring into space and wondering why she had ever been born. She was mercilessly sacrificing all those who loved her the best for Jack, and yet in the hour of her desolation he could not be with her, and had not even written to her to renew the protestations of his love. For a moment a doubt assailed her, but she persistently killed it as soon as it was born. Yes, he did love her, she argued. Had he not folded her in his arms and talked of the time when she would be his little queen? Yes, she would believe in him and trust him, but, oh! if he were only there to help her. With him beside her, she felt that she could trample on a world of hearts, and still feel nothing wanting from the fullness of her joy. There was a haggard look around her eyes when she glanced in her mirror that night, and her hair was tumbled and disorderly from nervously running her fingers through it. She felt that she did not look like herself, and it was a sad little smile that greeted her from the mirror, as she wondered how much of a "sensation" her eyes and hair in their present condition would make her.

With his idol shattered, his faith in human nature shaken to its foundation, and hatred of the man who had wronged him filling every fibre of his being, Seth wandered to his lonesome home that night after hearing Susie's confession.

The next day he started to Sacramento. The account with Jack Worthington had become too galling to remain any longer unsettled, and he felt that his honor demanded some atonement for the wrongs that he had suffered.

He had never been in the Capitol city before, and the big white building bathed in a flood of golden sunlight seemed to him like a perfect dream of splendor.

"By gracious! I'd give a tenner if Sue could see this," he said aloud to himself, forgetting for a second that Susie was no longer his. But the blessed forgetfulness was only for a second. The realization of his loss burst upon him again in all its agonizing intensity and blinded him to every beauty of earth and sky. Shutting his lips tighter and clinching his hands he walked faster up the long pavement that leads to the Capitol. He had nearly reached the entrance when a number of the Honorables emerged from the building, and among them was Jack Worthington.

"Hello, there's one of my constituents," Jack said, with a wink at his companions. Then walking up to him in his cordial manner he slapped him on the back and said with extended hand, "How are you, old man, when did you come down?

But Seth drew his hand behind him, and looking Jack straight in the eye said in a tone that implied a challenge, "I don't shake hands with liars and snakes, Jack Worthington."

"What do you mean?" asked Jack, flushing with indignation, stung in spite of himself by the words that Seth had used.

"I mean," exclaimed Seth growing more excited, "that you are a liar and a snake, and I'm goin' to show you that no such dressed-up dude as you can trifle with me."

"For God's sake, Worthington, don't get into a scrape right here," interposed one of Jack's friends who had heard the words betweed them and realized that danger was imminent. "Make a date with him and have it out later."

Jack himself was not sufficiently anxious to avenge the insult to enter into a common brawl in a public place, still he was no coward, and was willing to listen to Seth's grievance. Handing him his card he said with more politeness than he really thought the fellow deserved, "Meet me at my room at seven o'clock, and I'll give you any explanation that yon may desire."

The arrangement was satisfactory to Seth, who was anxious to have his dealings with the Senator without so much

interference with others, and taking the card he walked on the other way.

Jack was at his room on time that night, and had manufactured a plausible story to tell the irate Seth about his failure to keep his promise. He was consistently a peace-loving individual, and would sacrifice a good deal of his pride for the luxury of pure, white-winged peace. He was sitting with his feet on a chair before him, comfortably smoking a cigar while he awaited the coming of his enemy. He had become a little excited in the afternoon, when Seth had addressed him in that manner in the park, but after thinking it all over it occurred to him for the first time that the poor fellow did have a little grievance after all. "It *was* rather a shabby way to treat a fellow," he penitently said to himself. "Well, I'll simply have to square myself by looking around in earnest for something for the old man." But he reckoned without his host—he did not know the deeper grudge that Seth had against him.

* * * * * *

Jack "squared" himself by lying for weeks on a racking bed of pain with a bullet through his shoulder that had narrowly missed the vital organs of his being. He was persistent in declaring that he had shot himself accidentally, and Seth had gone home unmolested.

As the months flew by, Susie gradually awakened from her dream. Left to itself, without anything real to replenish it, her passion gradually burnt itself to ashes, It consumed all her childishness, and left little parched, jagged edges in her nature that before had been rounded out with simplicity and confidence. But then came the the remorse, the humiliation, and an utter, utter sense of loneliness.

She had not seen Seth except casually for many weeks when one Sunday night he came to see her, and she received him in the little parlor as in the old-time days. "Sue," he said in a husky voice, "I can't git along without you nohow."

In another moment she was crying on his shoulder.

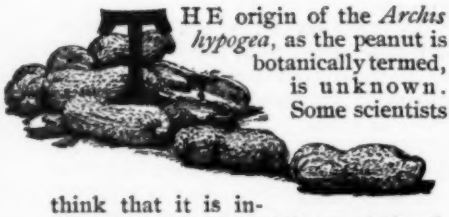
AMID A SCENE LIKE THIS.

BY ALFRED I. TOWNSEND.

Far in the west is a glint of the ocean;
Far in the east is the desert extended;
Limitless, gray, without hope or emotion,
Grave of all life, where death's seal hath descended.
Far in the south fruitful orchards are blowing;
Far to the north ragged mountains are rearing—
Rough shaggy manes, to the winter storms showing—
Naught but indifference; brave and unfearing.
Turn from this scene to the crevice below thee,
Read there the history somberly written,
Tersely and vividly fancy will show thee,
How in the past was the poor mortal smitten!
Only a gun barrel, rusty and battered,
Clutched in the grasp of some skeleton fingers;
Naught but some cartridge shells, empty and scattered—
Tells how the hope of a dying man lingers.
Naught but a diary, wedged in a cranny;
Only a flutter of rags in the breeze;
'Tis but a deathbed, though strange and uncanny—
With granite jaws gripping a skeleton's knees.

ON A PEANUT RANCH.

BY CLARA SPAULDING BROWN.



THE origin of the *Archis hypogea*, as the peanut is botanically termed, is unknown. Some scientists think that it is indigenous to the United States, although it has never been found in a wild state. Others believe that it came from the western coast of Africa, where the immense quantities of peanuts are raised for the European trade. In a history of Jamaica, it is stated that peanuts formed a part of the provisions carried by the slave ships for the support of the negroes, and the species may have been introduced into America in that way. Another theory is that the peanut is a cultivated form of one of the six other species of *Archis* that are grown in Brazil.

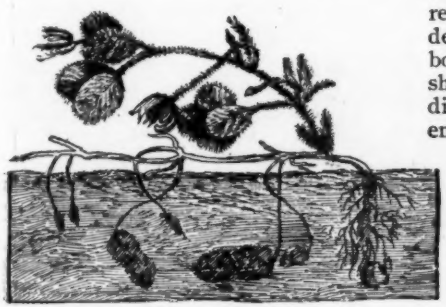
It has proved to be a valuable addition to the products of this country, and will be utilized still more as its capabilities become generally understood. When eaten in moderation, it is a healthful as well as a delicious nut; of a fattening tendency, owing to the large percentage of albuminoids in its composition. It is most familiar to us from its sale on the streets of cities, redolent with the recent baking, but it is employed in divers other ways both expedient and profitable. The peanut — known also as the ground nut, pindar and goober—contains from forty-two to fifty per cent of a nearly colorless oil which is equal in quality to sweet or olive oil. It has a bland taste, is more limpid than olive oil, and is not a drying oil. During the war it was much used in the machine shops of the Southern States, and was regarded as superior to whale oil. It is highly esteemed for burning. Twenty-two pounds of hulled nuts will yield one gallon of this oil. An inferior quality produced by heating the seeds before pressing them is used in soap-making with good results; and the residuum, or oil cake, may be fed to cattle. Large quantities of the nuts are used for the adulteration of chocolate. They are much cheaper than the nuts of the *Theobrama Cacao* from which chocolate was formerly made, and like the cocoa bean they contain a great deal of starch and oil. Of themselves, when properly roasted and ground, they make a palatable beverage resembling chocolate in flavor, and costing less than any grade of coffee. They are sometimes used in place of shortening for bread after the skins have been removed, and they are mashed or ground into pulp, and bushels of them are required for peanut candy.

The plant cannot be cultivated in all portions of the United States, as it will not stand frost and needs a rather long season of heat for maturing its pods. The assertion has been made that it will thrive—given correct soil and treatment—as far north as the grapevine will flourish. It is chiefly raised in Virginia and the States southward, where it forms one of the best-paying crops. The Central States cultivate it here and there, and I have heard of a fifty-acre peanut-field in Nebraska, which does reasonably well. In Southern California an increasing acreage is being planted to peanuts each year, as they have been found to thrive in many sections of the equable region. Texas is becoming interested in the matter and seems a promising locality for the industry.

In the Southern States good corn land is chosen for peanut cultivation, soil of a reddish color being avoided as it stains the shells and affects the market price. The main essentials are good drainage and a soil not inclined to pack. The field must be free from roots, stones or rubbish of any kind, and it must be kept friable. An extremely rich soil is not so necessary as for corn or cotton, and the peanut does not impoverish the ground as they do, but it requires a goodly percentage of lime in some form to produce paying crops. The best fertilizers for this plant is marl, in which the principal ingredient is carbonate of lime. This is used freely in the South. Sometimes the ground is planted every fourth or fifth year with peas or some other green crop.

PLOUGHING ON THE PEANUT RANCH.

In Southern California, a light, sandy loam free from adobe has produced the best results. A little gravel is desirable and if, underneath the sub-soil, there is a layer of sediment (often found in the deep, rich soil of the Pacific Coast), retaining the moisture during the long dry season, the conditions of the soil are perfect for the successful fruitage of the peanut crop. Most of the Tennessee peanuts are grown on what is called the "second bottoms"—above overflow—of the rivers.



THE PEANUT PLANT.

Early in the spring the ground is well plowed and harrowed, and in California is irrigated before planting. The peanut being a tap-root plant requires no further irrigation except on very sandy land, and most growers do not water the ground again. A correspondent of the Rural Californian, however, writing from Bloomington, thinks the field should be irrigated regularly and gives the following description of the process: Mark on both sides of the row with a shallow shovel-marker, one that throws the dirt both ways. "Mark just close enough so as not to cover the young vines. Then irrigate until the ground is thoroughly soaked. After it is dry enough cultivate, throwing the dirt in close to the vines. Continue this every three weeks during the season; each time mark a little further from the row, and always when cultivating

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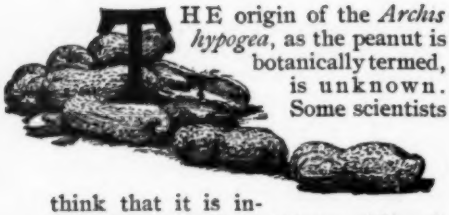

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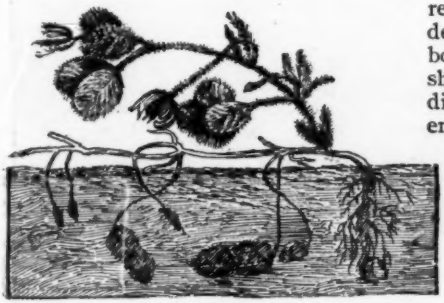

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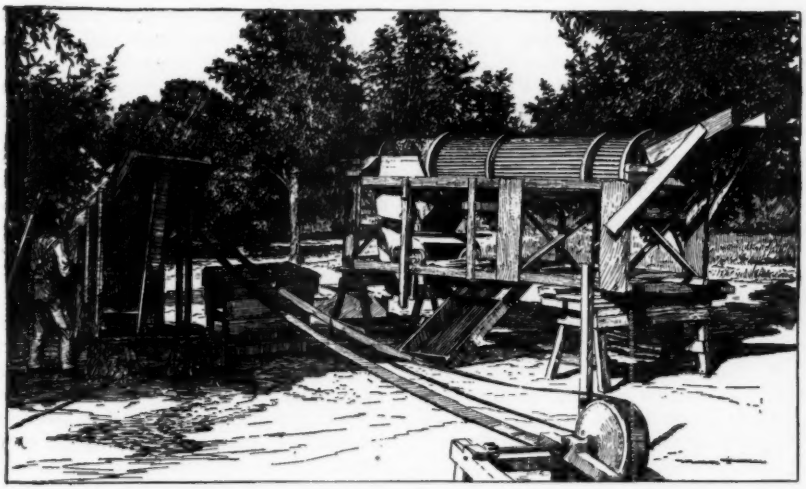
roll the dirt in close to the vines; by so doing you will keep the ground high and mellow, so that, as the vine spreads, the little, tender spurs that shoot down can penetrate and bear fruit. Do not allow the water to run over the row, as it causes the ground to break and the nuts to be of a dark color. It is not the nuts that require the moisture, but the tap-root of the vines underneath the nuts." Only the best hulls should be used for seeds. Put some into a tumbler with a sponge or some dampened cotton and set the tumbler in a place of mild and uniform heat. The hulls will begin to swell in a day or two, if they are good, and the plants will begin to grow. To try them out-of-doors select a sunny spot, sheltered from cold winds, and plant from 50 to 100 seeds. They will soon germinate if they are reliable. From a bushel to a bushel and a half of seed is required for an acre of ground, according to the variety used and the distance between the rows. A Santa Ana grower used thirty pounds of either the California or Virginia seeds and fifty pounds of the Tennessee reds, advocating the California nut, as it yields much better than the Tennessee variety (which is planted closer) and commands a readier sale.

Planting is done from the first of May to the middle of June, as weather and location permit. All danger from frost must be over, the young peanut being an exceedingly tender plant. The common practice is to sow in ridges slightly raised above the general level, though one authority believes in keeping the field as level as possible. Furrows are turned the same as for corn, three (some plant four) feet apart, and, if fertilizer is used, it follows the plow, after which the ridge is formed. In the South a home-made machine, drawn by one horse—the knocker and dotter—is used in planting. The knocker levels the ridge, and its wheels, in which three wooden pins are inserted at regular distances, make the holes for the seed. Sometimes the dotter is separate from the knocker and worked by one hand. The hulls are cropped in each hole, at a depth of two inches, and are covered with the foot, eighteen inches apart. In a week or ten days the ground will begin to crack, and in a fortnight or three weeks the plants will be large enough to show if any replanting will be necessary. The peanut transplants readily in a damp time.

It is a trailing, diffusely-branching plant, with abruptly pinnate leaves of four leaflets which cover the ground like a carpet of velvet when fully

PICKING PEANUTS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

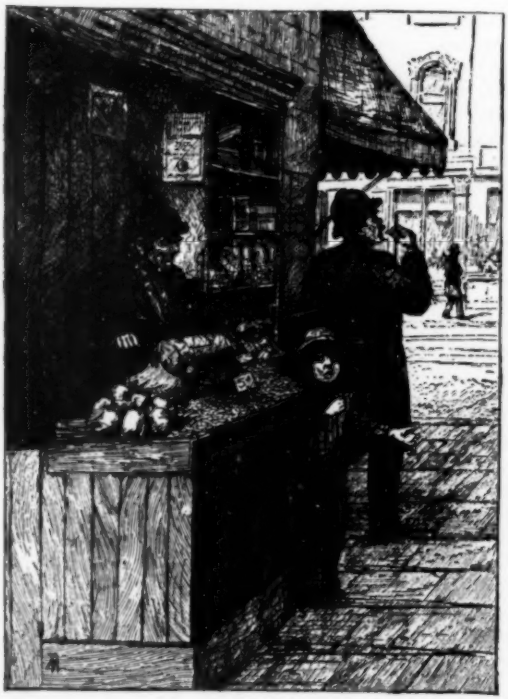


THE MACHINERY.

grown. It bears small yellow flowers in spikes, blooming in July. Pods begin to form soon after the flower and, soon after the blossoms fall away, their stems curve downward until the ground is reached and the tubercles are forced an inch or two beneath the surface. As soon as they are covered with earth, they enlarge rapidly. There is no need of assisting nature by covering the blossoms, as some people have supposed! On the contrary, such treatment is an injury.

The cultivation of peanuts and corn is much the same. Three weedings and plowings are usually given. The soil must be loose about the roots of the plants, and grass and weeds must be kept away. If they get through the first month after planting, success is almost sure to result. After they run together but little should be done to them. Harvesting, according to locality, is from the first of October to the middle of November. The vines are plowed out, or sometimes their long tap-roots are cut with a knife. They are taken up with a pitch-fork and laid back on the ground, nuts downward, the spreading tops reminding one of huge dandelions in shape if not in foliage, shading them and keeping dampness from mildewing the nuts. In the Southern States, after two days they are stacked or taken to a shed to cure for about two weeks. It is thought that the pods dry sooner in the field, and make heavier and brighter nuts. On the ranches which I visited at Santa Ana, in Orange County, California, where more peanuts are raised than in any other locality on the coast, the vines were left in rows for from one to two weeks and picking was done in the field, chiefly by women, making a not unpicturesque scene. One field I remember particularly. It was a beautiful day in the latter part of October, the sky blue as only the semi-tropical sky can be. At intervals, over the level brown earth, where not a stick or stone of smallest size was visible, piles of peanut vines had been placed, and by each pile sat one or two women busily picking off the pods. Some of them had fixed umbrellas in the ground to protect them from the too-ardent rays of the sun. As fast as their boxes were filled with the fragrant nuts—for ripe peanuts even in a raw state, exhale a peculiarly

delicious odor—the contents were emptied into sacks standing near by, and by the number of sacks filled in a a day, each person's wages were regulated. One of the women told me that the price paid them was thirty-five cents a sack. She filled three sacks the first day and averaged four or five, though she was a new hand at the work. Expert pickers sometimes fill seven or eight sacks, each sack containing forty pounds. In Virginia, where colored help is employed, the pay is twelve and a half cents a bushel, and it takes an extra good hand to pick four bushels in a day. The dusky men, women and children make a gala time of the peanut picking as they sit in a circle with the empty vines piled at their backs, thinking more of their songs and jests than of the day's wages. On this coast it is not poorly paid work, and it is certainly more healthful and inspiring while it lasts than indoor labor. Picking-machines have been invented, but they do not give universal satisfaction. Mr. Hargrave of Santa Ana, uses one and does not object to the leaves coming off with the nuts in the machine, as they are cleaned out with a fanning machine, while nuts picked by hand have to go through, with no extra trouble. He also has machines for cleaning and hulling, of home invention. Nuts of a certain size go through the huller, while larger ones are crushed, and the small ones drop into a box, from which they climb a ladder and go into the sheller again. In picking, care must be taken to reject the stems, and keep the dark or partially filled pods and the saps apart from the perfect ones. "Saps" are the last pods to form on the vines and do not reach maturity. 'Pops" grow to full size but have nothing to them. They are cleaned by a farming mill or in a wooden cylinder. Sometimes the shells are bleached with the fumes of burning sulphur. There are factories in some parts of the South for the sole purpose of cleaning, assorting, and storing peanuts, and disposing of them to large buyers, thus relieving the farmers of much care. It is impossible to secure every nut when the vines are plowed out, and some of those left in the ground are the best, being the first matured and the heaviest. Women and children pick these up. Southern planters make sure of any remaining ones by turning their hogs into the field. The swine as well as all kinds of stock and poultry are fond of peanuts, and fatten on them. If the vines are not frost-bitten, they



THE PEANUT IN THE CITY.

make good forage, and thus the income of the rancher is added to.

Seed peanuts are dug shortly before they reach maturity and, after being cured are picked, they are kept in a cool, dry room, in small parcels, as they must not be allowed to heat. They are usually shelled by hand or with a "popper," in the spring—a tedious operation. The machines so far invented for this work either split many of the nuts or break their skins. Only the pink-skinned hulls are used for seed; inferior ones are sold to confectioners at a low price. There are several varieties of the *Archis hypogea*. Virginia peanuts are larger than those grown in North Carolina or Africa. The Tennessee red is not a bountiful bearer and is planted closer than other varieties. The California peanut is large and white, and produces well. A small, hardy, very prolific variety called the Spanish is seldom planted except for hog pasturage.

The yield varies greatly, soil, care, weather and other influences affecting it. In the South the crop ranges from 30 to 100 bushels an acre, and in case of a good yield is considered more profitable than cotton or tobacco. California growers call 35 sacks to an acre a fair crop, and 45 sacks an excellent yield, obtainable only when the soil is specially adapted to the cultivation of the peanut. Mr. Witt, of Santa Ana, has a field of 48 acres which this season produced 45 sacks to the acre. Beside it is a little patch of 1⅝ acres which had the same care and yielded 105 sacks of nuts, another proof of the marked difference often existing between the adjacent soils on this coast. Mr. Johnson raised 45 sacks to the acre at Santa Ana among the young orange trees. In 1890, he sold his nuts for six cent a pound and realized $90.00 an acre, but the price this year is only three and a half cents. Of the one thousand acres of land in Los Angeles and Orange counties, on which peanuts are grown (a rough guess as to average made at the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce) about half are set with young trees, and an income is afforded by the nuts while the orchards are attaining a bearing condition, This practice is condemned by some authorities in the peanut culture, who say that the trees drink up the moisture needed by the vines, and they are horticulturists who do not favor any planting between trees on account of the possible injury to their growth. But peanuts do not impoverish the soil to any great extent, so there seems to be no reason why the farmer should not bridge over the unremunerative interval between the tree planting and the bearing by this means, if his vines do well.

Like nearly everything on this coast, the peanut has its special pest. A small insect called the red spider makes its appearance after the weather becomes warm, first attacking sickly vines, and those nearest to the trees or hedges. If weeds are allowed to grow among the vines the pest is more likely to come upon them. Very early planting is not advised as the ravages of the spider are more severe when the vines are started prematurely. A remedy is to cover up the affected vines with the dry dirt as soon as the pest is discovered upon them. Southern planters have not been troubled with any insects, but lose many nuts through the depredations of moles, raccoons, foxes, squirrels and birds. To prevent the squirrels from reaping too rich a harvest the seed is often tarred.

Few reliable statistics of the peanut industry have been gathered in any part of the country. A seeker for information is surprised to find so little printed upon the subject. In the annual report of the State Board of Horticulture for 1890, the only reference to the peanut is as follows: "The peanut can be cultivated in almost any part of this district where the soil is suitable for the cultivation. It produces well." This occurs in a general report for Humboldt County. The assessors, in Southern California at

least, have no figures which shed light on the proportions of the industry, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has received only the following responses to the questions sent out to the peanut growers:—

H. A. Draper, Vernondale, four acres of nuts; product sold $312; cost of production, $105.

Geo. A. Getchell, Vernondale, peanuts, six acres; product sold for $300; cost of production, $75. Crop planted between fruit trees.

P. H. Wood, Clearwater, peanuts, three acres; produced 5,000 pounds; sold for $250. Cost of production, $40; not irrigated; planted too deep, and got about one-third crop."

At the Sixth District Fair in Los Angeles, October, 1891, there were choice peanuts exhibited from Vernon, Pasadena, Rivera, Artesia, Norwalk, Santa Ana, Anaheim and Hesperia (in San Bernardino County). No one could doubt after seeing them that the peanut thrives in the region. The crop is not a troublesome one to handle, and pays well when the market price is good, but the high cost of land and the expense of picking are drawbacks that the South, with its cheap lands and labor, does not have to contend with. The Southern States also have the advantage of an almost unlimited market. Pacific Coast growers cannot compete with them at such a distance from the Eastern market, but must dispose of the entire product at home. There has been no trouble in doing this, though the price has not always been satisfactory. There is a good local sale, and San Francisco takes a large quantity of the nuts each year.

The Pacific Rural Press of February 13, publishes a Market Review for 1891, prepared bv J. R. Farish, in which the following reference to peanuts occurs:

"Peanuts show the heaviest crop, according to arrivals, that has ever been grown in the State. Receipts for the season to date aggregate nearly 15,000 sacks, or more than double the quantity for corresponding period in 1890. Peanut market this season opened at 4½ to 5½c., but soon declined to 4 to 5c., and has been lately dull and weak at 3 to 4c., carload lots of prime nuts failing to move at lower figure."

A young man in Vernon, a thriving fruit setttlement near Los Angeles, used a combined picker and cleaner which has the distinction of being the cheapest machine of its kind. It is a cross between a chicken coop and a churn, made of laths on top and bottom and two sides, with solid ends, the laths not being over half an inch apart. It has a door in one side and is braced in the middle.

The most serviceable length of the machine is three feet, width the same, and depth two feet. It swings on an axis, suspended two feet above the ground, and rattles the vines and nuts around at such a lively rate, with its sharp corners, that they are separated. After turning them out on the ground it is easy to pick out most of the leaves and stems and the nuts are returned to the revolving box for cleaning.

IN THE PEANUT GALLERY.

IS THE WEST IN LITERARY BONDAGE?

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

EVERYONE who keeps in touch with newspapers and magazines is familiar with the perennial complaint of a large body of young Western writers that they are discriminated against and barred out of the avenues to print by hypercritical Eastern editors and publishers' readers. These complaints are usually ludicrous, because they reveal so clearly the personal grievances of the writers. But occasionally a man of great force appears as the champion of these Western men and their grievances, and what he says on the subject is always worthy of attention. Such a man emerged in the October Forum with a paper on "The Literary Emancipation of the West." It is a vigorous indictment by Hamlin Garland of the Eastern editors and literary critics, who are accused of chilling the young enthusiasm of Western authors and blasting in the bud their creative force, which is supposed to bourgeon on the Western prairie like the ragweed or the bull thistle. It also contains an outline of the new literary creed of the West. This creed scorns all reverence for the masters of English literature. It declares that the dead past is more worthless than an Egyptian mummy; it announces that the present alone is worthy of celebration and that it must be glorified, not in any effete style, but in the tongue of the common people, who have made it illustrious by their achievements. To many who have not followed the drift of recent discussion in the Arena and other organs of radical opinion, this may seem like a burning of bridges and a march into an unknown country; but the small coterie of writers who have been clamoring for what they call an untrammeled native literature, stick at nothing in their eager desire to throw off the control of the "Academic East." The members of this coterie are usually vague in prophecies of what the near future is to bring forth in the way of a strong, new American literature, formed on no outworn, old-world models, but racy of the fresh-turned prairie soil. Hence it is a relief to find in Mr. Garland's article a clear-cut, definite statement of the Western literary creed, and an estimate of what the new school may be expected to produce.

In the first place it may be well to glance a moment at what Hamlin Garland has done, for he is the best type of this new literary movement, of which he is the most eloquent "boomer." No one has ever equalled him in his power of making the reader see the rugged western country, hear the wintry blasts that sweep over the prairie and feel the misery of labor in ice-bound fields. His point of view is always the plough-handle, never the hammock of the tourist. He has written stories and sketches of the life of the common people of the great middle West, which bring out the hard struggle for existence and the unlovely features of an endless round of monotonous labor, with the painful fidelity of a photograph. There is no softening of the hard lines, and, in the main, no effort to reveal the spiritual force which robs coarse labor of its usual brutalizing touch. Occasionally, as in "A Little Norsk," he lets the tender light of love and sacrifice soften the harsh lines of his picture, but too often we have merely the dreary prospect of unending work with only the faintest gleam of hope to light up the dismal future. A good specimen of this depressing sketch of a hard, material life, destitute of all spiritual outlook, is "Sim Burns' Wife." There

is no lack of power in it, but somehow the reader feels that this is not real life in the West, for it lacks the spiritual quality as wholly as though it were a picture of savage existence on the Zambesi. The difference between it and real art may be seen by comparing this sketch of Garland's with the "Living Images" of Tourgenieff. Garland's heroine, a faded, overworked farmer's wife, meditates suicide for several days because her equally hard-worked husband is brutal in speech to her. She is finally led to abandon her design by the sight of her children, but the reader takes leave of the household with the conviction that happiness and content have fled, never to return. As far as any higher motives are concerned, the actors in this gloomy prairie drama that hovers in the shadow of tragedy might as well have been in Central Africa. The sordid spirit of materialism has bitten through their lives so completely that no gain in comfort would help them.

In the great Russian novelist's sketch we have a poor, helpless, bedridden country girl, who lost her lover and all that made life dear by a sudden accident, yet who is so filled with the spirit of Christian resignation that she is a living lesson to all who see her. The spirit of primitive religious faith, unfailing patience, serene good nature and content with her life which breathes through her poor palsied lips, is something which strikes on the heart. No one can fail to bear more cheerfully a heavy burden after reading this story.

Garland's sketch leaves the reader with a bitter sense of despair for men and women who go through each day's work with the dogged temper of the life-term convict. The other gives an outlook upon spiritual heights that makes the real world seem brighter and better when we return to it. One is the triumph of the new Western realism which, however, is as impotent in all the best spirit of true literature as the evil French system on which it is patterned. The Russian story is a perfect specimen of realism employed for the best uses—the enforcement, without any preaching, of a moral lesson that is as old as the Bible but fully as true and as inspiring in its nature. Such literary art as this can never become obsolete, while faith, love, duty and unselfishness hold their place as the chief factors of life.

Returning to Mr. Garland's article, we find that the heavy indictment which he brings against the Eastern critics and authors, is that, while they assume to speak for the country, they have done nothing to produce a genuinely national literature. They are also accused of discouraging "the truest, freest utterance of the American poet and novelist," so that the young writer "has turned to copying old forms and has benumbed and sterilized his creative soul." Pages are given up to a development of this theme in rhetorical language that reminds one in its high-keyed intensity of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' essay on religious belief. As Mr. Garland asserts that the magazine is "the greatest outlet for distinctive American art," we are brought back to the old question: Do the American magazine editors discourage the young American author? This question is answered by Garland with a very positive affirmative. His language seems to vibrate with a tone of personal resentment and he drops into metaphor in speaking of "the frost of conservative culture" which has fallen upon "the tender springing plant of American literature."

But this florid rhetoric doesn't establish anything. The claim that the Eastern magazine editors and Eastern publishers discriminate against Western authors cannot be proved. It is a favorite argument with those who fail to get their articles or stories printed, but it is about on a level with the device of stitching together sheets of a manuscript in order to demonstrate that the cruel editor who rejects the contribution has not read what he

refuses. Publishers are conservative and they are compelled to be so. They must get the best expert judgment on the manuscripts that are submitted to them. Occasionally this judgment is wrong and a book makes a hit which the ablest of literary "tasters" agreed was without merit. Then at once there goes up a great cackling from the host of the rejected contributors. But we do not hear of the ninety and nine volumes of trash that the experts have prevented from getting into print. Archie Gunter's success is always "pointed to with pride" by the Western author when airing his perennial grievance against the Eastern publishers, but with all deference to the monetary aspect of the vogue of "Mr. Barnes of New York" and the other works that Gunter has turned out since, it must be admitted that the publishers' "readers" who rejected this cheap and frothy book deserve the thanks of the discriminating public. It is impossible to conceive of any sane man reading one of Gunter's stories unless he be on a railway train with several hours that must be killed. In crossing the Colorado or the Mojave desert, one may be pardoned for reading this St. Vitus kind of fiction, but not elsewhere.

It has been my fortune to know several magazines from the inside, and from this knowledge I have no hesitation in saying that the Western claim of want of recognition of new authors is without foundation. The old-time magazine editor may have been governed by conservative rules; he may have had a small coterie upon whom he depended for nine-tenths of his contributions; but the editor of the period has changed all that. The fierce competition of the great Sunday newspaper has forced him to throw out a drag-net and bring in everything that has in it the faintest promise of novelty or strength. Nearly every American author who has gained recognition within twenty years has been discovered and exploited by a magazine editor. The West has no just ground for complaint on this score. It would be difficult to name a Western author who did not receive his first encouragement from the "Academic East." The Atlantic Monthly is usually regarded in the middle West as the type of the Brahmin in American literature; yet it is undeniable that the men who have had charge of the Atlantic have discovered more new authors than any other editors in the country. From Howells to Miss Murfree is a far cry, but if one counts over the authors who have come up through the magazines he will be amazed to find the large proportion that has owed introduction to this old conservative Boston periodical. All that is necessary to secure prompt recognition in it to-day, as it was thirty years ago, is to have something to say and to say it in good style. The idea will not carry an essay or a story: that is the axiom which the Western author will not recognize. He demands that crudeness be pardoned because of the virtues of strength or originality that are in the author's conception; but no self-respecting editor can afford to print matter which does not reach a well established standard. This failure to recognize a simple rule is the secret of the animosity against Eastern critics that has grown up in the West.

How exaggerated this sentiment is may be shown by a few practical examples. Take Bret Harte, for instance. Before fame came to him, he was editing a magazine in San Francisco and helping out the enterprise by printing some short stories that he had written of early California life. These stories met with about the same measure of appreciation that Rudyard Kipling's "Tales from the Hills" received in India. There was even a ludicrous protest by a squeamish female proof-reader against printing the first and strongest of these stories, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," because it contained a few vigorous

"cuss-words," and the suggestion of a bit of immorality as old as the pyramids. These stories were read by the then editor of the Atlantic Monthly, who promptly recognized their novel and picturesque features as well as their wonderful literary style. The result was the engagement of Harte to write for this old and staid New England magazine. As a representative of the wooliest part of the woolly West, Mr. Harte has never had any ground of complaint against the academic Eastern censors. Scores of men who saw the same stirring life that Bret Harte has described have tried their hands at picturing it and have failed dismally, because they did not have the literary gift that he possesses in such high measure. Yet you cannot convince one of these failures that he has not been barred out of the literary Pantheon by gate-keepers who objected to his long hair, the cut of his clothes or the dust of the prairies.

Another equally striking example of success that came out of the West is furnished by E. W. Howe of Atchison, Ks. His first book, "The Story of a Country Town," was exploited by Howells. It was written late at night after tedious labor on a country newspaper; it was pessimistic in tone, but it showed such rare vigor in description and such insight into the springs of human nature that it was lifted clear above the mass of contemporary fiction. The story had been printed in cheap form by Mr. Howe, but when Howells wrote an introduction and the book was issued by a Boston publisher, it at once leaped into notoriety. This ought to have made the author's fortune, but unluckily, in subsequent books, he developed the erratic vein in his nature, so that much of his work is merely broad caricature. He had a great opportunity, but he failed to utilize it. Doubtless many of those who see the sign of Eastern jealousy in the failure of every Western author will ascribe Howe's decline to this same malignant influence. But the facts are plain and easily understood.

Mr. Garland repeatedly lays stress on the fact that the new literature of the West will be rough-hewn and that the Western writers will not submit to the dictation of any Eastern academic council of censors. He cites Whitman as an example of this new American school which is to be untrammeled by any old-world rules, unweakened by any imitation of models which the world has accepted as the perfection of literary art. In this contention he loses sight of the vital principle of literature, for all literature depends upon form quite as much as upon spirit. No real American can fail to be struck with the virile genius of Walt Whitman; but no one of any literary cultivation can read a single work of the gray poet's without having his teeth set on edge by persistent violations of the simplest rules of euphony and melody.

Great thoughts abound in Whitman, but his works can never become the classics which they ought to be, because he neglected or ignored the form in which they were cast. Form is as essential as substance in literature and it is the perfect fusing of the two that makes the flawless work of literary art. It is because the new school of Western writers has flouted this literary law (which is as old as Homer or Sophocles, and as true to-day as when the Iliad or the Antigone was fashioned) it is because of this, the unpardonable literary sin, that they have made so little impression upon the world, and not because of Eastern jealousy or Eastern hypercritical standards. Lowell put the whole matter in a nutshell in his famous definition of a literary classic, a definition which should be writ large in every school of composition and enforced with all his power of argument and illustration by every teacher of rhetoric.

Here it is from the essay on Spenser in "Among My Books," second series: "A classic is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite

sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old.

No critic within my knowledge has equalled Lowell's wording of the chief literary law that knows no age, no race, no creed. It fits Omar Khayyam and Saadi as well as Shakespeare and Milton. It measures Swift, or De Quincy as truly as Poe or Hawthorne. Truth to nature, sledge-hammer blows for social reform, pathos that appeals to all who have warm blood in their veins—these qualities will not make a literary classic. The work must be cast in a mold which men and women of culture the world over will accept. If it be not cast in artistic fashion, it cannot endure. It may have a great vogue for a year or a decade; but it is bound to perish, for it lacks the very essence of vitality. Take any great literary work that is as fresh and readable, as full of beauty and of wise suggestion to-day as when it was written one hundred or five hundred years ago, and you will find a poem or a story which fulfills the highest requirements of literary art. These survivals of the fittest in literature are no more bits of chance than the survivals of the perfectly developed man or beast in the animal world. They follow a law which not even a genius can violate any more than he can violate a fundamental law of nature, without paying the inevitable penalty.

Take a homely illustration. Suppose we could gather in one large room the better class of poems issued in England in the same year which saw Gray's "Elegy" published. They would number many thousands. A few score would be held as almost worthy of a place among the world's great poems, but when compared with the work that assured the fame of Gray, they would all seem cheap and common. Better this one poem than a whole library of verse that fails to touch the high-water mark of literary art.

And yet the majority of writers of the West and hierophants like Mr. Garland, who are eager to preach the new gospel of untrammeled art, are engaged to-day in the vain effort to demonstrate that a library of second or third class verse is better than the one matchless work. They are striving to beat down the old standard; to make it appear that a genuine literary work is not the rare flower of a generation but is something which any man or woman who has felt the beauty of nature or the pathos of life and who can use words, is able to produce. They are scornfully flouting that hero worship which is as natural to one who has the true appreciation of literature as is the pleasure in perfect rhythm of verse or that equally perfect melody of impassioned prose. This faculty of perception and enjoyment of literary form cannot be taught; it is innate like the enjoyment of harmony in music. To lack it is a misfortune, but many of the world's greatest men, many of the greatest artists in painting, sculpture and the drama have been conspicuously wanting in it.

It may be that there is something in the grandiose scenery of the West—something in the wide stretches of rolling prairie, the monotony of the neutral tints of nature, the sameness that appalls and depresses one who was bred in a land of mountains, valleys and clear-flowing streams—it may be that these aspects of nature, which no change of season is able to materially affect or improve, have dulled the Western sense of the power and the beauty of words. Some future Buckle may yet develop this theory, which seems to contain an element of truth. That enormous stretches of country, such as are found in the middle West, broaden the mind and stimulate the imagination does not seem to be proved, despite Mr. Gar-

land's emphatic assertion. The tendency of such a land is to sadden the people who live in it; to dwarf their imagination and to bring them down to material things. This is seen in Southern Russia, which in many natural features bears a strong likeness to the valley of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Tolstoi, Gogol and a few other men of genius in Russia have freed themselves from the influence of their environment and have given beautiful pictures of the picturesque life of the steppes; but Russian literature is not marked by the imaginative element any more than Russian painting.

In the same way we do not even find the faintest sign of any strong native literature in Australia. If this theory, that a big country expands the mind and broadens the conceptions of the people, be true, then surely Australia ought to be in the fore front of intellectual progress. As a matter of fact, it is hopelessly given over to material things. So acute an observer as Professor Royce of Harvard summed up his impressions of the country in the statement that the physical had so far outrun the mental development of the people that there was little hope of any literary activity in Australia for many years. Yet the Australians come of fairly good stock; the convict taint clings to only one settlement, and there seems to be no good reason why the force and flexibility of the English mind should not be improved by transfer to this new land, with its imposing natural features and its semi-tropical climate. But if you run over the literary work of Australians you will find only one name that deserves to be remembered. Marcus Clarke has won fame by that somber romance of convict misery, "His Natural Life," but it is the only work of the first class produced by an Australian in this century.

Akin to this depressing effect on the mind of great distances is the Western sense of the necessity of "hustle." Nothing but this slang term fitly expresses the trait which has reached its perfect and unlovely development in Chicago. It eliminates everything that is sweet and gracious from life, and before it real appreciation of art in any of its forms cannot exist. The man who carries the tense excitement of the wheat pit or the stock exchange into his social life is unable to understand or value literary culture or any of its manifestations. As a rule he makes no pretense of appreciating literary art; he is content to give liberally to institutions which promise to instill into his children this acquired taste which is beyond his own reach. Literary culture demands leisure and the love of books. There is no sign that even the younger generation in the West, with ample leisure and means, has any leanings toward the literary life. Instead there is a decided tendency toward the same physical existence, the same passion for out-door sports that marks the young Australian.

It is a singular thing that Mr. Garland, and the school whose complaint he voices so vigorously, have the habit of referring to the Cambridge group of writers as bookish, as taking things at second-hand. This criticism is probably due to a latent resentment against the New England writers because they all write good idiomatic English. The best native and foreign critics are united in placing Emerson at the head of our writers because he assimilated the best culture of all literatures and gave it out in such genuine American form that it has been the greatest mental stimulus of the country on this side of the Atlantic. Those who never heard Emerson speak cannot know the effect of such lectures as "The American Scholar" which he delivered before various colleges; but it is no exaggeration to say that we owe to Emerson's words and example much of the best spirit that has marked our literature for the last forty years. To call such a man bookish is as absurd as to dub with the same title the author of "The

Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is equally absurd to damn with the same faint praise a writer like Hawthorne, who had his own original way of looking on life and who was not swerved one jot from his position by any hostile criticism. The only thing which Hawthorne owed to books was his incomparable style, and it would be a great gain to the reader had his critics been able to profit equally by their study of the masters of literature. Hawthorne is more vitally American than any of the young Western writers of to-day, who pose as examplars of the new national movement and demand the literary emancipation of the West. Foreign life had no effect upon him save to give a larger and a richer background for his characters. It is his incapacity to apprciate this devotion to native ideals that made Henry James dwell on the provincialism of Hawthorne. It would be a God-send to America's literature if it could have a vigorous injection of this same provincialism, which brought forth tales that reflect the best spirit of our national life, embodied in a style that ensures them a place for all time among the classics of the English tongue.

The test of a work of art, according to Mr. Garland, is, " Does it touch and lift and exalt men?" Judged by this test most of the work of the new school of Western writers is absolutely barren. It is only the exceptional story among Garland's own work that fulfills this condition. Most of his tales and sketches depress one by their pictures of human misery for which there seems to be no relief short of death. The attitude of many of the new school of modern writers is as unnatural as that of the decadent school of Parisian realists, who look out upon the life of the boulevards through the fumes of their daily absinthe and say, " Behold the flower of our fin de siècle civilization; this is really the essence of life!"

According to our prophet, Chicago is to be the center of the new American literature, which knows no models and respects no dead masters. It is to infuse into literature the American idea, whatever that may be. Well, it is not difficult for any American to admire Chicago. Its superb self-confidence, its physical force, its impatience of obstacles, its unbounded generosity, these are qualities which appeal to every true American. But hand in hand with these go a colossal self-conceit, a hard, material instinct and a scorn of leisure that are absolutely opposed to any true work in literature. You must upset completely the Chicago conception of life before any writer of great ability can emerge from the " hustle " that now marks the second city of America. You must put into the people some idea of the amenities of life before you can hope to secure any appreciation of works of literary art. A novel or a poem that should express the barbaric materialism of the typical Chicago business man would be rejected as a libel on human nature. The very men who furnished the models would be the first to denounce the work as a malicious caricature. It may be that in this atmosphere of selfish money-getting and of reckless speculation the young plant of the new American literature will rear its head and flourish, but as soon should we expect to see a rose blossom from the fetid, sluggish stream that seems to absorb all the vice and foulness of the great city.

Rather should we look to New York as the center of a strong new literature, for it is the meeting place of representatives of all parts of the country. It is so well established that it has lost the painful self-consciousness that marks most of our Western cities. Like London, to which all tides of English life flow, it is the objective point of thousands of Americans who have wealth or culture, or who desire to enter the race for the large prizes in the professions that a great city offers. Even a recluse like Carlyle felt the need of the mental stimulus of other

minds and the necessity of living within arm's reach of large libraries. So he moved from his barren Scotch moor to Chelsea and at once laid hold upon the real life that he found on every hand. In the same way we see our authors drawn toward New York, though they may rail against the spirit that animates the city and lament the charm of the places which know them no more. When the practical work of book-making is centered in a single city like New York—when nine-tenths of the great magazines, weekly papers, art journals, and other periodicals are printed there, it is absurd to speak of moving the center of literary activity.

In the peroration of his article Mr. Garland assumes the singing robes of the prophet. He bids the young man and woman of the West, "Stand erect! Face the future with a song on your lips and the light of a broader day in your eyes!" We fancy the broad grin that will overspread the face of the young Western generation when it reads this invocation. It will say, using the common speech of the people of which Mr. Garland is so enamored: "This is absurd. Why expect us to swallow such stuff as this? We have our enthusiasms; we expect to do the best work that is in us. But why make us ridiculous by such an address as this, which is as ludicrous as any thing that can be found in the most affected book in any literature."

And what would be the young West's response to this sentiment of Mr. Garland's: "To know Shakespeare is good. To know your fellow-man is better. All that Shakespeare knew of his fellows you may know of your fellows, but not at second hand, not through the eyes of the dead, but at first hand." We fear that the young West—whom we like to fancy a hard-headed young fellow who has paid his way through college by dint of severe work and much severer self-denial—will say to this: "Why expect me to accept so absurd a statement as this? I know that Shakespeare has broadened and enriched my mind. Granted that I can study nature and human life at first hand, how narrow and poor are most of the comedies and tragedies of real life when compared with those which are found in 'Hamlet' and 'Othello' and 'Lear.' We see in the West many families broken up by jealousy, but what a flood of light Shakespeare lets in on this passion in his study of the Moor. We see many ungrateful children, after securing the old homestead in return for the care of their parents, heap daily insult upon mother or father until the poor-house would be a welcome relief from this suffering. Yet such prairie tragedies seem poor and common beside the titanic wrath and revenge of Lear. One who has read Lear is the richer by so much experience of a life that is as real as though it had passed under his own eyes. The man who tosses away as valueless this reflected light that genius-throws on life, rejects that for which genius alone can compensate. The ordinary writer cannot afford to discard the Bible and Shakespeare as useless baggage, for without them he has no imaginative background, no source of inspiration in style, no supply of words and illustrative phrases with which to bring home his meaning to all readers."

One of the axioms which Mr. Garland lays down is this: "Knowledge is democratic, culture is an autocrat." Hence, the new West wants knowledge, not culture. One who knows life or who has had any intimate association with real scholars is aware that this statement is very wide of the truth; but it may be worth while to point out its radical error. All really great men, all who possess true culture are known for their simplicity of thought and manners. Newman among the dead and Froude among living Englishmen are good examples of my assertion. I have a friend who was an associate of Newman for many years. He described the famous Cardinal as one of the greatest and

most democratic of men, of a nature so sincere and simple that when he was asked to lecture for the benefit of some charitable work, he replied that his position forbade him to appear on the platform as a lecturer, but he would gladly play the violin to aid the entertainment. This was at a time when his fame was world-wide. Froude I met on his first visit to this country, and a man of simpler manners it has never been my pleasure to talk with. He wished to get at the heart of things and, possessed by this desire, he took not even ordinary care of appearances or conventionalities. He had none of the pride of scholasticism which Mr. Garland confounds with culture. What the West needs beyond anything else is real culture—not the chromo-culture which results from a smattering of knowledge and which forms itself in conduct and thought on the model of the pompous professors of small fresh-water colleges. Of culture no man can have too much. It does not hamper creative thought; on the contrary, given the creative instinct, the larger and more liberal the culture the finer will be the artistic work produced. Goethe is an excellent example of the truth of this. His "Faust" is a liberal education if studied in the proper spirit; it was the finished result of seventy years of study and thought, the perfect flower of the highest culture.

What Mr. Garland has mistaken for real culture is this pretentious imitation of which the most offensive types are seen in the new West. It is always on dress parade; it is always posing for the benefit of the gallery; it is pharisaical and scorns help to those who need aid and suggestion. Its best type is seen in the college professor, who goes through a certain beaten round of duties and scorns to deliver any lecture or afford any help to the vulgar public that is outside the college walls. An equally perfect type is seen in the literary critic who has failed in authorship and who wreaks his revenges by throwing vitriol on the heads of publishers and successful writers. It is only after a certain measure of knowledge is secured that one can build up culture. The pride of learning is fatal to it, and unfortunately in this country, and especially in the newer parts of it, we are sorely afflicted with this intellectual pride that is barren of all good literary work, barren even of helpfulness to those who are seeking aid as to the right path in self-development. Our colleges are filled with these pretentious frauds—men who never meet their students as fellow men, who never take a personal interest in bright boys, never give them the enormous stimulus of wise suggestion for special study and reading. Our pulpits are also filled with these caricutures of culture—preachers who mouth the same old stereotyped Biblical phraseology, that is as monotonous and as irritating as the sing-song method of its delivery.

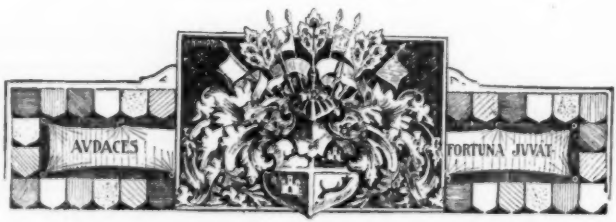
And the men who should reach the people most directly—the authors and the newspaper writers—how large is the number afflicted with the same complaint—the solemn pretense of learning, the vanity that sees nothing in the past to venerate or to study, the measureless conceit that prefers the small neighborhood circle, with its low aims and its petty gossip, to the great world of men and books here and abroad. No, knowledge will not cure the evil that hampers the literary development of the West. It will require the broadest culture to set the young generation in the right path, to show them what is the spurious art of the day and what the genuine art of all time.

In conclusion let me offer a suggestion to Mr. Garland, a suggestion which opens up a plain and practical way of demonstrating the truth of his theory that the new West is full of creative literary ability that only needs to be emancipated from the blighting influence of Eastern criticism to produce original work of the best class. He has declared that Chicago is the nat-

ural center of this new literary school Well, let him and his followers solicit from the generous millionaires of Chicago a fund with which to found a strictly Western magazine. Men like Marshall Field, George M. Pullman, Potter Palmer and others who give so liberally to art galleries, colleges, observatories and other institutions for advancing science and culture, would be equally generous in support of such an enterprise as a magazine. The sum of $200,000 would establish and maintain in good style for two years such a periodical as this. Let a good level-headed editor, free from fads and dyspepsia, be chosen and let him give as full scope to the contributors as possible. With good illustrations such a magazine could be made the equal in appearance of any of the old established periodicals and it could be sold at twenty five cents a number.

Then, with a free field the young men and women of the West, whom Mr. Garland apostrophizes in such glowing language, could don their singing robes and prove to the effete East that the center of literary culture should be shifted westward. Seriously, it would be a great opportunity for any young author with real pith in him, and if the contributions received failed to establish the magazine it would be the clearest proof that Mr. Garland's theory of blighted Western genius is not founded on fact. If the stories, sketches and poems printed in the two years of trial should make their way to the heart of the people; if they should convince even the critics that here was a new, virile literature, opening up glimpses of American life as it really exists to-day, then the Q. E. D. of Euclid could be attached to the theory.

There is no place for dithyrambs in such a suggestion as this, but it has the merit of good, hard common sense, a quality that ought to commend it to Western men. It has also the merit of offering a simple, practical solution of a literary problem that will never get itself solved by the theorists and the dreamers. Let us have done with all this frothy rhetoric about literary emancipation. Let us bring these so-called literary bond slaves out into the free arena and bid them prove their claim to places on the bead roll of American authors.



A NAME AND A PERSONALITY.

BY ELLEN BARRETT.

THE Coming of the Friars to California was the beginning of a civilization unique and interesting and the first step in that sequence of affairs which gave the metropolis of the State a Latin name.

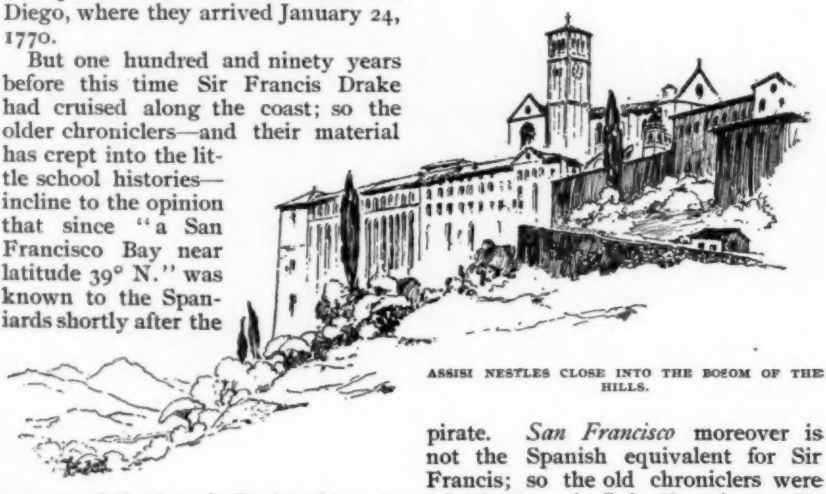
Sometimes the poets and the historians agree. They could hardly disagree in California where the data of the historian has been the raw material of the poet; and so it happens that a vagrant fancy of Bert Harte—

> "Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
> Of her Franciscan Brotherhood—"

may be turned into the hard prose of history. The more imaginative among us like to think that one of the old monks—then a young man with the soul of a poet—looked down upon the city from one of the Mission hills, and, watching the fog as it moved and shifted over the sand dunes, thought of Saint Francis and discerned a phantom friar in the mist. But let us see what the historians have to say. The Franciscan missionaries left San Diego for Monterey in October, 1769. Losing their coast bearings, they missed Monterey and journeyed on to the north until they found a splendid bay and harbor, which they called *San Francisco*. It was the custom of the *visitador*, or inspector-general of the Spanish Government, to select from the Calender the names of certain saints to whose patronage the new missions should be entrusted. When Padre Serra received instructions as to his journeyings the name of Saint Francis was omitted. "What!" said the excited Junipero, "is not our dear Father Saint Francis to have a Mission assigned to him?" The *visitador* replied: "If Saint Francis wish a mission let him show you a good port and then it will bear his name." Six weeks later, when they discovered, our wonderful bay, they cried out: *Este pues es el Puerto al que el Visitador el refirio y al cual San Francisco nos ha conducido. Bendito sea su nombre!* [This, then, is the port to which the *visitador* referred and to which Saint Francis has led us. Blessed be his

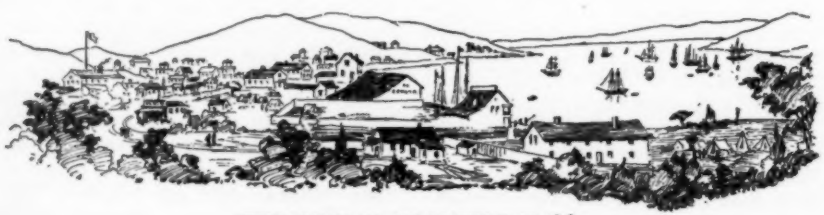
name!] and they called it San Francisco Bay. They set up the cross, took possession, and returned to San Diego, where they arrived January 24, 1770.

But one hundred and ninety years before this time Sir Francis Drake had cruised along the coast; so the older chroniclers—and their material has crept into the little school histories—incline to the opinion that since "a San Francisco Bay near latitude 39° N." was known to the Spaniards shortly after the voyage of Sir Francis Drake, they got their geographical data through him and gave his name to the bay. But this is hardly probable. Sir Francis was no hero to the Spaniards: he captured their towns in the West Indies; he burned a hundred of their ships from St. Vincent to Cadiz, and humorously referred to this naval skylark as "singeing the Spanish monarch's beard!" Moreover, he was Vice-Admiral under Lord Howard; so it is more reasonable for nineteenth century critics, tinctured somewhat with the philosophy-of-history habit, to assume that the Spaniards of the sixteenth century named a beautiful bay lying off the shores of their provinces out in New Spain after an Italian Saint whom they loved and revered, and not for an adventurous knight who was nothing more to them than a detested British pirate. *San Francisco* moreover is not the Spanish equivalent for Sir Francis; so the old chroniclers were mistaken, and *Saint* Francis not Sir Francis, is our patron.



ASSISI NESTLES CLOSE INTO THE BOSOM OF THE HILLS.

For a while in the early history of the State San Francisco was called Yerba Buena. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that a small patch of land down on the shores of the bay, two miles and a half northeast of Mission Dolores, was called Yerba Buena. The name had a musical lilt, and carried an invitation with it; here were magic weeds that might minister to the mind diseased as they did to the body; even the hard English of it was wholesome; it smacked of health and cheer and out-of-doors; but notwithstanding all this, every child of the light may be glad that the name of the bay was given to the city, when that name suggests so sweet and interesting



YERBA BUENA OR SAN FRANCISCO IN 1848.

a personality as that of Saint Francis of Assisi.

Assisi, a little mediæval town of Italy, perched up in the Apennines and overlooking the beautiful Umbrian Valley, was the birthplace of our saint. The old town, with its walls and roofs and campanili, nestles close into the bosom of the hills, high up above the lonely railway station. The road threads its winding way among olive orchards, vineyards and hedges of rose bushes, thick with pink bloom.

SAN FRANCISCO'S PATRON SAINT.

There an April morning makes a vision of almost unparalleled loveliness. The blue sky falls gently down upon the far-off tops of the green Apennines; the gleaming sun touches up to life the melancholy hues of olive foliage. Masses of immeasurable clouds float through the high blue, and cast black and purple shadows on the gorges of the mountains or move slowly over the wide fields below. The road, white and dusty—a silver trail gleaming on the mountain side—is the only spot of earth which is not gay and transfigured with grass and flowers. From every crack and crevice in the old gray stones that line the road great golden bunches of wall-flowers flaunt themselves like banners and fill the air with their delicious perfume. Like a brilliant patchwork, anemones, gladioli and stray narcissi flash among the grasses. Gradually the road climbs the hill, and from the city gates there breaks upon one's vision the whole splendor of valley, hills, Arno, woods, fields and sky, all mingled with the radiance of the streaming sun.

The very brilliancy and breadth and glory of the scene throws upon the spirits that melancholy which always comes with wide views of untouched loveliness.

So the little town with its impenetrable walls, narrow ways, deserted streets and silent houses, is not any more sad than the splendors of the great outside world beyond its walls. Here, seven hundred years ago, toward the close of the twelfth century, Saint Francis was born. His father was Pietro Bernardone, a shop-keeper of the little town; his mother was Madonna Pica. Every year Pietro Bernardone went to France to buy up costly stuffs for the feudal lords of the Apennines; and it was during one of these visits to the land of Troubadours that Francesco Bernardone was born. His mother called him Giovanni; but Pietro on his return, changed the name to Francesco out of love for the land of his excursions; and it was specially fitting that this remarkable child, who in his early manhood was to bring about "a hope and a renovation without end," should be identified from the beginning with a nation which has been the torch-bearer of civilization.

Francesco was a cheerful youth. His biographers, and there are many of them, tell us that he was fond of

society and of fine clothes. Never was there a young citizen more ready to embrace the delights of living than Francesco Bernardone. His imagination was captivated by the foreign minstrels, their fantastic trappings and their graceful ways. He had plenty of money, plenty of freedom, a fine voice, and the temperament of a poet. It is easy, therefore, to imagine him in his early youth, singing through the moonlit streets of hilly Assisi, and always the leader of his crowd.

But amid all this gayety, Francis had his serious moments. Down under this happy *sans souci* there were tragic elements at work in the young man's soul. As one instance of this, he had the fine clothes which it was his delight to wear, lined with the coarsest stuffs he could find: it was good, he thought, to make a mockery of the trivial daintiness which a fastidious temperament imposed upon him. One day, while standing in the marketplace selling the velvets, embroideries, and laces of his father's stock, he was accosted by a beggar. The whining "*Io poverino*" of the old Italian, worked on the highly-strung nerves of Francis, and the young salesman bade him be off. But a moment after, when his mind was free, he remembered with sharp compunction the man whom he had permitted to stray away unrelieved. He abandoned his stall and rushed after the beggar through the windings of the crowd. On finding him he emptied his *scarsella* or pouch into the hands of the beggar, and "made a solemn promise to God that from that day forth, he would never refuse an alms to anyone who should ask it of him, for the love of God." Probably that same night "the gayest, cleverest and most dashing member of the *corti* of Assisi;" banqueted his friends in his usual lavish and splendid manner.

In his twenty-fifth year Francis fell ill. It was during this time that his whole character underwent a change. Thomas of Celano, his earliest biographer, pauses here in his narrative and gives us a glimpse of the young man at this important moment. One day during his convalescence he dragged himself, panting and wearied, to the door of the house in which he lived and looked out upon the wonderful landscape which lay at his feet. "Its beauty and sweetness," says the old Franciscan chronicler, "delighted him no longer; henceforward he held that in contempt which he had hitherto held in admiration and love."

So Francis Bernardone rose from his sick bed an altered man. The curious, wistful eyes that had looked death in the face now looked upon life with an altered vision. The past became the "jumbled rubbish of a dream." Through introspection he had found his soul, and with the discovery came a sense of the deeper seriousness and importance of life. It was still the age of chivalry, when every armed man was bound to redress wrongs and succor weakness, so the first impulse of Francis was to surrender himself to a life of military service; but he soon learned that the fire which burned in his heart was the fire of love and sacrifice, and not that of military ardor.

When the Count de Brienne made war to recover the Sicilies from Frederick II, Francis joined him. On his way south, before reaching Spoleto, he had a mysterious dream. A palace stood before him in the halls and chambers of which were treasures and wealth inestimable. The walls were adorned with rare and costly weapons and noble suits of armor. Each piece was marked with a cross. Francis asked the meaning of it all, and a Voice announced that it belonged to him and to his soldiers. Francis took the literal meaning of the words and providing himself with a horse and armor, hurried on to Sicily. But at Spoleto he had another dream. The same Voice asked him about his aim in life. "Earthly honor," Francis answered. "And which of the two can you serve more," the Voice further asked, "the master or the servant?

And why," It continued, "will you forsake the master for the slave?" "O, Lord, what shall I do?" cried Francis, eagerly. "Return unto the city and there it shall be told you what to do and how you may interpret this vision."

He went back to Assisi and the vision became to him a command from on high, which he obeyed by founding his order of Friars Minor, an order of spiritual knights-errant, instituted like its secular counterpart, for the redressing of wrongs and for the defence of the helpless and the oppressed.

Up to this time, by birth, education and tradition, the monk belonged to the aristocratic class. He was a gentleman and a scholar, and for him the cloister meant escape from the turmoils and dissensions of a distracted age. This was especially so in Italy, in the thirteenth century, where a certain fierce municipal rivalry was the source of continual bloodshed. The long and bitter strife between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the party of the Church and that of the Empire, was also in active existence. Kings fought and the people bled at every pore. The monastic bodies, hampered by their great wealth, vast possessions and almost unlimited power, were losing their old fervor. The misery of the poor was very great. The older simplicity of life was gone, and the rich went on accumulating riches, living in luxury and imposing terrible burdens upon the people. Such was the condition of society when Francis Bernardone had his vision at Spoleto and went back to Assisi to establish an order which was to regenerate his age.

I should like to pause here and dwell on the growth of this remarkable soul from the hour when he chose Poverty to be his bride, up to the first great Chapter held at the Portiuncula in 1219, when seven thousand of his followers celebrated with him their Pentecost; but I hurry on, as I purpose to deal with his character as reformer, as poet and as an influence in art and refer the interested reader to the "History of St. Francis of Assisi" by the Abbé Limonier, to Mrs. Oliphant's "Francis of Assisi," to Dr. Jessop's "Coming of the Friars," and

THE AWFUL STORY OF THE PASSION WAS CARRIED TO THE PEOPLE.

to the "*Fioretti*" or "Little Flowers of St. Francis," a collection of marvelous stories about the saint recently translated from the early Italian.

That the influence of so gentle, mild and loving a nature as that of Saint Francis should help to shake the whole feudal system, is one of the paradoxes of history. Yet when we reflect on the personality of the man and on the character of the message which he delivered to his age, we cease to marvel. Moreover, Europe had sickened over the losses and misfortunes of nearly two centuries. Feudalism, which in its proud ages refused to recognize a middle class, had received a shock from the crusades. When the baron came back from the wars he found himself much poorer than when he went away. The artisans of the leading guilds became enriched through the necessities of the upper classes, and were no longer a servile race. The rights of men were beginning to be acknowledged and St. Francis took up the cry of equality and resolved it into an aspiration for human brotherhood. "He transformed monachism by uprooting the stationary monk, delivering him from the bondage of property, and sending him as a mendicant friar, to be a stranger and sojourner, not in the wilderness, but in the most crowded haunts of men to console them and to do them good. This popular instinct is at the bottom of his famous marriage with Poverty. Poverty and suffering are the condition of the people, the multitude, the immense majority of mankind; and it was towards this *people* that his soul yearned."

Were his followers not *Frati*, the brothers of every man, though, as St. Francis loved to remind them, *Minores* also, less than the very least?

This great man understood little and cared less for the terms of art which the dialectitians of his age dispensed so freely; and so it was that the Franciscan movement was essentially moral, and neither scholastic nor theological. Eleven hundred years before, twelve men, with no other equipment than the Divine words of the Gospel, changed the face of the world. Could these words do less now? And so the poor had the Gospel preached to them by the poor; for St. Francis and his brethren were lovers of poverty and owned nothing in the world but the brown robes that covered them.

To the wordly multitudes around him St. Francis cried: "You cannot serve God and Mammon."

To own property was to be in bondage; to have riches was to be enslaved. To the letter, St. Francis interpreted the words of his Master: "Sell what thou hast and give it to the poor, and come and follow me."

The peace of God, the love of God, the mysterious and awful story of the Passion were carried to the people. The very life of Christ was imitated before them.

It would seem as if this greatest Life seized upon his imagination as the lives of other heroes seize upon the imaginations of other men. To him it was a case of entire self-surrender; of following Christ in a life of detachment and austerity, or not at all.

To most people a saint is a very indifferent personage; half-mythical, half-historical, entitled perhaps to the consideration of the devout, but not to be taken seriously in an intellectual way. The hero-worshippers of the nineteenth century have some how frowned upon the saints. Only the less orthodox among them have had a philosophy wide enough to take in these heroes of yesterday; for heroes the saints were, until the religious estrangement of the sixteenth century cut off mediæval Christianity from a large section of the modern Christian world. The English Pasitivists are educating their contemporaries into an appreciation of the old Catholic idea of individual merit. Their "choir invisible" has its voices of the old saints as well as its salvos and harmonies of a newer and later order. To this philisophico-religious

system the names of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas open up a vista as inviting as the names of Plato and Spinoza; its novelist has built up perhaps her best novel—"Middlemarch"—around the idea of Saint Theresa. Emerson, though he has given us no saint in his chapters of "Representative Men," has recognized in stray allusions here and there that the lives of the saints hold many of the sublimest ideals of the world's spiritual phenomena. But this appreciation is indeed rare. There is only a too general tendency to leave the saints in the litany where an indifferent and mistaken generation has convinced itself they belong. The biographers are somewhat to blame for these neglected biographies. Too often they have given us a halo for a physiognomy, reminding us of those very things which, for the time being, we needed to forget. The very fact that men and women are saints sets a chasm between them and us. Their perfection embarrasses our imperfection; their virtue alienates them from us; they have been lifted up so high by the great hand of the Church that somehow they seem inaccessible to struggling sinners like ourselves. And so it is that the wise and careful biographer will first show us the man or woman and afterward

FOLLOWERS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. FRANCIS.

the saint. There have been a few such biographers; not many. It remains for the future hagiologist — at least in the English language—to represent the saints "to be what they were in truth, not stones but men; not angels, but human beings; not an unfeeling mob predestined to glory, but sensitive souls who sweat blood with Christ; and who first and last on earth and in heaven, have thought, worked, and prayed for us as if we were their children."

Saint Francis of Assisi is one of the most human and lovable saints on the Calender. Though he practiced in the highest degree those virtues which are the very essence of the religious sentiment, he never became the least hard. The austerities which narrow and sadden less buoyant natures only made our saint more cheerful. His heart overflowed with sympathy for man and beast. God's creatures they were, and as such he loved them. We of a later age talk arrogantly of "an animal kingdom" and a "vegetable kingdom." Nature has been handed over to the classifiers. We have lost the cosmic sense. What wonder that we are sad!

To St. Francis the whole world was a pageant of God's glory, a poem to his goodness. Not only was every man his brother, but every animal also; the sheep on the hillside; the birds on the trees; the "brother-ass" on which he rode; the "sister-bees" who swarmed around him for protection. "He was the friend of everything that suffered and rejoiced," says Mrs. Oliphant in her delightful biography; "no emotion went beyond his sympathy; his heart rose to see the gladness of nature and melted over the distresses of the smallest and meanest creature on the face of the earth. And by this divine right of nature everything trusted in him."

Overcome by his sweetness, his gentleness, and that strange combination of majesty and simplicity which belongs to all great natures, the wildest creatures were gentle and tame to him. An enthusiastic biographer calls him "a mediæval Orpheus." The sheep and lambs grazing in the Umbrian fields, on hearing him salute them as "Sisters," would leave their pastures "and run to him, fixing their eyes upon him; and so gladly did they frolic round him," says St. Bonaventura, "that the friars and shepherds marveled."

One day at the village of Gubbio a live leveret was brought to him, probably to serve him for a meal. When he saw the tiny hare he was moved to pity and said: "Little brother leveret, come to me. Why hast thou let thyself be taken?" The nervous, trembling little creature escaped out of the hands that held it and fled to Francis, taking refuge in the folds of his brown habit. And when with quaint formality he gave it permission to go back to the woods it nestled still closer against the dear heart of its rescuer; finally it was sent back to the fields. What a lesson for the brother who had intended it for the stew-pan!

The same story is told of a wild rabbit which took refuge with him in an island on the lake of Perugia. "It still returned unto the Father's bosom as if it had some hidden sense of the pitifulness of his heart," says the poetic narrative of Bonaventura. Perhaps the prettiest story out of the *Fioretti* is the following: "One day our blessed Father St. Francis was walking with a certain friar near the Lagune of Venice; in the trees by the roadside were an infinite multitude of birds. He said to his companion: 'Our sisters, the birds, praise their Creator; let us go, therefore, into the midst of them, and sing the Canonical Hours to the Lord.' And when they went into their midst the birds kept on singing until our dear Father St. Francis said: 'My sisters, little birds, cease your singing until we have fulfilled our duty in praising God.' And the birds hushed at once and remained silent until the Office was fully said. And then he preached a sermon to the birds who had gathered around his

feet; and suddenly those which were in the trees over his head came down to him, and they all stood quietly until our dear Father had done preaching and did not depart until such time as he gave them his blessing."

The ants were not so dear to St. Francis as other living things; their habits of thrift, their general nervous acquisitiveness offended the soul of our saint; he used to say that he much preferred the birds, because they did not spend their time to-day laying up things for to-morrow. In an age which painted Death grotesquely on its bridges and on the walls of its cemeteries — a hideous skeleton beating a drum and dancing off with his deluded victims— St. Francis called on *Sister* Death. Is there another passage in the whole range of literature which so touchingly disarms death of all its terrors? Writing about it, Matthew Arnold says: "The philosophy of the pagan admits as much of the world as is pleasure-giving; the philosophy of St. Francis admits the whole world, rough and smooth, painful and pleasure-giving, all alike, but all transfigured by the power of a spiritual emotion, all brought under a law of super-sensual love, having its seat in the soul. It can thus even say: 'Praised be my Lord for *our sister the death of the body*.'"

St. Francis was the first Italian poet. Up to his time France possessed an unchallenged predominance over the heart and imagination of Europe; and the Italian language, so soon to be the first of modern languages to strike the classic note in literature, did not then exist. Spain and Portugal could boast of singers, but "the soft bastard Latin" of the Italian had not yet found its poet. The old classic language was the medium for everything beyond the commonest affairs of life excepting in the case of those songs of love and chivalry which "the Provencals had stolen out of the stately keeping of the old language."

It remained for St. Francis and the poet-friars of his order to lift up the common language of the people; that language which in so short a time was to blossom into the glowing metaphors of Dante and into Machiavelli's polished and luminous prose. It was characteristic of our saint—of the man who frowned on the distinctions of class, whose ideals, straight from the heart of the Gospel, upset the tyrannous conditions of the feudal system— not to disdain the simple language of the peasant folk. To his sweet impartial spirit it seemed unjust and discourteous that the sentiment of a people should be locked up in a language with which the majority of them were not familiar. And so the quaint and unskilled rhymes of Francis and his followers were the beginning of vernacular poetry in Italy.

It is not claimed for St. Francis that he was a great poet; but he had that susceptibility to every impression of beauty and mystery in nature which is always the highest and best part of the poet's endowment. His "Canticle of the Creatures" or Canticle of the Sun," was composed by him in 1224. If according to the old adage

HE PREACHED A SERMON TO TO THE BIRDS.

the translator is the traitor, he is specially so in this instance, where the poets vocabulary was taken from the very lips of the people, and where the artlessness of his language and his irregularity in rhythm set at defiance every rule of translation:

CANTICO DELLE CREATURE.

Altissimo, omnipotente, bon Signore
Tue son le laude, la gloria, et l'onore,
Et ogni benedictione,
A te solo se confano,
Et nullo homo e degno di nominarte.

Laudato sia Dio mio signore
Cum tutte le creature,
Specialmente messer lo frate sole,
Il quale giorna et illumina nui per lui,
Et ello e bello et radiante cum grande splendore,
De te Signore porta significatione.

Laudato sia mio Signore
Per suor luna et per le stelle,
In cielo le hai formate clare e belle.

Laudato sia mio Signore per frate vento,
Et per l'aire et nuvolo, et sereno et ogni tempo;
Per le quale dai a le tue creature sostentamento.

Laudato sia mio Signore per suor aqua,
La quale e molto utile et humile et pretiosa et casta.

Laudato sia mio signore per frate foco
Per lo quale tu alumini le nocte
Et ello e bello et jocundo e robustissimo et forte.

Laudato sia mio Signore per nostra madre terra
La quale ne sostenta et guberna
Et produce diversi fructi et coloriti fiori et herba.

Laudato sia mio Signore
Per quelle che perdonano per lo tuo amore
Et sosteneno infirmitade et tribulatione,
Beate quelli che sostenerano in pace,
Che da ti, Altissimo serano incoronati.

Laudato sia mio Signore per suor nostra morte corporale,
Da la quale nullo homo vivente puo scampare.
Guai e quelli che more in peccato mortale!
Beati quelli che se trovano nele tue sanctissime voluntate
Che la morte secunda non li pora far male.

Laudato et benedicite mio Signore et regratiate
Et servite a lui cum grande humilitade.

"This poem," says Frederic Ozanam in his *Les Poetes Franciscains* "comes to us like a breath from that earthly paradise of Umbria where the sky is so bright and the earth so full of flowers. The language has all the simplicity of a new-born idiom; the rhymth shows all the inexperience of a poetry untrained which satifies indulgent ears at small expense. Sometimes rhyme is replaced by simple *assonance;* sometimes it occurs only at the beginning and end of a stanza. The fastidious writer will find some difficulty in recognizing in it the rules and conditions of a lyrical composition. It is nothing but a cry; but it is the cry of a new-born poetry destined to grow and to make itself heard through the whole earth."

Kathleen O'Meara's translation, which carries the whole spirit of the original, runs as follows:

CANTICLE OF THE CREATURES.

Most high, most powerful, and kind Lord, to whom belong all praise, glory and benediction!

They are due to Thee alone, because of all creatures and chiefly for our brother, my Lord, the sun, who giveth us the day and the light! He is beautiful and shines with a great splendor and bears testimony unto Thee, O my God!

Praised be thou, my Lord, for our sister the Moon and for the Stars! Thou hast formed them in the heavens bright and fair.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for my brother, the Wind, for the Air and the Clouds, for the Calm and all the Weathers! For it is by this that thou dost uphold all creatures.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for our sister the Water, which is very useful, humble, precious and chaste.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for our brother the Fire! By him Thou dost illumine the darkness; he is beautiful and pleasant to see, dauntless and strong.

Praised be Thou, my Lord, for our mother, the Earth which supports and nourisheth us and brings forth fruits of divers sorts, the grass of the field and the variegated flowers!

Praised be thou, my Lord, because of those who forgive for thy sake, and for love of Thee patiently bear infirmities and tribulation! Happy they who persevere in peace, for they shall be crowned by the Most High!

Praised be Thou, my Lord, because of our Sister the Death of the body, from which no man can escape! Woe to those who die in mortal sin! Happy they who at the hour of death are conformed to Thy holy will—for then the second death cannot hurt them.

Praise and bless my Lord, give Him thanks and serve Him with great humility."

To St. Francis, as to one of our modern poets, "Earth was crammed with heaven and every bush aflame with God." Here in this canticle we have the whole of earth from the great burning sun down to the very weeds, and God behind it all.

Our poet-saint, out among the fields proclaiming his kinship with the sun and moon and wind and fire and stars, reminds us of Plato's primitive man gazing in rapturous wonder at the sunrise. The poets attitude of surprise was the every-day mood of Francis; things were eternally fresh and new to him. His feeling for the beautiful, his almost Pantheism (if underneath it all were not the love and worship of God) remind one at times of Wordsworth; but there is a gloom in the Intimations of Immortality which we do not find in St. Francis. Here in this hymn is a fulness of delight only too rare in modern literature: the brooding spirit did not belong to the Man of Assisi; his was a spirit of fire. For our poet-saint who drew from the spiritual world so much gladness and content

THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS AT ASSISI.

there could not pass away a glory from the earth. Rather did his rapture run over upon the material world and transfigure it.

Some of the mystical poems of St. Francis have been compared to certain lyrics by William Black. There are passages in the "Book of Thel" which carry the mind straight to the chivalric ideas and rich imaginative coloring of "Love sets my Heart on Fire;" the same fulness of allegory, the same depth of mysticism characterize both poems; and yet a little incident out of the life of Blake shows a deeper analogy between the two men. One day a lovely child of wealthy parents was brought to William Blake as he sat in his old worn clothes only one degree from absolute bareness. He looked at her kindly for a long while without speaking and then stroking her head and long bright curls he said: "May God make this world as beautiful to you, my child, as it has been to me!" It might almost have been St. Francis.

The Church of St. Francis at Assisi is the wonder and glory of the Christain world. There is no church in Europe to be classified with it, as there is no saint on the calender with so distinct and lovable a personality as that of St. Francis. It embodies the whole art and genuis of the middle ages. Append to it Dante and the Fioretti of St. Francis, and according to Taine "it becomes the masterpiece of mystic Christianity." Within thirty years after his death this, to us, late-blooming flower of the thirteenth century sprang up and blossomed out of stone. On the walls and arches of this Assisi church Giotto and Cimabue worked out those exquisite ideals which two centuries later found their loftiest expression in Raphael. But one turns from the splendid angels, madonnas, and sybils of the Renaissance—from "the posturing and beautiful deceit" of Raphael—to the artists of the earlier age, when men caught the enthusiasm of the religious life around them. The painters of the Renaissance had no religious passion to express; as the leader of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood phrased it: "They thought of the Madonna very

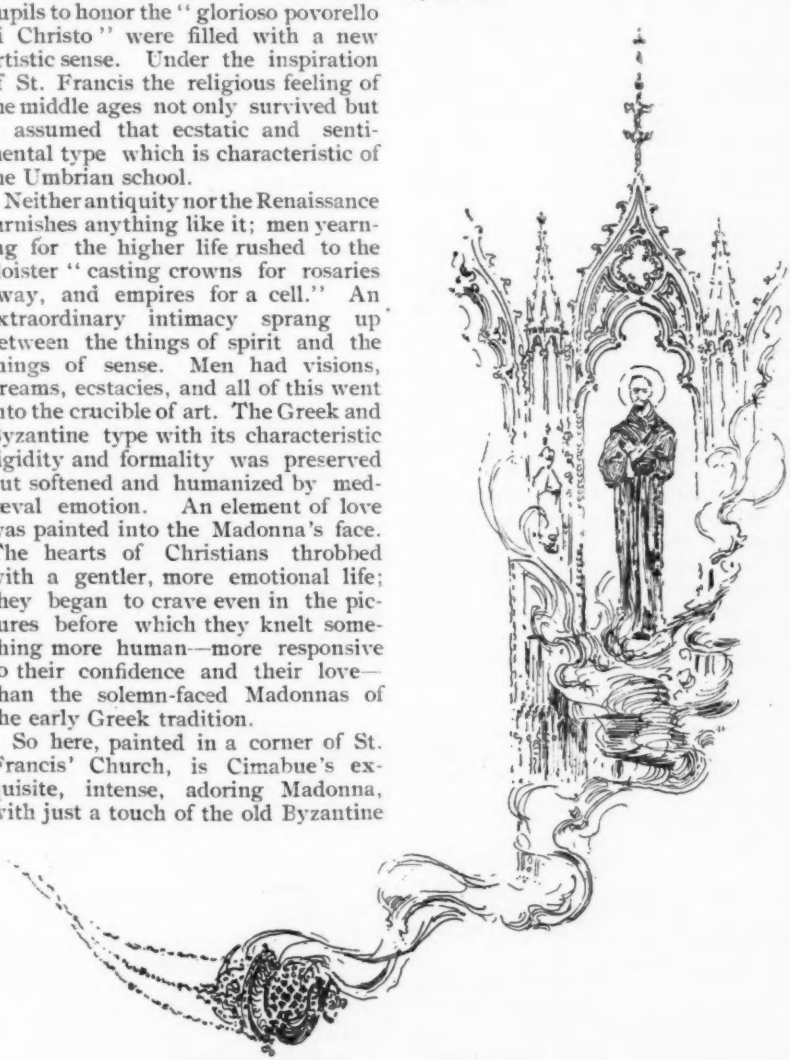
IT EMBODIES THE WHOLE ART AND GENIUS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

calmly and had no desire to pour out the treasures of earth at her feet, or crown her brows with the golden shafts of heaven." But here in Assisi, these faded mystic canvases tell us that the artists were possessed with a burning desire to show what their love and reverence could achieve. The masters who came with their pupils to honor the "glorioso povorello di Christo" were filled with a new artistic sense. Under the inspiration of St. Francis the religious feeling of the middle ages not only survived but it assumed that ecstatic and sentimental type which is characteristic of the Umbrian school.

Neither antiquity nor the Renaissance furnishes anything like it; men yearning for the higher life rushed to the cloister "casting crowns for rosaries away, and empires for a cell." An extraordinary intimacy sprang up between the things of spirit and the things of sense. Men had visions, dreams, ecstacies, and all of this went into the crucible of art. The Greek and Byzantine type with its characteristic rigidity and formality was preserved but softened and humanized by mediæval emotion. An element of love was painted into the Madonna's face. The hearts of Christians throbbed with a gentler, more emotional life; they began to crave even in the pictures before which they knelt something more human—more responsive to their confidence and their love—than the solemn-faced Madonnas of the early Greek tradition.

So here, painted in a corner of St. Francis' Church, is Cimabue's exquisite, intense, adoring Madonna, with just a touch of the old Byzantine immobility. Who that has seen it can be out of sympathy with Ruskin in his declaration that "the Queen-Virgin sank into an Italian mother in Raphael's Madonna of the Chair?"

No one has more accurately caught the subtle charm of this wonderful church than the late James Addington-Symonds:



"The whole low-vaulted building glows duskily, the frescoed roof, the stained windows, the figure-crowded pavements blending their rich but subdued colors like hues upon some marvelous moth's wings, or like a rainbow mist discerned in twilight dreams or like such tapestry as Eastern queens in ancient days, wrought for the pavilion of an Empress. Forth from this maze of mingling tints, indefinite in shade and sunbeams, lean earnest, saintly faces—ineffably pure—adoring, pitying, pleading; raising their eyes in ecstasy to heaven, or turning them in ruth toward earth.

Men and women of whom the world was not worthy at the hands of these old painters they have received the divine grace, the dove-like simplicity, whereof Italians in the fourteenth century possessed the irrecoverable secret. Over the whole scene—in the architecture, in the frescoes, in the colored windows, in the gloom, on the people, in the incense, from the chiming bells, through the music—broods one spirit: the spirit of him who was 'the co-espoused, co-transforate with Christ, the ardent, the radiant, the beautiful in soul; the suffering, the strong, the sinful, the victorious over self and sin; the celestial who trampled upon earth and rose on wings of ecstasy to heaven. Far down below the feet of those who worship God through him, St. Francis sleeps; but his soul, the incorruptible part of him, the message he gave the world, is in the spaces round us. This is his temple. He fills it like an unseen god."

Six hundred years have passed since St. Francis trod the Umbrian roads, spreading the fire and love of his spirit. Since then the world has swung through many changes, has been burned in many fires and in many agonies has faced the birth of new truths. We have traveled so far away from the spirit of the mediæval period that we have almost completed the circle. Unconsciously we are making our way back to the old ideals; to grasp as a moral stimulus the old fire of self-sacrifice and common love. What else is meant by our vague strivings after universal brotherhood, our dream of the "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world?" It is merely the farthest shoreward ring of that ripple which St. Francis made when he dropped into the sea of men's affections, this gauntlet against the avarice and selfishness of the favored classes in his days.

Tennyson, the very embodiment of the temperament of the nineteenth century, in his arraignments of the faults and category of the virtues of the age, cried out—

"Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again!"

The loving, merciful personality of *Pierre Loti*, the French Academician, has thrilled the heart of the multitude with his gospel of universal love. Even the much-maligned Ouida has called upon the spirit of St. Francis to come again and fill our hearts and move our wills to good. And his spirit is alive among us. Whenever we are moved to pity or gentleness or mercy it is an echo from the cries of love that came from the burning lips of the friar of Assisi.

EXPRESSION.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

Words have not power to rightly bear
  The message of my soul to thee,
It lives but felt, unuttered there,
  In deepest cells of secrecy.

But when into thine eyes I look
  And touch thy warm and trembling hand,
I read thy spirit as a book,
  And know that thou dost understand.

EXECUTIVE ENCROACHMENTS.

BY GENERAL N. P. CHIPMAN.

RECENT and current political events are compelling the public mind to consider what are the true and just functions and powers of the President. At this writing (October, 1893) the leading daily journals in all parts of the country, and not always journals unfavorable to his party, concur in declaring that the President is rapidly concentrating all the powers of government in the Executive; that he is dictating to the courts in the matter of prosecutions under the Geary Act; that he has suspended the execution of that law; that he is coercing Congress to pass laws relating to finance and other questions agreeably to his personal convictions; that he is using the executive power of appointment to enforce his personal views as to legislation; that he arrogates to his office the right to use every official means at his command to compel Congress to pass laws in conformity to his personal judgment. These are grave and serious charges and, made against a man who but yesterday had the confidence of the American people in a high degree, must challenge public attention and must be accorded more than passing comment.

Whatever of truth there may be in these alarms, some good will come of them, if the people can be made to realize the danger lurking in our indifference to or acquiesence in usurpations of unwarranted power by the Executive.

It is not proposed in this article to personally attack Mr. Cleveland; I respect him and his high office; I freely accord to him patriotic motives. His personality is not necessarily involved. But I assert and shall endeavor to show that no greater danger can ever befall this nation than when we shall concede to the Executive the constitutional power to conceive and enforce legislative policies. The time is opportune for the discussion, and it should be had in a calm and judicial spirit. Mr. Cleveland is the exponent of a construction of our fundamental law which has been steadily growing, and has been enforced by other Presidents, but which has too long escaped public censure and criticism. He will have done our country a signal service, if by his alleged usurpations he shall have aroused public thought and shall have brought the judgment of the people to a proper understanding of Executive limitations. It will not hurt even partisans to halt a moment and re-examine our fundamental law and recall the scheme of government handed down to us by the Fathers of the Republic. Every intelligent person understands that when we emerged from the British yoke and formed a Government of our own under a permanent union of the States, the framers of our Constitution wisely and carefully divided the powers of Government into three separate departments—Legislative, Executive and Judicial—and all powers not given to one or the other of these departments were reserved to the people or to the States.

Article I, Section 1, declares:

"All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."

It needs no argument to show that when all legislative powers were given to Congress none remained to be given to, or to be exercised by, the President.

Then follows in this sacred instrument a careful definition of these powers and to what subjects they

extend. The President in no wise is made a party to the exercise of these powers, except so far as his veto may arrest legislation, and of this I will speak later on.

Article II, Section 1, declares:

"The Executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States."

Section 2 defines the various powers conferred, and it may be well to carefully summarize them, for it will be seen that nowhere in this enumeration can any warrant be found for the exercise of legislative functions.

The President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States and of the militia of the several States when called into active service of the United States; he may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices, and he shall have the power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States.—(Sec. 2.)

Then follow the provisions as to making treaties, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate: the power to nominate, and with the advice and consent of the Senate to appoint certain officers. He shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, to recommend consideration of such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient; he may on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses, or either of them; in case of disagreement between them he may adjourn them to such time as he may deem proper; he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.—(Sec. 2.)

These comprise all the powers of the Executive as conferred by Article II.

In Article I, defining the legislative powers, will be found the provision relating to the veto, and this makes up the sum of the Executive powers.

"Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President. If he approves, he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his objection, to the House in which it shall have originated.

"If both Houses pass it on reconsideration by two-thirds, it shall become a law without the Presidential approval.

"If any bill shall not have been returned by the President in ten days after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall become a law in like manner as if he had signed it; unless Congress by adjournment prevents its return, in which case it shall not become a law."

In so far only as the veto power is related to legislation has the President even a voice; but I hope to show that this power was never intended to be used as a weapon reaching back to the origin of legislative measures, and to be a sort of sword of Damocles hanging over Congress as a coercive instrumentality. I will come to this presently.

Looking then to articles I and II, can anything be found suggesting that the Executive has the power to originate and enforce legislative policies?

What are legislative powers? Judge Cooley in his work on Constitutional Limitation, says:

"Legislative power we understand to be the authority under the Constitution to make laws and to alter and repeal them." (Page 110.)

Chief Justice Marshall said:

"The difference between the departments undoubtedly is, that the Legislative makes, the Executive executes, and the Judiciary construes the law." (10 Wheaton, 16.)

"One of the most notable features in American Constitutional laws," says Judge Cooley, "is the care which has been taken to separate legislative, executive and judicial functions. It has evidently been the intention of the people in every State that the exercise of each should rest with a separate department. The different classes of power have been apportioned to different departments; and as all derive their authority from the same instrument, there is an implied exclusion of each department from exercising the functions conferred upon the others."—Cooley on Lim. 106.

The power to make laws, vested in the Congress, comprehends about everything with which the people parted in forming the Government. Until Congress acts there is nothing for the Executive to execute or the Judiciary to interpret. That the people ever intended the Executive to make their laws or to compel Congress to make them to his liking

cannot for a moment be conceded. No more can it be conceded that the Executive may nullify a law by refusing to execute it because obnoxious to his judgment.

The idea of popular government finds its expresssion solely in the legislative branch of government. Here, and here alone, the voice of the people is reflected. The President is chosen to execute the laws enacted by the people through their Legislature, and he is not chosen to make the laws himself, or what is the equivalent—to use his executive power to coerce Congress to make laws of his choice only. If we concede to the President the right to use his high office to bring about particular legislature, the step is an easy one to concede his power to nullify obnoxious Statute. Let us see how logically true this must be. He first presents his measure and insists upon its passage. Congress does not agree with him and passes a different measure altogether. He vetoes it; Congress passes it over his veto. He then nullifies it by refusing to execute the law. And if he is to arrogate to himself superior judgment, why should he not nullify the law?

The Silver Question recently before Congress may illustrate my meaning.

It is manifest that Mr. Cleveland is a strong monometalist. His determination to defeat free silver coinage is conceded. The issue is a living vital one in National politics. No party has dared to declare against it. A party avowedly in favor of it chose twenty-three Electors in the Presidential policy. To what extent has the President a Constitutional right to interpose Executive powers to defeat legislation looking to free coinage? Let us concede that he has the right to use all his influence to warn Congress of the danger which he individually sees in it; let us concede that he may to some extent use his patronage or power to bestow office so as to weaken the influence of the silver men and strengthen the influence of the monometalist in Congress (although this is a most dangerous concession to make); let us concede his right to formulate the argument against free coinage and convey it by special message to Congress, as he may do, the question recurs—Has he the Constitutional right to override by his veto the will of the people expressed through the deliberate Act of both Houses of Congress? He has the veto power, and no court can restrain him from using it. If the bill comes to him within the last ten days of the session he can kill it by the use of the pigeon hole; if before that and he returns it with his objections, it may become a law by the vote of two-thirds of both Houses; but has he the right to say that a measure that has been under discussion by the people for several years and has had the deliberative consideration of Congress shall not become a law unless by a vote of two-thirds of all the members of Congress, and this in a government of majority rule?

We are brought at once to confront the all important proposition—Shall we concede to the Executive the right to exercise his personal, independent judgment upon questions purely of legislative policy?

Let not the monometalist answer this in the affirmative simply because the Executive mind agrees with his. The very next great public measure may be one upon which the Executive will disagree with those whom he had before greatly pleased. And it comes to this—that all the important legislation of the country must pass the crucible of Executive judgment and the Executive must ultimately determine the policies that shall control. If we concede to the President the right as Executive to enforce his personally conceived legislative policies, we must concede also his right to use all his vast powers to that end. But this makes of him practically a despot and our free institutions an empty mockery. He stands armed with the appointing power of the heads of all the Executive Departments, and

through them of all their subordinates, which means the power to appoint to, or remove from, office persons of influence in every country and town in every State of the Union. The employees of the Government whose official life depends upon the will of the President directly or indirectly are equal to one out of every ten of the entire voting population. This vast army of chiefs and subordinates are given official life largely through the solicitations of Congressmen. Probably not one per cent. are appointed except through Congressional influence. Here then we have a tremendous lever which the President may rightfully use to carry out his designs if he may rightfully conceive and enforce legislative policies. To be in favor at the White House and to secure appointments to office makes the aspiring Congressmen strong at home. In a thousand ways the President and his Chiefs of Departments may build up and strengthen or they may pull down and destroy our Representatives. If we regard the President as acting only within his appropriate sphere and in his true capacity of Executive officer, we fail to find any motive for misuse of these irresistible influences (unless it may be to secure a reelection, and that belongs to another danger threatening us). But if it is to be admitted that he may legislate for the country, then we at once find a motive for using every means within his reach to make laws to suit himself. Consider also his power through the Executive Departments in carrying out laws passed. He may, for example, dole out appropriations or refuse to allow expenditures to be made for the public welfare. He may stop work on public buildings or rivers and harbors until some recalcitrant Senator or Member of the House yields to his demands; he may refuse to appoint to office where vacancies exist or to remove unworthy officers; he may suspend the operation of a law until he can compel its modification, as in the case of the Geary Act. In short, his power to compel legislation is almost unlimited if we concede to him the right to enforce a legislative policy. Over the judiciary also the shadow of this monarch may fall. He may appoint to the Federal Bench only such men as may promise to register his decrees or are known to entertain views in harmony with his. To bring the precise question more vividly before us, let us suppose that the Supreme Court by a majority took it into their judicial heads that they had, as a co-ordinate branch of Government, the right to entertain and enforce by judicial power views of legislative policy. The Judicial Department is no more distinct from the Legislative than is the Executive. How long would Congress permit this Court to wilfully nullify a valid law? And yet the Judicial power has its limitations just as has the Executive, and neither the one nor the other can constitutionally go beyond them.

The intelligent reader will recall President Andrew Johnson's efforts to force upon the country what he termed "My policy." In his tour over the country, stigmatized as "swinging around the circle," he openly attacked Congress and defied its power and declared his purpose to enforce a policy of his own relating to the seceded States. He cut loose from the party that had elected him and undertook to defeat by his vote all measures of reconstruction proposed by Congress, and so bold was his contempt of the legislative department, and so determined was his conduct in defiance of Congress, that Articles of Impeachment were presented against him by the House, and he escaped conviction by one vote only, and that vote openly charged to have been purchased. This historical episode, the most remarkable of a century, should admonish the Executive Department to keep well within its defined limitations.

Apart from these considerations he holds the veto, with which he stands ready to strike down obnoxious legis-

lation, or it may be used in retaliation. He may say "this bill shall not have my approval unless that bill is also passed." And this brings me to consider the most dangerous weapon placed by our Constitution in Executive hands.

That the veto power may be exercised in a way to control legislative policies must be apparent, and if it was given to the President to be exercised by him whenever his individual judgment might disagree with Congress, and to enable him upon all matters of public or private concern to defeat legislation which he might disapprove, then is it a legitimate weapon to be used like a ballot or a vote just as the President may please. But nothing is further from the true office of the veto, and to so use it is as much a violation of the Constitution as to refuse to execute a law of Congress.

I venture to assert that no more subtle and dangerous encroachment upon our fundamental law is threatened than through abuse of this power, and upon no question is there greater confusion of ideas as to the origin and purpose of the veto. With most persons who look no further than to the text of the Constitution, it has been supposed that if the President has the power to veto a bill and no limitations are expressed, he may rightfully veto any and every measure formulated by Congress, and unless Congress pass it by a two-thirds vote, the matter must there end and no one can complain. But we might as well fold our hands and allow a general jail delivery to take place by executive pardon as to tamely submit to an indiscriminate use of the veto. There are implied limitations to the veto power, beyond which the President may not go, as there are in the exercise of the pardoning power. These limitations grow out of the nature of the power itself and are found also in its history and object, which it is my purpose now to briefly point out,

The grave error commonly indulged is that because all bills must go to the President for approval that he therefore constitutes a part of the Legislative Department. But we have seen that when a bill is presented to him and is not returned within ten days (unless Congress sooner adjourn) it becomes a law without his approval, which could not be true if the Executive were a part of the Legislative Department. Again, if he returns the bill with his objections, Congress may make it a law by a two-thirds vote in its favor.

Our veto cannot be said to come from the British Constitution, for it is absolute and when exercised forbids the law altogether. Besides, the power had become obsolete and had not been exercised for over a century when we framed our instrument. But even there the power was, as Mr. Blackstone shows, "the power of resisting rather than resolving," and was designed to protect the Executive against encroachments upon the powers and prerogatives of the King.

The Romans in an early day gave the Tribune the absolute veto, as afterwards was given to the King of Great Britain. But in modern France where we find the Latin race as more advanced artificers of government, the President is not given a veto.

Does it not seem somewhat of an imputation against the wisdom of our Congress when we find Great Britain getting along without resort to the veto for two hundred years, and France absolutely eliminating it from the Executive, while Mr. Cleveland found it necessary to veto 413 bills in one term of office. Either Congress is wholly unsafe or else the President is departing from his line of duty.

In our Constitutional Convention the question was much discussed and opinions differed widely, some members opposing it altogether, while some contended for a three-fourths vote to overcome the veto. No one, however, contended for it as a part of the legislative power, but rather as a check, as also was the power of impeach-

ment given to Congress to be a check upon the Executive and the Judiciary. We might as well contend that because the House may impeach and the Senate try the Articles as a Court of Impeachment, therefore Congress shares the functions of the Judicial Department, as to say that because the President has a veto upon legislation the Executive branch is a part of the Legislative department.

Mr. Hamilton in No. 75 of the Federalist said:

"The primary inducement to conferring the power in question upon the Executive is to enable him to defend himself; the secondary is to increase the chances of the community against the passing of bad laws *through haste, inadvertance or design.*"

This was the universally accepted meaning at the adoption of the Constitution. There was no suggestion by any one that the power conferred upon the President the right to interpose his personal and individual judgment, and yet this is precisely what is now being done.

President Grant in many instances vetoed bills for the relief of individuals although passed after deliberation and full reports and debates. In the case of Nelson Tiffany, a Union soldier, for whose relief Congress passed a bill, General Grant returned it upon his personal judgment, and the House again passed the bill by a vote of 178 yeas to one nay, and the Senate by forty yeas and no nays.

Mr. Cleveland in his first term returned 250 pension and relief bills where his private judgment differed from that of Congress, and he pocketed forty-seven more, although he signed hundreds of similar ones. Neither of these Presidents in these cases acted within the interpretation given the Constitution by Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. Kent says in his Commentaries:

"The qualified negative of the President upon the formation of laws is at least some additional security against the passage of improper laws, through *prejudice or want of consideration; but it was principally intended to give the President a Constitutional weapon to defend the Executive Department* as well as the just balance of the Constitution against usurpations of the legislative power."

It must be obvious that any other view would be subversive of legislative independence. A bill must first go to a committee. Here it has discussion, investigation; witnesses are brought, evidence taken; all the departments of government are consulted for facts essential to the inquiry; it is submitted to the House or Senate and undergoes the fire of open debate. It goes to the other House and is again examined in committee and again in open session. Notwithstanding all this, it may encroach upon some of the powers of the Executive or Judicial branch of government. It may be a bad law through the "haste, inadvertance or design" of Congress, and the President should arrest its passage by calling attention to these objections. But he has no power under any interpretation of the Constitution to resolve himself into a part of the Legislature and undertake to judge of the wisdom of the law, unless it is clearly an encroachment upon other powers than those possessed by Congress or unless it be a bad law passed through inadvertance, haste or design. To concede more than this is to erect a branch of Congress at the White House; it is to constitute the President the equivalent of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress; it is to admit that he may, without calling his action in question retain every bill submitted to him during the last ten days of each session and refuse to approve or disapprove, and thus defeat all legislation for that time. The letter of the Constitution gives the power, but must it be read literally or in the light of contemporaneous interpretation and of its obvious meaning? How long would Congress allow its power to impeach to remain dormant, if a President were to announce and act upon the assumption that his private and personal judgment must be convinced upon all bills or he would veto them. The people choose their representatives to make their laws and the President

to execute. His share in making them is so inconsiderable that he is not chosen with any reference to law-making duties. To assume legislalive functions as such, which an unrestricted right to veto all measures implies, would be such usurpation as would demand his removal by the only constitutional method. The peril is not an imaginary one. The tendency of Executives throughout the Union is to assume legislative functions and bring members of legislative bodies to realize that measures are far from becoming laws when passed by both Houses.

The duties of our President are onerous and multiform. Few men can stand the mental and physical strain. Likewise the life of a useful Congressman is a most laborious one; the great mass of the work of Congress is distributed among many Committees whose labors are constant and exhausting. But where are we to find a mortal man capable of doing all the executive work of the President and add to it the duty of reviewing all the work of Congress? It is simply preposterous, and never was intended. But if our fundamental law empowers him to pass originally upon all bills it also devolves upon him the duty, and he cannot shift it by occasionally sporadic examinations. Either the country must hold him responsible for all laws, in which case it must give him machinery to pass upon them equal to that of Congress, or it must hold Congress responsible and excuse the Executive.

If it had been intended that this veto power should be legislative in its nature and exercised as such it is not conceivable that the framers of the Constitution would have given the prodigious advantage to the President of making his negative equivalent to an affirmative two-thirds of both Houses of Congress. Such construction would add immensely to the already great coercive powers of the President over the legislative body in matters of appointment, and would practically make him the dictator of legislation, for his veto would rarely be overcome, and it would come to this, that we would have the two branches merged, though intended to be carefully and wisely separated. Prior to 1855 only one veto was overcome by vote of Congress. That was Mr. Tyler's objection to building two revenue cutters and steamers. From 1817 to 1855 Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Polk and Pierce stood firmly entrenched upon the proposition that there was nowhere to be found within the Constitution any power to build lighthouses, improve harbors and rivers, or carry on any internal improvements whatever. For nearly forty years these presidents stood like a wall impeding the progress of the Nation, and not one of their many vetoes could be overcome. In 1856 the effort was renewed, A bill was passed to remove obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi River. Mr. Pierce promptly vetoed it. Referring to his previously expressed objections, he said:

"These objections apply to the whole system of internal improvements, whether such improvements consist of works on land or in navigable waters, either of the seacoast or of the interior lakes or rivers."

Another was a bill to deepen the channel over the St. Mary's Flats. Another was to continue the improvement of the Des Moines Rapids in the Mississippi River. Another was to make the city of Baltimore accessible to war steamers by the Patapsco River. All these were vetoed, but Congress passed them over the veto. Mr. Buchanan, however, was able to arrest these improvements, and his veto of a bill to continue the removal of obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi River could not be overcome. Feb. 1, 1860, Mr. Buchanan vetoed the bill to deepen the channel over the St. Clair Flats, and his veto killed the bill. He put the question thus:

"Does Congress possess the power under the Constitution to deepen the channel of

rivers, to create and improve harbors for purposes of commerce? * * * The time has now arrived for a final decision of the question."

It had not arrived; his vetoes stood, but he was the last President ever to suggest the want of power or to question the policy.

Nothing can more strikingly illustrate that harm that may come to the country through pertinacious opposition to wise legislation, and the difficulty of overcoming the veto, than the evolution of our law upon the subject of internal improvements. It took from 1817 to the close of Mr. Buchanan's administration in 1861 to put to rest this constitutional bugaboo, which it is now universally conceded never had a leg to stand upon. The work on the Des Moines Rapids, now about completed, has cost about $5,000,000, making a continuous river hitherto blocked at Keokuk, from Minnehaha Falls to the Gulf of Mexico. River and Harbor bills now reach the immense sum at times of $24,000,000,000, and no suggestion of unconstitutionality has been made.

Mr. Buchanan vetoed the Agricultural College Bill in 1859 and the Homestead Bill in 1860, on the ground that the Constitution gave no power to Congress to "give away the public lands, either to States or to individuals." Both these measures had to wait for a more enlightened and a broader view of constitutional powers, and yet no class of legislation is more deeply rooted in the Constitution, or has more universal sanction than these very measures. Under these benign laws and the Act in aid of public schools, 78,659, 439 acres were conveyed to the States up to 1880, and 56,667,439 acres were given to actual settlers to the same date, representing about as many families as 160 are contained in the whole acreage—or nearly 500,000 families.*

A statement of the money expended in internal improvements since the barrier of Presidential vetoes has been overcome would be staggering.

The mouths of the Mississippi, which several Presidents would have forever left closed, have been opened by jetties and other devices costing many millions, while the shores of that majestic river are being rapidly carpeted with willow matting, and built up to stay the ravages of floods, so that ultimately the Government will have the waters controlled from Cairo to the Gulf of Mexico at a cost greater than would be believed, if stated.

As we now understand the Constitution, we relieve the cholera and yellow fever stricken people; we build transcontinental railroads; we give enormous sums as pensions; we build asylums for the insane, the halt and the cripple, the deaf and dumb and the blind, the orphan and the widow; we extend the mouths of rivers into the ocean by great sea walls; we dig great canals around rapids; we spend countless millions on rivers and harbors all over the land and on the Great Lakes; we build costly buildings here, there and everywhere; we enter upon stupendous schemes for storing water and irrigating the public domain and making it possible to give away land that nobody will now have for the asking; we bore experimental artesian wells for the same purpose; we conduct experimental stations to develop agriculture, and we carry on a large garden to produce seeds for gratuitous distribution, and a hundred other things we do under the universal belief that the Constitution permits, and all of which Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tyler, Pierce and Buchanan asseverated in the most solemn manner would be gross violations of our fundamental law. We may well ask where we would stand to-day in National development if the scruples of these Presidents, as expressed by their vetoes, had not been overborne by a public sentiment that gave to the Constitution an interpretation commensurate with na-

* "The Public Domain," 1880.

tional growth and national requirements.

It must be apparent that the vicissitudes of legislation would be very great if we had to fight our way through the Executive as well as through Congress. It is doubtful whether we could get on at all if the President felt bound to satisfy his personal judgment before signing bills. It is difficult now to pass important measures by the requisite majorities, but what would be our situation if we had to secure two-thirds of both Houses? An examination of the debates will show that men devide not so much on party lines as on lines of individual judgment, and with the President it would always be doubtful where he would place himself on bills involving no party issue. Of the six river and harbor bills vetoed, only one—that of Mr. Arthur—was passed over his veto. Of the seven vetoes of bills classed as internal improvements, not one was overcome by the required two-thirds vote. Of the long pathetic catalogue of private pension and relief bills passed in aid of Union soliders by a Democratic House and concurred in by the Senate, and vetoed by Mr. Cleveland, only one was overcome by the requisite two-thirds of both Houses. The Halls of the House of Representatives were resonant with suppressed anathemas as these bills came back in batches with the President's negative, and yet the House dared not rebuke the President by passing the bills. Members who had voted for the bills on the passage voted to sustain the veto. They did the same thing with General Grant and other Presidents, and this will always happen. It only shows how dangerous will be the concession once made and firmly fixed in the popular mind that the President has the right and upon him rests the duty of subjecting all bills to the crucible of his private judgment.

I refer to a few of Mr. Cleveland's vetoes as illustrating my meaning, and with all due respect for his exalted character. He vetoed the House bill granting a pension to the widow of Major General David Hunter. The public will recall many instances of recognition by Congress to the widows of distinguished soldiers for conspicuous public service. General Hunter was one of the grand characters of the war and had devoted his life of great usefulness to his country. He died poor. Congress proposed to make a small provision for the widow. Mr. Cleveland said no, and on a vote a majority of the House sustained the veto after once granting the pension. This was a case where no just interpretation of the veto power warranted any Presidential interference. It was a case where Congress should be the exclusive judge of the wisdom of the measure. About many of Mr. Cleveland's vetoes there was a flippancy, not to say heartlessness, entirely unworthy his high office. They only serve to punctuate and emphasize the position I take as to the right of the President to object where Congress has not acted through inadvertance or in haste or with bad motives. In one case he remarked, with unconcealed sarcasm, if not cynicism:

"Whatever else may be said of this claimant's achievements during his short military career, it must be admitted that he accumulated a great deal of disability."

And yet it was because of this disability that Congress offered relief. In another case he said: "His wife and family present pitiable objects for sympathy, but I am unable to see how they have any claim to a pension," and the House voted to sustain the veto by 116 to 113. In another case he seems to have grown weary and petulant in his negative duties, and thus expresses himself in his veto:

"I am so thoroughly tired of disapproving gifts of public money to individuals who in my view have no right to the same, notwithstanding Congressional sanction, that I interpose with a feeling of relief a veto in a case where I find it unnecessary to determine the merits."

By some these wholesale vetoes were regarded as exhibiting great courage, for they were conceded to be the most unpopular of all of Mr. Cleveland's acts. But there was neither courage nor wisdom in them. He signed hundreds, as he himself in one of his vetoes said, because he had not time to examine them. They involved no principle and established no precedent because no two were alike and none of them came within general law. They were clearly and simply cases of personal appeal by soldiers and widows of soldiers for relief, and Congress thought them worthy.*

In 1840 the exciting contest involved among other things the re-creation of a National Bank. Harrison and Tyler were elected on that issue in part. But Mr. Tyler, after the death of Gen. Harrison, vetoed the bill, and it could not be passed over his veto. It is fair to say that Mr. Tyler had before his election declared against the policy of establishing a National Bank; but elected on that issue, we have another phase of the veto power turned against the popular will.

An examination of all the vetoes placed upon grounds of want of constitutional power to pass the bill, will show that in no instance has the final judgment of the country sustained the vetoes, except two of Mr. Madison's where Congress granted aid to certain churches. In every case the objection has been finally overcome by the judgment of practical statesmen. This shows the fallibility of personal judgment and the greater wisdom of the many. It also serves to admonish Presidents to be cautious in the exercise of this high prerogative and suggests that, after all, the Judiciary had better be left to deal with the constitutional objections.

General Grant's message, accompanying his approval of the River and Harbor Bill, Aug. 14, 1876, presents a curious phase of the Executive discretion.

"Without enumerating, many appropriations are made for works of purely private or local interest in no sense national. I cannot give my sanction to these and will take care that during my term of office no public money shall be expended upon them."

This is a curiosity in Executive Messages. There is a flavor of the military camp about this blunt avowal not to do the very thing the Constitution devolved upon him that is almost grotesque in its frankness. "He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed," says the Constitution; and yet rather than veto the bill, some features of which he approved, he boldly signs it and notifies Congress that certain appropriations he will take care shall not be executed. Only Grant, the Nation's Idol, could have made such an avowal, and even *he* would have been checked in any general observance of such a policy. Indiscriminate veto is bad, but it is worse to approve and nullify.

Some day we shall have a President who will veto a measure on the ground of unconstitutionality. Congress will pass it over the veto. The President will refuse to execute it because unconstitutional and, therefore, void. We may then hope to have some light thrown upon the powers of the President through a Court of Impeachment. But the veto power and the pardoning power can never be defined by the Courts of Law. The President cannot be restrained, nor can he be prohibted by any process known to the law. The lines of demar cation must be drawn by enlightened public sentiment and by just perception of these great powers on the part of the President himself.

There remains to notice one further phase of the veto power. The President may withhold his approval and retain the bill ten days (excluding Sundays) and if Congress adjourns

*Congress in 1890, with President Harrison's approval, passed the Disability Pension Act, showing that the sense of the nation was and is against all the pension votes of Mr. Cleveland, for he placed his objections mainly on the ground that the injury complained of was not received in the line of military duty; and yet this is the very class now provided for at an estimated cost to the nation of $50,000,000 annually.

during this time the bill fails. This is called a pocket veto. The final session of each Congress is always a short one. It convenes the first Monday in December and expires by dissolution of Congress March 4th, at noon, following. There are now three sessions of each Congress. One of these must terminate on the first Monday of December preceding the dissolution, and the last one must terminate at noon March 4th, on the day of dissolution. There are then ten days at the close of each session fixed and known during which the President is absolute master of all bills then submitted to him, and he need do no more than pocket them and they are killed. Whether the section quoted in the early pages of this discussion is mandatory upon the President, requiring him in all cases to return the bill in order that Congress may have an opportunity to pass it, may admit of question, but all will concede that he should do this.

A proper recognition of the dignity and powers of a co-ordinate branch of Government would impose this duty upon the President. Fourteen such pocket vetoes only are found among the legislative archives—none since Mr. Buchanan. In every case formerly the President sent in his objections to the next Congress, and in nearly every one he stated his inability to return the bill in time for action by the Congress passing the bill. But if this power to enforce individual opinion rests with the President in all cases, why should he scruple to retain all bills not to his liking and thus kill them by his silence. He is not bound, if he acts as one of the Legislature, to make it possible for the bill to pass by returning it. He has all the rights, if his veto is a legislative act, that a member has to defeat the measure if he can, and here he has a sure way and need never assign a reason. Much—I may say most—of the important legislation reaches the President within these ten fatal days. He holds the reins of Government absolutely during this period. If he is to search the many bills only to discover encroachments upon other co-ordinate branches of the Government, or to find evidence of inadvertance, haste or wicked design, his task is comparatively easy, and we may not fear abuse of power or miscarriage of legislation. If he is to examine each bill upon its merits as a legislator must do, and satisfy his personal and private judgment of the wisdom of the measure, then he becomes not only two-thirds of both Houses, but he resolves himself into a committee of one of both Houses and is Congress itself, and may stifle all legislation by the simple use of the pigeon-hole. This would be a menace to and subversive of representative government. And yet this dilemma is inevitable and logical if the position I am combatting is right.

We must cease to look so much to the Executive to save us from unwise laws and look more to the personnel of our Legislatures. The resort to the Executive is dangerous and forbodes greater ills than those we would fly from. We must keep clearly defined the dividing lines of Legislative, Executive and Judicial functions. While the Executive stands clothed with power to protect itself against encroachments by the Legislative, it must take care not to commit the very wrong it would prevent in others. The Legislature must not execute or interpret the law; no more must the Executive make it.

"All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."—American Constitution, Art. I, Sec. 1.

"The Executive power shall be vested in a president of the United States of America."—Ibid, Art. II, Sec. 1.

Let us accustom ourselves to observe these broad lines of distinction, and let each operate within its appropriate sphere.

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE PRESS.

BY WILLIAM A. SPALDING.

SOME weeks ago a mass meeting of women prominent in good works and social reforms was convened in San Francisco with the object of bringing the subject of the purification of the press to the attention of the public. They stated the case so effectively as to enlist at once the co-operation of the church, and, on a given Sunday, nearly all of the Protestant pastors in the State of California discoursed upon the theme. Thus has been inaugurated a moral uprising of considerable magnitude and force.

Meanwhile the daily press pursues the even though reprehensible tenor of its way. Together with their accustomed budgets of scandal, personal detraction, criminal news and sporting intelligence, our enterprising newspapers have published most complete and gratifying reports of the reformatory proceedings illumined with portraits of the most prominent reformers. This suggests the homely simile of water on a duck's back. The daily press not only sheds the shower, but seems to take delight in paddling about through the consequent puddles. Clearly the daily press was not born to be drowned by any such downpour.

It is not my purpose, however, to cast reproach or ridicule upon a movement that I believe originated in the purest motives, aud has been urged thus far in a sincere and generous spirit.

The daily press is able to defend itself, and certainly has not selected me as its champion, but an experience of nearly twenty years in California journalism, during which I have served on two as reporter, business manager and editorial writer, entitles me to speak with some degree of accuracy from the newspaper standpoint.

There is one portion of the press that I have no purpose to defend—that is the disreputable part. A newspaper that shapes its course for the gratification of private malice, or dishonorable greed; a newspaper that would accept pay for attacking or for refraining from attack; a newspaper that has opinions for sale to the highest bidder—I do not regard as within the pale of reputable journalism. Nobody has a more profound contempt than I have for a newspaper blackmailer or a newspaper hound. We will rule this class out of the discussion.

The criticisms that have been offered indiscriminately against the daily press (including therefore the most reputable of its representatives) may be epitomized as follows:

1. That it transcends the bounds of liberty and runs into license.
2. That it is sensational and unreliable.
3. That it assails private character in a wanton manner.
4. That it gives undue prominence to reports of evil doings.
5. That its policy is too often shaped by its own selfish interests.
6. That it panders to vicious appeties and idealizes crime.
7. That it does not devote sufficient attention to moral and religious movements and church happenings.

Probably a score of other specific indications might be formulated from the animadversions of those who have undertaken the reformation of the press, but those I have cited will do.

It is worthy of note that these charges are generally made by people who have never undertaken the responsibility of conducting a daily

paper, or of helping to fill its columns with readable matter. Their ideas have been formed superficially or have been taken at second-hand from other superficial observers, and are therefore open to the charge of being one-sided. Just where the liberty of the press ends and license begins may never be established by statute or determined to a nicety by the concurrence of any dozen people who have positive views on the subject. It is a line that every editor and publisher must draw for himself, and his best guide is his own sense of justice and fair play, supported by his understanding of the law of libel.

Some people seem to have the impression that the editor of an aggressive, outspoken paper takes a keen delight in attacking people—in blasting private characters—in publishing malevolent things about anybody and everybody, and that his chief incentive thereto is to make a spicy paper. Such people labor under a grave mistake, and they never find it out perhaps until they pen an anonymous squib about some enemy, and try to induce the aggressive editor to publish it. Then his close inquiring into the case, his searching diagnosis of underlying motives, and his final refusal to gratify personal spite for no good purpose, opens their eyes and puts them to shame.

Readers of newspapers note the unpleasant things that are said about people in its columns, but they have no adequate conception of the matter that is denied publication. Many a sensational article that is presented by a reporter is consigned to the waste basket because the editor feels that it is unduly colored or that its publication is not justified by a legitimate purpose. Notwithstanding the hurry of preparation which must necessarily obtain in a newspaper office, (which is unduly exaggerated in public estimation), a great deal of care is exercised in supervising manuscripts and passing upon them. Through long experience the editor in charge acquires a quick and almost unerring judgment. Like the umpire in baseball he must decide matters of the utmost importance to the game on the shortest notice. He feels the grave responsibilities that rest upon him, and it is well that he does. Let us see why. If the article in question contains anything of a derogatory character about anybody, by admitting it to publication he may be inviting a suit for libel. Now, libel suits, while not generally successful in point of damages recovered, are nevertheless very expensive luxuries for a newspaper. The mere fact that such a suit is entered involves the employment of first-class counsel for defense, and good lawyers do not work for nothing. What the editor considers in a few minutes and admits to print he must be prepared to prove in a searching legal investigation where time is no object. And proof of facts is not an all-sufficient defense. The old English doctrine, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," is recognized in most if not all of our State laws. The editor must not only sustain his statement by facts, but he must show that the publication was made without malice and for good and justifiable ends. Many hundreds of suits for libel are tried in the Courts of the United States every year; how many of them result in verdicts against the defendant newspapers? I believe not more than five per cent. on a general average, and the judgments in these are mostly for insignificant sums—mere bagatelles compared with the damages claimed. Nobody will urge that this result is due to an overwhelming prejudice in favor of newspapers on the part of courts or juries. A more reasonable explanation would be that the defendants make out good cases and secure honest verdicts. Is this not an attestation of painstaking methods on the part of collectors of news, and of sound judgment and keen discrimination in editors who admit it to their columns? It shows as clearly, as general averages can show, that the

newspaper man who publishes accusations is able, ninety-five times out of a hundred, to prove their accuracy and to establish a justifiable purpose for their publications.

But there is still a further incentive to editorial care. The man who publishes disagreeable things about other people knows that he may be called to personal account for his act. He may be attacked publicly or privately; he may be subjected to a sound thrashing, or his life may be exacted as a penalty. Thus the editor at his post of duty holds in the balance of his judgment not only the fortunes of his paper, but his own well being, and possibly his very existence. Is not the weight of this responsibility calculated to make him painstaking and judicious?

But beyond all these incentives, which are personal and material, and which perhaps are the last to enter into his consideration, there is the abstract question of right and wrong. If he is a conscientious man, he will seek some justification for publishing a statement that must wound the feelings of another; he cannot from a mere spirit of wantoness inflict pain and humiliation on one whom he believes innocent. Many people believe that an editor, hardened in his calling, has none of the milk of human kindness in his bosom. They do him an injustice. It gives him no pleasure to injure people whom in most cases he has no acquaintance with, and against whom he has no prejudice. And my experience is that the longer an editor serves at the desk, the more conservative and the more considerate of the rights of others he becomes. I know of several newspapers in this State with an inflexible rule for their reporters that, whenever an item is secured that reflects on the character of an individual, that individual must be interviewed on the subject, and given a chance to tell his side of the story. Even the red-handed murderer, arrested in the perpetration of his crime, is followed to his cell by the reporter and is given a hearing.

"But," some reader observes, "why publish disagreeable things at all? Why subject the newspaper to such financial risk and the editor to such a strain of responsibility? Surely there are enough pleasant events to record and enough complimentary things to say, why not fill the paper with these?"

Because if the newspaper is anything, it must be the true record of events. It is the contemporaneous history of mankind. It cannot be reliable or of any value whatever as history unless it presents the dark side as well as the bright.

A newspaper filling its columns with matter that offended nobody would simply be an abomination, and would meet its merited death by starvation and slow torture. The public would be its executioners, and our friends, the pastors, would refuse to preside over the obsequies. The modern newspaper records the history of the civilized world for a day. Probably it is less prejudiced and more truthful than most histories that are written to record events long past. Take the opinions that historians sometimes express about each other, and we are bound to believe that some of them are sadly addicted to error. They discredit one another's work almost as much as newspapers do. Histories also destroy the reputations of individuals—sometimes unjustly—but their great advantage lies in the fact that the aggrieved party has generally gone to a bourne whence there is no return.

A newspaper should show that an important part of its mission is, for the right that needs assistance.

For the wrong that needs resistance a fulsome adulation of the right, and an indifference to the wrong in life can never make a good newspaper or a good man. Now, if we concede that the newspaper, in order to be of service to mankind and claim the right of existence must oppose something, and in doing so, must offend somebody,

against whom shall its efforts be directed?

It may be stated broadly that the newspaper holds up to public opprobrium only those transgressions which, by common agreement are regarded the most egregious of follies or the most flagitious of sins. A man may break eight or nine of the ten commandments in his own quiet way, and so long as he does not thrust his evil doing into the face of the public—so long as he commits no overt act that brings him into conflict with the law—he goes unwhipped of the press. The newspaper, in a great majority of cases, overlooks the follies and foibles of mankind, and even forgives an open sin seventy and seven times. But it eventually transpires that the evil-doer, grown bold through his long immunity from exposure and punishment, does something in open defiance of public morals or grossly infringing upon the rights of others. The time has come when society must raise a protest in self-protection. If all of its written and unwritten laws are to be overriden with impunity; if all of its standards are to be openly and ruthlessly trampled upon without punishment, the time will come when there will be neither laws nor standards—and then the deluge—then anarchy. The vigilant newspaper is the watch-dog of civil government. Its field of usefulnesss extends, not only throughout the domain of politics, but through all the ramifications of society and religion. Often the newspaper goes side by side with the law in the pursuit of evil-doers; often the newspaper goes in advance of the law and points the way. In either position the function of the press is legitimate; its justification is the protection of society. Show me a newspaper that refuses to recognize and condemn any particular kind of wickedness that threatens the rights of man or the good of society, and I will show you a paper that shirks a sacred duty.

The protection of the public from political abuses rests largely with the press, as everybody is willing to concede. But this service, great as it is, is probably exceeded by the protection that an honest and fearless press extends to the community in warning it of every danger that threatens. The press is an important factor in establishing and maintaining a high state of law and order.

It helps to guard us from burglars and footpads at night, and from sneak-thieves and sharpers by day. It is ever-vigilant in the pursuit of rogues until they are captured by the officers of the law; then it turns its search-lights upon the courts and holds them to an accountability. How does it accomplish this great service? By filling certain columns daily with reports of every infraction of law that a corps of lynx-eyed reporters can discover. By dragging criminals forth from their hiding-places and holding them up to public inspection. By making every swindling device the talk of the town and giving notoriety to the man who operates under an alias.

No doubt many people are not interested in this mass of police intelligence that is presented by the daily press; but it is of vital importance to the community that such intelligence be published. Some people will read it and every body will receive from it a certain measure of protection. It is of vital importance also that this police intelligence be accurate, circumstantial and searching. Rogues sometimes work to better advantage in a twilight than in pitchy darkness. Nothing discomfits them worse than the full light of day and the full light of the press. I venture that if in any one of our large cities, by common agreement the press should discontinue the publication of police items for six months, that city would swarm with knaves and cut-throats. With all criminal intelligence ignored, many of the courts would become lax in the administration of justice, and some would become venial and corrupt.

There is an old saying that it is easy for any man to be honest when he is well watched. The press watches many public officials so closely that it makes honest men of them. The good people who receive directly or indirectly the benefits of all this newspaper surveillance should contain themselves in patience. The moral shock they sustain from a class of published intelligence that they are not obliged to read is nothing compared with the inconvenience and loss which they might experience if rogues were to go forth unheralded and hold high carnival.

I may give you a very apt illustration of the pitfall into which a community is liable to fall when its press goes off duty by referring to the recent Panama scandal that shook France from center to circumference and threatened at one time to overthrow the government and percipitated a bloody revolution. In the official investigation of the management of the canal project, it was in evidence that princely sums had been disbursed to publishers of prominent Parisian journals. The money was paid for a double purpose; first to secure immunity from attack, and secondly to enlist the efforts of the corrupt press in a grand scheme to fleece the public. If the enterprise had not been a fraud from its inception, its managers would not have felt impelled to pay blackmail. If the purchasable press had not known that the scheme was corrupt it would not have demanded blackmail. One single newspaper with a character for truth-telling and a reasonably large circulation might have held out against the combination, and by exposing it, might have preserved for the people millions of francs of their hard-earned wealth. But the one honest journal was not forthcoming. The serial press of Paris sold its birthright for a mess of pottage and gave a most shameful exhibition of journalistic debauchery. One honest newspaper might have saved the people of France from the mortification and disgrace and loss of the Panama fiasco; might have kept scores of the foremost men of the nation from their downfall; might have turned aside without a ripple the mighty tide of indignation that came so near overturning the government and writing a new bloody chapter in the history of France.

But if that one honest journal had existed, and had dared to breast the popular sentiment of the time and expose the corrupt machinations of the Panama syndicate, we may be sure that it would have been obliged to stand a deal of abuse. Its editor would have been denounced as a blackmailer, an enemy to public enterprise, a cut-purse and a scoundrel. He might have been challenged to fight half a dozen duels and perhaps been ruined in business and hounded to his death.

Now let us take the case of an editor who has a conception of duty such as I have ontlined, and let us place ourselves at his elbow for a few moments. He is in a position of grave responsibility to the body politic, to society at large, to the newspaper over whose destinies he presides, and to his individual interests. It will not do for him to adopt the lax policy, that "the easiest way is the best way," and thus evade the perplexing obligations that press upon him. He cannot play the coward, and successfully maintain his position as responsible editor. He has under consideration at this moment, we will say the case of a man who has announced himself as a candidate for an important public position. The editor knows that this man, whom we will call X, is totally unworthy the office that he seeks. He knows that X has defaulted in public and private trusts hitherto imposed in him. He knows that X is lacking in capacity as well as in integrity. But notwithstanding all this, X may stand fairly well in the community; the public may not know him as the editor does. X may be a member of the

same political party to which the editor's paper pays allegiance. X may hold a pew in a popular church; he may have many respectable and influential friends; he may be possessed of wealth and social position. Now the question arises in the editor's mind, "Shall I expose this man and advise the public of his true character, or shall I evade the responsibility and let him pass? After all it is not my individual concern; I shall gain nothing directly by exposing him, and I may lose a great deal." If the editor is methodical enough to draw a line and balance the *pros* and *cons* on either side of it, we might imagine a diagram like this:

Duty: Expose him	And—I shall excite his everlasting hostility.
	I shall alienate the good will of his friends, some of whom are friends of mine.
	I shall subject myself to personal abuse privately or from the stump or through the columns of an opposition newspaper.
	Many good people will hold up their hands in horror and call me an assassin of private character.
	I may weaken the influence of my paper in the party.
	I may be charged even with attempting to disrupt the party, and accused of every sort of ingratitude and disloyalty.
	I may turn away business from the paper, and, after all, I may not be able to convince the public that X is an unworthy man; he may triumph in the nomination and election and put me to shame.

Now I submit to the good critics of the press that this is not an apocryphal dilemma in which I have involved the the apocryphal editor. It is only a logical statement of the situation that often confronts him, and he knows it, and the public must recognize the fact when it is thus stated. But it is rarely thus stated. The editor himself does not present it for his own justification, for it is his holy of holies —the chamber of his conscience in which the public may not enter.

Now I ask, Upon which side of the line lies the higher moral principle? I ask whether the editor can satisfy his conscience by deciding that the easiest way is the best way. And yet the easiest way may lead into pleasant paths and into good repute, and into easy prosperity. Decide the question for me some of you good people who are fond of discoursing about the assassins of private character. Some of you who have so lightly fathomed the depths of your brother's conscience, tell me whether your plummet really touched bottom or not.

Do you not see now that an editor may be a moral hero, and yet be reviled of men for his very heroism?

I stated that the newspaper, if it fulfills its mission is a contemporaneous history of humanity. History, to be of any value must be true. But who can write a history of mankind and put only pleasant and praiseworthy things in it?

A lie that is half a truth is ever the worst of lies. The press is only the fallible record of a fallible race. It is complied by men who have the same frailties as those whose history they write. Any single issue of a metropolitan paper embodies the work of many different men. They do not all have the same mental and moral standards. The paper may not even be consistent with itself in different departments, and on different days. It may decide one question with moral heroism, and on another it may act the poltroon. It may not tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth even when it is at its best. It must necessarily be a strange conglomeration of good and bad, but the truth of its influence is for the protection of society and for the betterment of mankind. A newspaper falls short of perfection only in so far as it fails to utter the truth and the whole truth.

We shall never find the ultimate ideal of a paper until on the Day of Judgment, the Recording Angel presents his scroll. Therein we expect

to find recorded all the good and all the bad deeds of mankind. A merciful God spares us such a newspaper on earth.

What, then, is to be the outcome of this movement that I have lightly termed a fad? Why, nothing very perceptible as a direct result. The newspapers will continue in their perverse and sinful ways. The sensational journal will be sensational still, and will continue to receive its reward in the largest subscription list. The unscrupulous editor and the grasping business manager will not apparently mend their ways, and, by and by, the reformers will conclude that Ephraim is joined to his idols and they will let him go, while they turn their attention to other reforms with like results. And is this all? By no means. Somewhere, somehow, the sowers that went forth to sow have dropped fruitful seed in good ground. In time it will spring up and yield an hundred fold. The minds of some men and women and boys and girls have been touched; their consciences have been quickened; their ideals have been formed. If these men and women, and boys and girls do not preside over the destinies of the press now, they may do so sometime. Possibly a little loftier purpose, a little firmer grasp on principle, a little broader conception of duty may have been imparted to some men who now help to shape the policies and fill the columns of newspapers. If so, depend upon it, the result will be good, though the most ardent and persistent of the reformers may fail to recognize the fact.

And, one of these days when, our race shall have become better, the newspapers will be better. It is by just such imperceptible stages that the grand advance of mankind is made. After all, the newspaper is a very human thing.

WORTH.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

"IT 'S a shame!"

"Yes; one of the many great shames!"

"It need n't *be*, either; its all waywardness."

"I think it 's Fate. Fate covers a multitude of sins!"

"It 's want of taste, *I* say!"

"Such a beauty, too!"

"One can hardly tell, in dresses like those."

"She looks like a waitress."

"It only costs a couple of thousand to dress twice as well. They must be able to afford *that!*"

"Clothes are not all one cares for, you know. How about bills for provender? Should they *eat* nothing?" asked a pretty creature, in a costume not only rich and fashionable, but delicate and charming.

"One never eats anything, if there are no servants to speak of," replied a huge belle, whose dressmaker always had to take her heavy eyebrows into consideration.

"*They* eat up our meat, comfits and pasties, while we make out on snipe and terrapin."

"Well, I think a woman who dresses as shockingly plainly as Faustin's wife, is simply ostentatiously posing," cried the bride of the party, who struck one as something graceful made of paper and lace, and filled principally with effervescence—a kind of confectionery surprise.

"It must make poor Faustin perfectly furious to see his wife such a zero," was the contribution to the plate of comment of a plump little thing, incapable of looking distinguée,

but as tightly clothed as an apple. She smiled as though she were a mask of Comedy, and her mammoth pearl ear-rings were important to excess in proportion to her height, suggesting the side-lights of a brougham. "He used to be very fond of dashing girls," she continued, holding the attention of the other women, because they paused to pity her confessed but futile attempt to rise to her dressmaker's requirements. "And he never asked a bungler in effects to sit beside him on the front seat, you know! Well, he has had to take in his pride in more matters than one, by that marriage, poor fellow!"

The door opened in the distance, and into the *salon* where Elise Shayrer was at home for a special purpose, entered Faustin and his wife.

Faustin himself was handsome, glistening with health and youth and elegance. And she was, oh, so young! She was straightly supple as a willow sapling. You saw nothing very definitely but her face and hair. She looked as happy as a kitten that has just been made acquainted with rolling spools and dainty strings; and she was as dignified (just now) as the kitten when being asked to frisk.

Faustin had only run in for a moment. He knew it was foolish of him to call; but he was unblushingly devoted to his young wife of a year. Everybody thought it the one stupid thing which he could be accused of ever having done, this being so untiringly devoted to his wife. What could it mean? Did he pretend to imply that Mrs. Faustin was the most wonderful creature in existence? A sort of Helen? Did not we all know that Helen was the only woman possible who could please wayward fancy forever? *Oh*, why did a man so disappoint one in one's estimate of his intelligence!

So, in a few minutes, Faustin got up to go, and made as if he were not looking at his wife, while successfully conveying to her that he wanted her to meet him in an hour for a drive.

"Yes, my Worth gowns have come!" Elise Shayrer was saying to the group of young women, "and a Virot hat, and a few other odds and ends."

"Odds and ends," murmured one of the listeners, breathless with awe. "Oh, have n't we come here to-day to *worship* such *trifles* as you've got from Paradise—no, I mean Paris?"

"Are n't you ever going to be ready to show 'em to us, Elise?" begged the huge belle, with the eyebrows that seemed to shout.

"Instantly, if you say so," replied Elise. "I think," she remarked, as they all sprang up, and as she passed near Phyllis Faustin, on her way to the staircase, "I think you and I are about of a size, Phyllis."

Everybody streamed up the stairs; not "golden stairs," but at any rate broad and stately and carved by hand. And there was forthwith an exhibition of Elise's new clothes, whereat the girls and young women were as earnest and keen as old artists could have managed to be over works by Rembrandt and Rousseau.

"Enchanting!" ejaculated Phyllis Faustin.

Elise laughed.

"Hear her!" she cried. "She, who usually scorns clothes that are ornamental, is at last aroused by Worth's genius!"

"No, I don't scorn ornamental clothes," laughed back Phyllis.

"We call you *Simplicitas*, behind your little back," exclaimed one of the girls, somewhat pertly.

"*And what else?*" asked Phyllis, with a roguish smile.

"One of the prettiest women in New York," the bride burst out, good-naturedly, and entirely forgetting that she was one of Phyllis's severest out-of-hearing critics. I would give *anything* to see that Virot hat on your head, Mrs. Faustin. Do, do, *do* put it on. May n't she, Elise?"

"May n't she? She must!" Elise announced, approaching Phyllis threateningly with the hat.

Most of the young women present

knew that Elise had planned to initiate Phyllis into the splendors and fascinations of costly dressing by inviting her to attend this "private view" of the latest acquisitions from Worth's studio. It was lovely to have the performance opened, after days of waiting.

"Oh, do let's have a grand dressing up, just like those when we were children!" a voice sang out from some one who wanted to second Elise's efforts and make them seem all the more impromptu. "Phyllis, put on the Felix wrap, and the hat, dear, and parade back and forth!"

No sooner said than done. Phyllis gave up her hat and jacket, and Elise tricked her out in a few thousand dollars' worth of ideas in clothes.

Everybody screamed, and Phyllis was conducted to the cheval-glass, and asked to look at herself.

She blushed, and her eyes fell, for fear she should look vain. Oh, how pretty she had seen herself to be! They were all in ecstasies; and it is fortunate that Elise Shayrer was never easily flustered or hurt; for it was evident that her clothes were nothing on *her*, in comparison.

"It is a wide-spread abuse," asserted she, recklessly, "that you don't wear the finest things fashioned all the time, child! How these stuffs and shapes bring you out! Don't you *feel* it, Phyllis? You look so calm, and there you are, a beauty to lead beauty anywhere!"

Phyllis made a little obeisance in honor of this speech; and all the onlookers screamed.

"What *is* it?" demanded poor Mrs. Faustin, getting a thought angry.

"Oh, you did look so stunningly when you bowed your head!" gasped the bride. "You can't think how these artists bring out one's attitudes. It is perfectly marvelous and irresistibly appalling, what these Parisians accomplish!"

"Take the things off!" Phyllis directed, turning to the maid.

"Very good," cried Elise, "but now comes Worth himself, so to speak, You must put on my dinner dress. Then I can see it *myself*, as I never shall when I wear it. Now, do be an angel. I mean, stay an angel right straight along! Bring the dress, Fanny," she added, leading Phyllis to an adjacent boudoir, and she threw back over her shoulder in the most gleeful exclamation the words: "What fun this is, girls!"

Absolute silence greeted Phyllis when she again stepped from the boudoir, attired in the regal dinner dress. She really was so lovely, so distinguée, that the on-lookers forgot their tongues for awhile.

"I'm simply going to give her that dress," Eisie sighed, sinking into the nearest chair. She looks so in it, I *must*."

To tell the truth, Elise could do anything she chose, that cost money.

"Oh, no; thanks!" answered Phyllis, to this offer, glancing around the circle of faces like a princess royal.

"There; didn't we tell you that you despised magnificent clothes? screamed the bride in silvery tones.

"I don't, all the same," persisted the young wife. But I can't afford them, even as a gift."

"Don't tell us you're an oddity," implored the big belle.

"Perhaps she's only a blue-stocking," suggested some one. "Though that is awful enough."

"You ought to consider your husband," said Elise, solemnly. "Just think how happy it would make him to see you set off in this way!

"It's just because I consider him," answered Phyllis, flashing out a brief little smile that "told," and then vanished. She looked, for a second, into the great cheval-glass by her side. "I would not have my husband see me now for all the world,",she murmured. "He would be ruined if he did."

"Faint heart never won any kind of success," retorted Elise. "Suppose your husband were stimulated to some brilliant *coup* on the street

from seeing how your beauty demands creations in velvet and brocade?"

"Especially a combination of pale-blue velvet and white and gold brocade," chipped in a young girl, who blushed with her effort to be quite fair toward the exquisite creature standing before them all.

"Bah!" laughed Phyllis. "How many women have thought that—and the *coup* has proved a boomerang! Come, Elise, I mnst be going, dear, as I have an engagement; and besides, I am catching cold with all this neck-and-arms display."

"Would you believe," said the tight little millionairess, who might as well have been an apple, when Phyllis had faded beyond the boudoir door, "that a color and a lace could do so much?"

"And would you believe," broke out the effervescent bride again, "that even Worth, combining effects in any way he chose, could make the shivers course over your soul like the breezes on a lake!"

As young Mrs. Faustin drove through the Park with her husband, half an hour later, he felt that, for the first time since he had known her, a shade of sadness tinged her demeanor. Whatever moods Phyllis may have had, they were never melancholy—dread word! In every way Faustin now tried to "draw" his wife "out," but she played with him and put him off, for hours; she frisked around chairs, as it were, out of his way, but yet looking a trifle sad all the time.

The next morning she took a brougham, and told the man to drive to Redfern's.

Her orders being obeyed, and the brougham having drawn up to the curb, the door of the vehicle did not open. The driver soon peeped around in surprise. Had he perhaps driven off from Mrs. Faustin's door without his passenger, after all? He got down and looked in at the carriage window.

"Redfern's, ma'am," says he.

"Who said Redfern's to you?" snapped Phyllis, her eyes even bigger and brighter than usual. "Drive to —East Fifteenth street."

When the carriage moved off from the curbstone, at the funeral pace adopted by hired conveyances, in a state of surprise, Phyllis, within the hearse, for she so felt it to be, burst into tears.

What were those strange words which she was saying to herself, over and over again?

"Two thousand dollars in the bank; two thousand dollars in the bank for my husband!"

She alighted at the door of a large house, and was admitted to its vast and dark interior. Here her widowed mother boarded; an invalid who had been a great beauty not long before, but who was now broken and blanched by reverses of fortune. Phyllis found her mother among the dimly discernable furniture of a dim and forlorn parlor, of which the tall windows seemed to have no genial capacity for light. The young woman sank down by the shadowy figure on the sofa, and exclaimed:

"Dear, would you like to see me dressed in Redfern gold braid and magnificence, to say nothing of Worth?"

Like all invalids, Phyllis's mother enjoyed being mentally startled, and pronounced the word "nonsense!" in a stately, pleased way.

"You know," she added, "that I do not believe in a woman's dressing finely, and pinching somewhere else desperately. Tell me what you mean!"

However, Phyllis would not divulge a word more on her part as to why she had breached the subject of clothes. It is much better to fight one's battles alone, if one only can. The breath lost in explanation and complaint is greatly needed for wrestling with the enemy.

Phyllis made her mother extremely happy by her charming ways and merry touches of fun, and the big dark room seemed alive with a cheery breeze, and the sunlight actually col-

ored the windows a yellow hue! A palm in a Japanese jar, standing by the sofa, shot out a tender green sword, rustling, that had not been visible before. The canary woke up and sang for all it was worth, which was twenty dollars. Then the young woman gave her mother a warm-hearted hug and departed.

Was she right or was she wrong? Was she a fool, or a wise little angel? Phyllis asked herself these questions more than once, in looking at her wardrobe, her almost prim simplicity of elegance, and thinking of her husband's delight in her prettiness, though he did not dream of its possibilities. Would he not be a million times happier if his wife shone out in "things"? For a few days she gazed at clothes; she studied hats as if they were profound. If she had only known how sweet she looked, all the time!

Then she asked Faustin, at dinner:

"Dearest, do you think I give you good enough fare? Do I set a meagre table?"

The answer was prompt and cordial.

"Meagre? I never had such fetching dishes! I don't see how in the world you do it, on what I can give you on the bills, little Wonder!"

Faustin was especially full of spirits that evening. He told laughable stories; almost burst out singing, now and then, and kept murmuring across the small round table the cabalistic words: "Oh, my! What a beauty!"

But when they had gone up-stairs to Phyllis's parlor, the young wife saw a strange thing. It was pictured in an ornamental mirror that ought not to have lent itself to the reflection of such tragedy. Faustin was caught on the concave surface in the act of putting his hands to his head with a gesture of misery, and then wringing his hands, all silently. Phyllis's eyes were turned in the direction of the tell-tale glass and observed these motions made behind her back. Her heart stood still for ever so long, and then burned with terror. She turned like a dancing light, and he smiled back at her brilliant stare.

"What is it?" she asked.

"What is what?" Faustin calmly retorted.

"I saw you do it!" she said.

He thrust his hands into his pocket and looked angry; very angry.

"Which?" he demanded.

Phyllis did not lose sight of the main point; and that was, that her husband was in trouble, and that she was sorry for him, and would have liked to help him in some way. So she bore his very first impertinence of manner towards her without winking.

"You regret you married me!" she said, archly and engagingly.

He burst out laughing, for answer,

"Well, then," proceeded Phyllis, "You've found our investment in Florida *land* is only *water!*"

"Wife, what has got hold of you? It's no such thing!"

"Have you joined a Suicide Club, Phyllis?"

"*Well*, whatever it is,—what are you going to *do* about it?"

"My precious angel, I—I'm all right;—it's—it's nothing;—I don't want to tell you a lie;—so, please don't ask me any more questions, Phyllis!"

He had turned pale, and she thought he had grown very thin in the last few minutes. He exclaimed: "It *isn't* the toothache;" and half smiled, sighing, really relieved that at any cost he had not fortified himself with so mean an advantage as he might have taken.

"You must tell me," replied Phyllis simply.

"Ridiculous!" This is not for women—this affair of mine!" said Faustin. "You should be thankful that business does not turn and rend you, as it sometimes rends us men."

She positively clapped her hands; yet as if not certain that she could allow her good spirits to have their way.

"Now, is that kind?" Faustin asked. "Your pleased look is sin-

gularly galling, my dear; though I don't wish you to be in the least miserable, of course."

"Would you like two thousand dollars?" she exclaimed.

Faustin was silent for a moment and then almost groaned, and said dryly: "I would like it very much. But don't let us waste time with vain regrets."

"Why vain? But tell me, sir, would you like me to dress more expensively?"

"You rush between the extremes of heaven and earth," he answered, with one of his penetrating glances of admiration. "Your clothes are sweet little concerns; but your *face*—the *you* about you.—Do you suppose I want you to be a shop-counter, a peddler's basket of variety? That soft, folded silk stuff you have on, the color of the under-side of a leaf—do you want to dress any better than that, Dryad? Do you want to frighten us all by being brittle at the waist; or impersonate a Saxon queen in a grand revival of royal robes, flowing from your shoulders; or ask us to take in the gargogles of French style which have been fastened to the graceful proportions of your figure? As far as I can see, you have just taste enough about your apparel, with some to spare for other lines of self-cultivation. Don't let the women bother you. They look as if sprites had been painting on them for fun;—a daub here of embroidery or velvet, and a flourish there of frill or lace. As for the hats—well, women can look pretty through anything! Then, the diamonds—. You never shall have many of those, Phyllis, even if I grow insolently rich. Ah, that reminds me. I must run over to my father's for a moment, dear, on business. I must see him about something—at once. Ah—why can't we be happy just a little more like the birds and fishes? How we men have to beat our brains to get ahead of each other in this city life! And sometimes we trust each other too easily, and then it is not *we* who shine in gorgeous clothes and glistening coaches—those longed-for prizes of every little monkey among us! Phyllis, I'm raving!—*You* are such a goddess of simplicity and loveliness! But don't change—don't ape the styles of Worth, or covet the jewels raked together upon another woman's breast! So, good-bye, for a short time!"

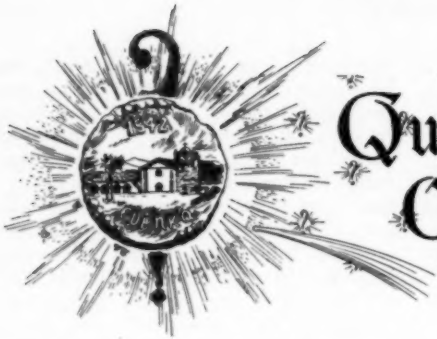
"Was it deceptive of me?" cried Phyllis, springing in front of him, as he turned, in half suppressed agony, to leave the room. "I've saved up on the dress and housekeeping funds you've showered upon me, thinking a surprise might please you. My little bank-book says that there's two thousand in the bank, and its all for you!"

Faustin gazed and gazed at her. If he had looked for a hundred years he never would have seen a shade of the trouble she may have felt hitherto from the undertaking, now that she had done right.

"Dear Love!" he said.

I ask any wife if Phyllis were not repaid by those two words for all her sacrifices for her husband's sake? What are like the words of love which are pronounced by a man of generosity and integrity? Who can earn them? Only those who smile when they might weep, who do not squander when they are trusted, and who give the best of their thoughts, smiles and beauty to earn, if it be possible, in the hour of suffering, these gems of life—the words:

"Dear Love!"



Questions Of the Day

THE RECENT ELECTIONS—A REPUBLICAN VIEW.

THE recent elections are very significant, not so much with reference to mere party success, but as indications that the people have become alarmed at a change of policies on Democratic lines. They may be regarded as a rebuke to the President. The American people never have and they never will tolerate the methods of a dictator in an executive. Mr. Cleveland seems to regard his views as the consummation of human wisdom.

Hard times are always charged to the party in power, but in the present case there is no doubt that they have been produced in large part by the fear that our industries would be disturbed through tinkering with the tariff on the lines invented by John C. Calhoun, and in the interest of foreign labor and capital. Under the best circumstances there is uncertainty as to what the Democratic party will do, and hence its accession to power naturally unsettles business. The country feels that there is an insufficiency of the circulating medium, and as it has been reduced since the present administration came into power, and as the President indicates no plan for increase, the people have for this reason expressed their disapproval at the polls.

There is nothing to prevent Republican success next year and at the next Presidential election, except a failure on the part of leaders to comprehend and act in accord with the tendency of public thought. If they have too much confidence in success and disregard the popular views the party will fail. To maintain permanence a political party must be progressive.

Of course there will now appear numbers of Republican candidates for the Presidency as the prospect for success is so excellent. The tremendous majority for McKinley in Ohio will make his name very prominent. It is no new name, for he has been talked of for several years. His position on the tariff question will be satisfactory, but his financial views may be unpopular in the South and West. The administration and Congress may be so frightened that the pledge to make radical changes may be disregarded. Many things may occur within the next three years that will put a new phase upon political conditions. Candidates had better not be discussed for the present. It is wiser for both parties to make a study of conditions as they appear from day to day, and to adapt their action to the wants of the country.

POPULAR UNEASINESS.

There is an unusual feeling of uneasiness throughout the world. There are troubles in Brazil, Central America, Northern and Southern Africa, and strikes and turbulence in many European countries, and idleness and dissatisfaction among the laboring classes in the United States.

We wonder if these are precursors of more serious affairs. The rulers of European nations are constantly proclaiming their peaceful intentions, but their armies are on a war footing and ready to march at the tap of the drum, and no one knows when the spark will fall among and ignite the combustibles, and cover the continent with a blaze of war. As the laboring masses are everywhere uneasy, war may be set on foot as a means of averting internecine disturbances. The masses in the civilized nations evidently aspire to better circumstances which they will never realize without exist-

ing institutions in the old countries are overturned or modified.

In this country involuntary idleness was never so great; there are hundreds of thousands of people who must in some way be provided with work or fed through public and private charity. It is a Christian duty to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but such charity extended to large numbers is impoverishing, and if continued long, will have a deleterious effect upon its objects. A great people should be able to devise ways for furnishing employment to all who are willing to work. It is better for individuals and for the nation. Idle habits are dangerous to the best of men. It is when times are unpropitious that there is a demand for statesmanship.

Uneasiness and turbulent tendencies result either in improving the condition of the masses or in the reverse. The latter was more usual until the last century or two. The masses are becoming better informed as to their natural rights, and gaining independence of spirit. Progress is generally on the wing in most of the European nations and more especially in this country. Governments are more cautious than formerly in the use of force to repress, and are more disposed to appease through reformatory measures. Forcible repression in this country is out of the question, and we look for the suggestion of measures that will remove idleness and uneasiness from our midst. When industry prevails in this country and it is properly rewarded, peace and contentment inevitably follow.

THE IRISH BILL NOT TO BE TAKEN UP.

Mr. Gladstone does not seem inclined to take up the Irish Home Rule Bill, and again send it to the House of Lords. The majority on the part of the Peers is overwhelming, while the Gladstonian majority in the Commons is very slender. According to the British rule a second rejection by the Lords compels the dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the country. There is not sufficient strength of public opinion in the United Kingdom in favor of Irish Home Rule to warrant an attack upon the House of Lords with a view to its disestablishment or limitation of power. Sentiment in England is largely against the Irish bill and Gladstone holds a majority in the Commons through Scotch and Irish votes. An appeal to the people on the Irish question alone would likely result in liberal discomfiture. Should Gladstone die there seems to be no one in the Liberal party capable of taking his place.

The Irish question to an extent involves religious antagonisms. The Home Rulers in Ireland are mainly Roman Catholic, and the opponents in that country are intense Protestants. The votes of the bishops of the national church in the House of Lords were solidly against the Home Rule bill. In religious controversies statesmanship has no part. As matters now stand it does not look as if Ireland stands much chance to gain control of her own domestic affairs.

In the present session it seems apparent that little else than English affairs will be attended to. It is probably a matter of justice that should be done, and it is a wise political program, for with England neglected and solidly against the Liberals there would be no chance for them to retain control of the government.

THE CHINESE.

The Detroit Free Press expresses surprise that the CALIFORNIAN, published in the heart of the anti-Chinese country, should have the temerity to publish an article advocating the Chinaman. The CALIFORNIAN is bound by no party or faction; it has no limitations; it aims to present to its readers both sides of all the great questions of the day, and especially, those which affect the Pacific Coast. The various phases of the Chinese question have been discussed in a series of articles by the Rev. F. K. Masters, the well known Chinese Missionary of the Pacific Coast, who has ably presented the claims of the Chinese, while the other side has been given by the Hon. Thomas Geary, framer of the Geary Bill, and others. In our last issue, Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, gave expression to an opinion that will possibly excite some comment and will be a surprise to many who hold anti-Chinese views.

THERE is in the West, especially on the Pacific Coast, a decided literary activity and growth. California has been rich in material in the past and gives good promise for the future. The very air is suggestive of mental vigor, and the conditions are such as to stamp the work with strong individuality. Californians regret to see Ina Coolbrith leave California. Her work, so strong and impressionable, has a warm corner in the hearts of the people. Miss Coolbrith has written little prose, that we remember, but will contribute a paper to the CALIFORNIAN soon, on an almost forgotten writer.

Among the many writers, attracting attention, is Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, whose delightful works, published by the Century Company and Scribner's, have found a wide circle of readers. Mr. Lummis has lived among the Pueblos, and seems to have imbibed their feeling, and presents scenes that can only be compared to Bandelier's in their light and local color. "The Delight Makers" of the latter writer is one of the happiest titles of the year.

Grace Ellery Channing, of Pasadena, one of the earliest contributors to the CALIFORNIAN, is producing stories that place her in the front rank of the fiction writers of the day. Her "Basket of Anita" will be remembered as a charming bit of romance, a mere suggestion, showing true art, while her tale in a late Scribner's is a decided advance. Miss Channing does not confine herself to prose; many examples of her verse will be found in the back volumes of the CALIFORNIAN. Her stories will soon appear in book form from an Eastern publishing house, and she is already the author of a work on her grandfather, Ellery Channing. The poetry of Charles Edwin Markham, which has appeared in the CALIFORNIAN, has attracted the attention of purists who see in him a light that will not fail. Mr. Markham's verse appeared in Scribner's several years ago, and his first story was given in the last issue of the CALIFORNIAN. It is a life story, as well as a strong study of a type. Mr. Markham lives on the slope of the green hills back of Oakland, above the world, where the bee hums on Christmas day, and golden pollen from a thousand wild flowers constitute the snowstorms. Not a mile from Markham and his famous Swinburnian library, is Joaquin Miller, the apostle of Morris, and the scene of his experiments with all men as a brother, "sweetness and light," while not far away, over the hills, lives Ambrose Bierce, whose genius burns brightly; a search-light the literary fakir is apt to deem it.

Gertrude Atherton belongs in the sunlight that pours down upon these hills. The fact that Mrs. Atherton, one of the brightest women California has produced, lives in New York, is suggestive that we do not appreciate the good things that are given us; but perhaps this is not true. Still California cannot afford to allow Mrs. Atherton to live in New York, or Ina Coolbrith to become an alien. Among the poets who are, and who are to be, in California, one whose modest praises are unsung because she has that attribute of real genius, modesty, is Flora McDonald Shearer, of San Francisco. Miss Shearer does not appear to have been discovered by the world at large for the very good reason mentioned. Some of her verse has been published in the CALIFORNIAN, and is remarkable for its purity of diction.

Columbian literature is still appearing and among the best books is "In the Wake of Columbus," by Frederick A. Ober, a beautiful volume, containing over two hundred illustrations, making an attractive holiday gift.

Mr. Ober's plan of study is as follows: "Starting with the inception of the enterprise in Spain, carrying the action across the Atlantic to the last landfall, through the Bahamas to Cuba, thence to the coast of Hayti, the first settlement at Isabella, the initial attempt at discovery in Espanola, showing where gold was found and the first cities started," the author follows the adventures of Columbus, making them vivid by inserting parallel adventures of his own.

The form of personal narrative adds to the interest as well as enhances the authentic value of the book. Besides describing the chief features of the Columbian land as it has existed in natural characteristics since the day of the great navigator, the author adds information upon the present social industrial and political conditions of the various places. Mr. Ober went to Spain to study the beginnings of American history; but to the average reader the chief interest of the book will begin with his arrival on these shores.

The whole book is an important addition to the means of studying Columbus, and the author has performed his task admirably.

Readers of the CALIFORNIAN who have enjoyed in its pages the prose and verse of Robert Beverly Hale will welcome his little book of verse, *Elsie and Other Poems*,[1] each of which well represents Mr. Hale's attractive style. This little volume should find a welcome place on the library table.

Young people appear to be especially fortunate this year. Scores of beautiful books are seen on the counters of the bookstores, laden with good things in the way of pictures and good tidings as well. An attractive little volume is *Everybody's Fairy Godmother*,[2] by Dorothy Q., a good story, well told, which can be heartily commended to the young reader.

The Little Heroine of Poverty Flat,[3] by Elizabeth M. Comfort, is a charming story of a little girl who was as brave as she was beautiful, and whose well-told life should be a good example to many a girl and boy as well. The story is laid in the Rocky Mountains. The book which is bound in a new style, its white cover glistening with what appears to be particles of ice, is well illustrated with scenes among the ice and snow of the great range. The volume is a good example of the axiom that truth is as strange as fiction.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood has written a number of good books for young people and *The White Islander*[4] is no exception. The author takes us to the island of Mackinac, so rich in Indian tradition, and weaves a most interesting romance, so interesting, in fact, that no young reader who takes it up will lay it down unfinished. The volume is artistically bound, as one might expect from the Century Co., and illustrated with many attractive engravings.

Windfalls of Observation,[5] gathered for the edification of the young and the solace of others, by Edward Sandford Martin, well carries out what its title suggests, and both young and old will be edified by reading it. There are chapters on the horse, climate, travel, habit, death, college and a variety of subjects, all written with a literary skill and cleverness, delightful to the reader. The little volume is well-furnished and bears the imprint of the Scribner's—a reason in itself that the book should be bought and read.

The Rev. Washington Gladden wrote for the Century Club, some time ago, a paper which he called *The Cosmopolis City Club*.[6] It created a decided sensation at the time, and the Century Co. have wisely brought it out in attractive book form. As a result of the story, several societies have been formed in various parts of the country in the interests of law and order as outlined in "The Cosmopolis City Club." The author says: "I hope that this book may help to stir up the pure minds of a great many good citizens to think soberly and patiently upon the most important practical questions now before the people." If some philanthropist would place one of these books in the hands of every voter, and he would read it, better men would dominate in public life. A book to possess, to read and to keep. In publishing such works the Century Co. is doing a public service.

In glancing over the wealth of text-books which are issued every year the reader cannot fail to contrast the facilities which the youth of to-day possess over those of three or four decades ago. The text-books are in the main written by distinguished specialists in the various departments. This thought is suggested by a glance at a number of text-books issued by the American Book Company. The *Anabasis and Æneid*[7] by Dr. Harper, President of Chicago University, assisted by Professors Wallace and Miller, form part of Dr. Harper's celebrated Inductive Classical Series, the publication of which has been said to have revolutionized the teaching and study of the classics in this country. Both books have been accepted in most of the leading colleges and schools. A new feature is noticed in the twelve full-page illustrations reproduced from old paintings and statues, which adds much to the artistic and esthetic value of the books. These books can be commended as beyond criticism, representing the most scholarly thought of the country.

Swinton's School History[8] is a revised and enlarged manual containing new features, new illustrations, new maps, in fact,

[1] R. B. Hall & Co., Boston, $1.00.
[2] Tait Sons & Co., N. Y.
[3] Thos. Whittaker, N. Y., 50c.
[4] Century Co., N. Y.
[5] Chas. Scribner's Sons.
[6] Century Co., N. Y.
[7] American Book Co., N. Y., $1.50.
[8] American Book Co., N. Y.

is a new book. In looking it over one notices many features that commend themselves to the teacher—its clear, concise paragraphing, simple and direct construction, a new method of topical review. The book is admirably illustrated with maps and pictures, and is worthy the marked success that has followed it.

A new edition of Scotts's *Lady of the Lake*[1] is the latest addition to the American Book Company's series of English classics for schools. The series embraces the works usually read in academies and preparatory schools. The books are of uniform size and binding, the notes frequent and helpful. The series should meet with a most favorable reception by schools, and the general reader will find it a most admirable addition to the library.

California and everything Californian will probably receive more attention this winter than ever before. Thousands of Eastern people, seeking change and a more even temperature, will enter our State at the south and leisurely traveling northward will visit the most important of our Missions. To be in readiness for these visitors W. K. Vickery, of San Francisco, has prepared the *Missions of Alta California*. Twelve photogravures of unusual merit, by the Photogravure Company of New York, form the basis of the work. The clearness of these photo-gravures and their superiority to silver print photographs impress one at once. We may instance the Mission of San Antonio, and say that we can scarcely conceive of any improvement in this picture so far as reproduction goes. Twelve pages of letterpress, giving a short but interesting history of each Mission accompanies the pictures. Facts not generally known are recorded, such, for instance, as the foundation-stone of the Mission Dolores, containing the bones of some of the saints brought all the way from Europe. Some introductory verses delightful in themselves, are written by Mrs. Vickery. The sheets, which are loose, are placed in a parchment portfolio of quite an original character. It represents an old map of California with the names of the Missions represented printed on it in their relative position to each other geographically. For originality of design, for its artistic quality, and for its historical information we would very strongly recommend this portfolio to our visitors and to such of our residents who wish to send a souvenir to friends in the East.

Bishop John H. Vincent's name on the title page of a book is a guarantee of something good, and in the little leather-bound daintily prepared volume, *The Holy Waiting*,[2] we have a collection of thoughts that will receive a warm welcome from many readers. As the author says, it is a handbook for Christians, and intended for home meditation. It would be a choice inexpensive gift to a friend.

Among the critics of America none hold a warmer place in the affections of the masses of people than William Winter, so long the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune. Mr. Winter, with his gentle poetic nature, so thoroughly appreciative of the ideal in art and literature, is just the one to wander through the scenes of Skakespeare's life and plays in England and make an endearing record of them, a record at once artistic and attractive. This he has done in his latest book, *Shakespeare's England*.[3] The sketches he need not tell us were written "out of love for the subject," as this is apparent in every line of the delightful book, delightful in every way, from its rich and quaint binding to the artistic illustrations. Every lover of Shakespeare should possess this book which will find readers in every land where the English tongue is spoken. *Guert Ten Eyck*,[4] by W. O. Stoddard. 8vo. The book is full of stirring incident; there is not a dull page from cover to cover. The times of which Mr. Stoddard writes were not dull times for the Yankee boys, and the disclosure of the cave with its treasures is, with all its realism, as fascinating as a bit from the "Arabian Nights. Mr. Merrill's fine illustrations add much to the dramatic interest, and the typographical features of the book are all that could be desired.

In *David Balfour*,[5] Robert Louis Stevenson has had added another claim to the long list that he has before the reading public. His style is inimitable, and "David Balfour," while not in some respects so pleasing as "Kidnapped," is a masterpiece, and takes its place with the best fiction of the day. The book is more than clever, and is a credit to the genius of the South Sea. The publishers have given the volume a sumptuous dress.

Ota Masayoshi of San Francisco has collected a number of Japanese proverbs and translated them for the benefit of American readers, making a most attractive little work The author extends the book as a memorial of the Columbian Exhibition. Some of the proverbs call to mind our own while others are essentially Japanese—"Trouble proceeds from the mouth," "The bat hanging upside down, laughs at the topsy-turvy world," "A quick temper hurts itself," "Life's road is the same to high or low," "Tiger and deer do not play together," are some which will illustrate the scope. The volume is issued by the author and should have a wide sale for its intrinsic value as a contribution to the translated literature of Japan.

[1] American Book Co., N. Y.
[2] Hunt & Eaton, N. Y., 75c.
[3] Macmillan & Co., N. Y.
[4] D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, $1.50.
[5] Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

RANDOLPH COLDECOTT.

THE WOMAN IN THE WIND.